Odd Fellows' Library
No. 893
BROOKLYN, CAL.

Odd Fellows' Library

Of BROOKLYN, CAL.

MEMBERSHIP DUES: $2.00 for Initiation, and 25c Monthly thereafter.

Extracts from By-Laws:

1. A member is entitled to have only one library book at the same time.
2. He shall be allowed to retain a book not longer than three weeks.
3. The penalty for retaining a book longer than three weeks shall be a fine of ten cents for each week.
4. Every member shall be responsible for all damages done to any book while in his possession.
5. Should a member lose a book, he shall either pay the full price thereof to the Librarian, or shall replace it by one of the same kind and of, at least, equal value.
6. Should a member lose a book belonging to a set, and fail to replace it, he shall pay the full value of entire set.

WINE INSTITUTE
85 SECOND STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

WINE INSTITUTE
85 SECOND ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

WINE INSTITUTE
85 SECOND STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

"I seldom ever drink any thing, in fact I don't love it, but I have to take a little occasionally, for sickness."

"I believe the Bible, I believe God created every thing good in its place. These Ramrods have girdled my apple trees and cut off my grape vines, but I know how to make good beer, yet, thank God!"

"I think our Saviour made a great mistake when he performed that first miracle of his. I think if God was going to create this world over again, he would omit apples and grapes."

A hypocrite and drunkard, who buys all his rum of temperance agents.

An old-fashioned Bible Christian, who takes a drop of the best quality,

An honest Ramrod, who never takes a drop, not even for a medi-

THE

RAMROD BROKEN;

OR,

The Bible, History, and Common Sense

IN FAVOR OF

THE MODERATE USE

OF

GOOD SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS:

SHOWING THE ADVANTAGE OF A LICENSE SYSTEM IN PREFERENCE TO PROHIBITION, AND "MORAL" IN PREFERENCE TO "LEGAL SUASION."

BY A NEW ENGLAND JOURNALIST.

BOSTON:
ALBERT COLBY AND COMPANY,
No. 20 Washington Street.
1859.

R14

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by
ALBERT COLBY AND COMPANY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
VINE INSTITUTE
85 SECOND STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

54

INE INSTITUTE
5 SECOND ST.
N FRANCISCO, CALIF.

PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

We need not remind the reader that publishers are not expected always to indorse the sentiments of their authors; but, on the contrary, it is quite frequent that books advocating entirely opposite sentiments are published by the same parties. For instance, a book is published upon some subject, and, in course of time, a reply is written and offered to the same house, who, having known the course of the circulation of the first book, can turn the reply into the same channels. In this country of ours, where free discussion and liberty of speech are respected by all parties, this practice cannot be considered inconsistent. Let any subject be fairly discussed, and then, and not till then, may we hope to arrive at truthful conclusions.

Among the books we publish is the following: —

"The Maine Law Triumphant; or, the Mysterious Parchment and Satanic License: showing the necessity of *total abstinence* and stringent prohibitory laws to prevent the great and fearful evils of intemperance. By Rev. Joel Wakeman, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Almond, New York."

This book has been before the public since 1853, and has been favorably received. A reply to the same, and some other works of a kindred nature, is now before you. It advocates different views and sentiments from those advanced in the other book; but knowing the author as one of the most popular editors in New England, and a man of unquestionable candor and honesty withal, we are confident his book will receive due consideration from all true friends of temperance and reform.

WINE INSTITUTE
85 SECOND ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

PREFACE.

THIS book aims to be candid and entirely honest. If we thought there was a page of cant in it, we would tear it out. It treats of a subject that is never touched upon save with prejudice, or in passion, or for partisan purposes, and endeavors to treat of it in a direct and truthful way. The reader need not be afraid of finding it full of hot and denunciatory words, more than half of them blasphemous at that; we leave that sort of business to writers who labor to make proselytes to their peculiar way of thinking, instead of laboring to make all questions better understood.

This matter of Temperance, we conceive, has never yet been taken hold of by the handle. The right sort of men have not addressed themselves to its discussion. They have been either men, on the one hand, who are above and beyond their business, mere theorizers, whose knowledge of human nature is scanty, and whose great aim is to shape the common heart to their notions, instead of the contrary; or, on the other hand, of men, who, from their very habits and ways of life, could never have been at the trouble to form an opinion of their own, even if they had the brains so to do — drunkards in the slow process of reformation, and men of corresponding tastes and sympathies.

Now, it will be admitted that the world cannot afford to

follow the lead of either of these classes of individuals. There is a spirit of progress ever to be consulted, and there is a spirit of conservatism; they are the centripetal and centrifugal forces in nature; but the happy medium to hit is that which lies somewhere between the two. One thing, at least, is self-evident; that in the work of planning reform movements the safest way is, first, to understand the peculiarities of that human nature which you expect to reform. The Almighty did not make us all to a particular mould, or measure; and professed reformers may as well remember that fact, and take a hint from it. If it is best that wines and other stimulating drinks should not be used at all, then there must have been some radical fault in getting up the race, and that should be attended to before we go about any thing else.

The "Ramrod" is the man who goes for stringent laws — so stringent that they cannot be executed; for making liquor contraband; for punishing a man who buys and sells it, as he would punish a criminal; for having human nature something different from what it is; and, generally, for going the "straight thing" clear through. He derived his name in the State where his favorite law had its birth, and is every where known by that name now.

This book will best speak for itself, without the help of prefaces or commendations of any kind. It is addressed to every man's common sense and common reason. It labors only for Temperance, and seeks to do so in a temperate and rational way; with intemperate men, whether zealots or drunkards, it has no more sympathy than it would freely extend to every one who truly needs reformation.

CONTENTS.

		Page
1.	Introductory	9
2.	What the Bible has to say	14
3.	The Good and the Evil	22
4.	Pure and Impure	28
5.	Our Third Article of Faith	34
6.	The License System	43
7.	In Moderation	51
8.	Too Much	60
9.	The Unconstitutionality of Prohibition	67
10.	The Liquor Agencies	73
11.	License and Agency	80
12.	At the West	86
13.	In a Nutshell	92
14.	A Song of Burns	99
15.	Newly Invented Crime	104
16.	A Good Text	110
17.	Our Best Intellects	117
18.	Prohibition Bitters	124
19.	John H. W. Hawkins	130
20.	A Few Anecdotes	139
21.	The Necessity of Stimulants	147

22. Laws against Stimulants..... 155
23. The Satanic License; or, a Bad Cause badly Defended..... 161
24. The Maine Law 169
25. The Causes of Intemperance..... 177
26. A Thousand Dollars 185
27. American Wines. — Part I..... 195
28. American Wines. — Part II..... 204
29. Intoxicating Food. 211
30. Neal Dow's Law executed by himself. 228
31. Receipts for Domestic Liquors..... 238
32. The Curse of Opium..... 251
33. Delirium Tremens. 261
34. The Three. — An Honest Ramrod, &c. 267
35. The Use of Tobacco. 279
36. Tea and Coffee. 284
37. Moral Suasion. 288
38. Conclusion. 297

THE RAMROD BROKEN.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE question of Temperance, in one form and another, has, without doubt, caused as much excitement in the past as it ever will in the future. From occupying the position of a merely moral and reformatory question, it has, by passing into the hands of selfish, ambitious, and designing men, so changed its attitude and its merits together, of late years, that it is in no sense the question it was, depending upon its own intrinsic merits to insure for it a thorough discussion, but has enlisted on its side, and into its service, about all the passions that disfigure the soul of man and the body of society.

There is evidently a turn in this state of things close at hand. In truth, circumstances without number point to this most conclusively. The old adage concerning the long lane that has no turning applies very happily to this very matter. There never yet was an extreme, but an opposite extreme followed and corresponded

with it. The principle is exactly that upon which the pendulum of a clock swings. After excessive action comes a reaction, and of necessity, in the very nature of things. The human soul cannot bear to be screwed up to such a pitch, all the while, without desiring to let itself down by the easiest and most instantaneous methods. No human being can bear excitement without end. And no cause known, whether that of Temperance, of Religion, or any other, possesses vitality and strength necessary to keep it long on its feet, if it must be stimulated all the time by the aid of passion, prejudice, wrangling, and contention.

These may sound to the casual reader like mere truisms; but the experience of the social state shows us that, truisms though they may be, they constitute the great underlying principles on which the permanency of the social fabric rests. What men are apt to pass by as comparatively unimportant, and of secondary consequence, generally happens, after all, to be at the bottom of all things.

We are perfectly safe in saying that the day of general and fanatical excitement over the Temperance question has gone by forever. It is not possible again to work up the public mind, by the appliances of caucuses, and conventions, and stated preaching, and legislative machinery, to such a pitch of frenzy as it has suffered from, in certain localities, in the past. No such thing can be done more than once, any more than we may ever expect again to witness the crusades and the quarrels about the Holy Sepulchre.

Men are returning to their senses. They are fast developing the wisdom principle within themselves. They have become satisfied that nothing comes of loud and angry discussion, and that temperance is nowise promoted by the bigotry of intemperate and blind zealots. They find, on reflection, that society is not apt to be moved by gunpowder explosions to adopt novel theories of reform, and that it is no way at all to try to make a man better to denounce him on account of his present wickedness. They see, furthermore, that there are certain customs and habits existing in the social state that are rooted in human nature itself, and which it is just as hopeless a task for them to attempt to pull up with violence and haste, as it would be to drag forth mountains and hills from their base and tumble them into the sea.

And in addition to the discovery of these habits and customs that have their root and existence in nature, they have also discovered that there are certain inalienable rights belonging to man in his social state, with which, on the one side or the other, he has never parted. Commerce is generally considered to have some little potency as yet in holding together and nourishing societies, and peoples, and nations; and it acts as a mighty and all-pervading agent in the several channels through which it makes its own vitalizing waters flow. Trade is not altogether a thing of the past, but works as actively in the promotion and furtherance of the final interests of the community as any other living power.

And these matters are not to be forgotten. The impulse to make the world better by force, whether of law or of the sword, has been exploded long ago, and we can only wonder at the ignorance, and admire the hardihood, of those would-be reformers and leading men who propose to re-create the world by the potency of their own hollow word. There are few, indeed, even of the once ardent teetotalers and temperance-legislation men, who do not confess more than ever before to the need of introducing "moral suasion" again into their "prohibitory" undertakings; and there are very many who are quite disheartened with the prospects under legislative processes alone, and begin openly to express themselves of opinion that the cause of Temperance can be helped along only by falling back upon moral suasion altogether.

Such abundant evidences of the change that has occurred, and is continually occurring, in the minds of the leaders in relation to this matter, is by no means to be slighted or passed over. It indicates plainly enough that a better day is dawning; that however much a man may desire the reform of the race, he cannot hope to aid that reform in any way so rapidly and effectually as by a purification of his own life, and a perpetual watchfulness over his own thoughts and inclinations. In this matter, all reform begins at home. Personal example is more effective, a thousand times, in producing converts, than all the high and hot words, or all the long-jointed arguments, that were ever packed into either discussions, or newspapers, or books.

We propose, in this little volume, to state certain propositions in relation to our belief on matters of temperance, offering proofs of the same as we go along; to show that the moderate use — not the *abuse* — of good spirituous liquors is hurtful to no man, but rather a necessity and a comfort to him; to establish the fact that the Bible every where favors the use of liquor, wine and otherwise, — and so do the examples of History, — and so does common sense itself; to show the manifest advantages of a properly guarded license system over any merely theoretical system of prohibition; and, finally, to argue as conclusively and lucidly as we can, that moral suasion, in this matter, has in all respects the preference over legal enactments.

And inasmuch as this is a subject in which all men alike must feel an absorbing interest, and has been so long held up for public discussion that it evidently drifts forward on the current of popular opinion towards a speedy decision, either one way or another, — we feel satisfied that the matter contained in the following pages will challenge the reflecting and serious reader's perusal. And we therefore offer it without further invitation or comment; merely adding, that no unprejudiced mind can successfully resist the continued appeals to reason and good sense that are making every where, day by day, by experience and by reflection, by perception and by fact, to their consideration.

II.

WHAT THE BIBLE HAS TO SAY.

Our first proposition, then, is as follows: —

We believe that the Bible teaches that a moderate use of good spirituous liquors tends to health, happiness, and length of days; and that whoever denies this doctrine, or the fact of these teachings, is an unbeliever both in the authenticity of the Bible and in the doctrines it so plainly sets forth.

The Good Book, in fact, abounds with passages that establish the above proposition. We can pick them out alike from the pages of the Old and the New Testaments. And we defy those who pretend to rely on the Holy Scriptures for the evidence of the faith that is in them, to show that these passages have any meaning at all, unless it is directly and unmistakably in support of the proposition thus stated.

Suppose, for example, we begin and cite a few: —

In Proverbs, 31st chapter, 6th and 7th verses, the wise Solomon says, "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine to those that be of heavy hearts.

"Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

Good old Israel, too, after whom the church of God

is named, in his dying blessing says of Judah, the head of that tribe out of which sprang all the glory of the Hebrew race, and the Saviour of the world, — in Genesis, 49th chapter, 9th–12th verses, —

"Judah is a lion's whelp; from the prey, my son, thou art gone up: he stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion; who shall rouse him up?

"The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be:

"Binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine; he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes:

"His eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk."

It is also written in 2 Samuel, 6th chapter, 14th verse, —

"And David danced before the Lord with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod."

And in the 19th verse, —

"And he dealt among all the people, even among the whole multitude of Israel, as well to the women as men, to every one a cake of bread, and a good piece of flesh, and *a flagon of wine*. So all the people departed, every one to his house."

Further, in the 104th Psalm, David praises God, and says in the 14th and 15th verses, —

"He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth;

"And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart."

Now, if we turn forward to the pages of the New Testament, we shall meet with evidence that goes still more strongly to establish and fortify our proposition.

As a crowning piece of testimony in favor of our position, we produce what the Saviour himself said and did on earth, — "He that spake as never man spake," — He who says, "Before the world was, I AM," — He who came to earth working wonders and miracles, and preached the blessed gospel of "Peace on earth, good will to man." The very first miracle Jesus performed was the well-known miracle at the wedding feast in Cana of Galilee; by which *water was turned into wine*, — not for medicinal, nor yet for mechanical purposes, but simply for the festive purposes of that particular occasion.

We quote the entire narrative, in all its simplicity and beauty, from the 1st to the 12th verses of the 2d chapter of St. John's Gospel, as follows: —

"And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there.

"And both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage.

"And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine.

"Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come.

"His mother saith unto the servants, Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.

"And there were set there six water-pots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece.

"Jesus saith unto them, Fill the water-pots with water. And they filled them up to the brim.

"And he saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare it.

"When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was, (but the servants which drew the water knew,) the governor of the feast called the bridegroom,

"And saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now.

"This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him."

Matthew and Mark narrate the same occurrence, as may be readily seen by turning to their pages.

St. Paul likewise writes in his First Epistle to Timothy, 5th chapter, 23d verse,—

"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."

Also in Colossians, chapter 2d, verse 16, he says:—

"Let no man, therefore, judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath day."

We are very well aware that the old objection or quibble will be raised to this, that the wine spoken of in the Old and New Testaments was not of the kind that would intoxicate. That is very easily said, but it will not be quite as easy to prove. But let us look and see how it is.

Read St. Paul's advice, or rather caution, to the churches, as regards the difference in eating and drinking in one another's houses, and eating and drinking the communion: — 1st Corinthians, 11th chapter, 20–22d verses, —

"When ye come together therefore into one place, this is not to eat the Lord's supper.

"For in eating every one taketh before other his own supper: and one is hungry, and another is drunken.

"What? have ye not houses to eat and to drink in? or despise ye the church of God, and shame them that have not? What shall I say to you? Shall I praise you in this? I praise you not."

This shows, if any thing can show it, that there was a possibility, if not a probability, of the disciples drinking a little to excess *somewhere;* and Paul only cautions them against doing it on the occasion of celebrating the "Lord's Supper."

In his Epistle to the Ephesians he writes, — chapter 5th, 18th verse, —

"And *be not drunk with wine*, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit."

It would not seem that any comment on that passage was particularly required.

Or, to return to the Old Testament cases, the fact is just as undeniable that the wine then used, otherwise alluded to, was possessed of intoxicating qualities. See, in proof of this, 1 Samuel, 1st chapter, 12th to 16th verses: —

"And it came to pass, as she continued praying before the Lord, that Eli marked her mouth.

"Now Hannah, she spake in her heart; only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard: therefore Eli thought she had been drunken.

"And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken? Put away thy wine from thee.

"And Hannah answered and said, No, my lord; I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit: I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink, but have poured out my soul before the Lord."

Then read in Genesis, chapter 9, 20th and 21st verses: —

"And Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard;

"And he drank of the wine, *and was drunken;* and he was uncovered within his tent."

And so we might cite passage after passage, from this part of the sacred Book and from that, under the old dispensation and under the new, — all going to prove the assertion with which we set out, and which it has been the aim of the present chapter to establish. The case, we consider, is already made out. There is no room whatever for disputation, or even for cavil. If a man accepts the Bible as an inspired volume, and professes

to find within its pages such texts, and passages, and teachings, and examples, as enable him to fix and build up his spiritual faith, then he must concede full as much authority to the volume as evidence on this point, as on any of the leading points of his doctrines and faith. You are not at liberty to torture the Scriptures to your own personal use in certain instances, and then deny their significance in certain other instances. If they stand, they must of necessity stand together; but if you refuse to others the right of quoting fairly and properly from them, you must utter no syllable of complaint if you are told that you are debarred the privilege of quoting from them too. Truth is as much truth for one side, and one party, as it is for another; when it is at all partial, in the very nature of things it ceases to be truth.

And what, therefore, does the testimony of the Bible appear to uphold in this matter? That the use of wine in moderation not only *does no harm*, but even conduces to *physical good;* that it denounces the immoderate use of wine without stint, deprecating its influence upon all whose loss of self-control drags them down into a condition of degradation; and, finally, that the wine drank in the times embraced within the scriptural narrative, was as likely to intoxicate those who took it in excess, as any of the wines that are sold and drank in these days of their unfortunate deterioration.

We must, in this view of the evidence before us,— enough of which we have produced to make the whole

matter conclusive to any rational mind, — reassert the statement with which we set out, that whoever denies that the Bible teaches in favor of a moderate use of good spirituous liquors, wines in particular, is an open unbeliever both in the authenticity of the Book, and in the doctrines, — on this, as well as on other subjects, — which it so plainly sets forth.

Let anybody refute this position who can.

III.

THE GOOD AND THE EVIL.

Our second proposition is this: —

We believe it pleased God, in the creation of all things, to place before man good and evil, and to make him a free moral agent to choose between the two; knowing, in His infinite wisdom, that in the fulness of time man would be led to choose the good alone, and so the evil would have wrought successfully for his discipline.

We believe, further, that a moderate use of pure and unadulterated spirits may be fairly set down as one of the comforts of the present life, given by the Creator himself, to whom we are to be thankful accordingly; but that even a moderate use of bad and impure liquors is an evil of a decided character, which, like the tree of knowledge in the garden of Eden, should be abstained from.

We also believe not only that we must *permit* evil to grow up with the good, even as tares will grow with the wheat, — but that, even if we try ever so much, we cannot *prevent* it; since God alone permits temptations of all sorts to exist, as tests and trials of men's virtue, the result to lie between them and their Maker.

Let us show this by citations from Scripture history:

In Genesis, 1st chapter, 12th verse, it is narrated that God, after creating the vegetable world, saw that it was *good* : —

" And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind ; and God saw that it was good."

In the 2d chapter, 15–17th verses, it reads, —

" And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it and to keep it.

" And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat ;

" But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it ; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

Now, here it is shown as plainly as it can be, that there were certain indulgences to which man was not permitted to give the rein. God had made every thing that was made, and he had pronounced it " good ; " and yet there was one thing — a tree of knowledge of good and evil — which man was not to approach. *Why* he was thus prohibited from plucking and eating the fruit of it, does not appear ; but the fact stands out clearly enough that *one thing* he was to have nothing at all to do with ; and that one thing had been created, too, by the same God who had created all other things ; and that same God, furthermore, had pronounced it " good."

So that it is undeniable, even looking no further into the Scriptures for testimony, that evil was per-

mitted from the beginning, and is permitted till this our day. What the divine purposes are in permitting the existence of this agent in human progress are best known to the All-wise Creator. It is enough for us to accept the fact, with humility and trust, as we find it, using it as a means of growth, but never as an excuse with which to hide our own deformities.

Again, let us read further: —

In the 16th chapter of Proverbs, 4th verse, the inspired writer says, —

"The Lord hath made all things for himself, yea, even the wicked for the day of evil."

In the 45th chapter of Isaiah, 6th and 7th verses, we read, —

"That they may know from the rising of the sun, and from the west, that there is none beside me: I am the Lord, and there is none else.

"I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the Lord do all these things."

Here, in this last verse, the Lord himself confesses, through the inspired writer, that he *creates evil.* The purpose we must be content to let slumber within the bosom of the infinite Jehovah. *How* evil is finally to work out the ends of good, He best knows, for it was his plan from everlasting.

It is written also in the 24th chapter of Joshua, 15th and 16th verses, —

"And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other

side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

"And the people answered and said, God forbid that we should forsake the Lord to serve other gods."

Showing very distinctly and conclusively, that in those ancient times even there was as much of a choice to be had between the true and the false, the good and the evil, as in these times of ours; and that the false and the evil were just as much permitted, in the plan of the Infinite One, as were the true and good, we have the word of Jehovah himself, given through the pens of his inspired servants.

The New Testament publishes a new dispensation, it is true; in that, old things are become new; the Mosaic creed has worn its force and energy away; and a better scheme, or plan, has been offered in its place. Many, therefore, would naturally look there to find some new announcement in relation to the creation of evil. But will they find it? We think not. Indeed, we know not. For all along from the first Gospel to the Revelation, the injunction is persisted in, over and over again, to resist the *evil;* to overcome *evil* with good; to be perfect, in contradistinction to imperfectnesss.

Jesus enjoins it upon his followers, in his beautiful Sermon on the Mount, — "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." And this same Jesus was the descendant of the ancient order of God's chosen servants, traced directly down from

David. See the 22d chapter of Revelation, verses 16 and 17: —

"I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

So that this, after all, is but the natural progress and procedure of a single plan; which plan, of creating evil to offset against the good temporarily, was the work of Almighty God alone.

The Scriptures, therefore, are our abundant warrant, we think, for saying that God permits evil in the world for his own wise purposes; and that so far as our intemperate use of liquor is concerned, it is an evil which is allowed of His own infinite wisdom. We may overcome it in our own cases, and we plainly should; but no sweeping acts of legislation can hope to outroot it from the earth, for the same reason that no mere acts of legislation can in a moment effect the reformation of the race. *This must be done by themselves alone.* It was for this very object that evil was thrown in their path; and they hope and pray in vain, if they hope and pray that some external power will come miraculously, and on a sudden, to their rescue. It is in this way of self-conflict, and self-discipline, waging on *his own* part a perpetual warfare with evil, and teaching himself daily to love more and more the good,

that man is to be redeemed from the clutches of sin; not by the interposition of arbitrary legislative enactments, that have no root in life or society, but through his own continued effort, God helping him to the triumphant end.

IV.

PURE AND IMPURE.

In the previous chapter, we said that pure wines and spirits, when properly used, were in no sense harmful, and in no way tended to the degradation of the soul. We stated that wine — when it *was* wine, and nothing more — is one of the God-given comforts of life, to be used as all other blessings are used, and to be accepted with sincere expressions of gratitude.

It will, of course, startle canting moralists and Pharisees, who themselves understand best how to distrust all statements from knowing the hollowness of their own, — it will startle such, we say, to hear sentiments of this character openly and sincerely avowed; but if we were not sincere in them, believing them to be really tenable in the long run of human experience, we certainly should not now give them public expression.

It is high time, in our opinion, that men said what they thought, and left off this wretchedly mean habit of deferring to others, and especially to the clamors of nothing but popular prejudice, for fear of putting their own business, or their own standing, or their own social position, in peril. Were this constitutional timidity to be overcome, and were men to utter frankly and ear-

nestly just what their honest convictions were, especially upon this long-vexed subject, we should hear a very different story from that which now fills the public ear, and catch every where the tone of a much higher, and truer, and healthier public opinion. What can so-called public opinion amount to, if they who are supposed to create it stand in jeopardy all the time, unless they think and speak as they are bidden to speak? Of what material, worth mentioning, does it consist, if it is already made up for the mass obsequiously to subscribe to? How is it an *opinion* at all, if it amounts to nothing but the rehearsal of the prejudices of a few prominent men, styling themselves leaders, but in reality acting the parts of tyrants?

If, therefore, our opinion about wine and its uses is to be scouted, and scoffed at, and hooted out of popular consideration, because it is an entirely new, if not indeed a very bold thing for any one to express such an opinion in these latter days, — it only demonstrates the fact that, after all, it is not public *opinion* that is opposed to us and our position, but nothing more than a tyrannical public *prejudice;* and as between the tyranny of such a prejudice, and such a tyranny as that exercised over free expression by the Louis Napoleons and King Bombas of the world, we confess we discern very little indeed to choose.

They who are not ready and willing therefore to respect the utterance of convictions opposed in the most radical senses to their own, should see that they are not yet well grounded in their own, else they could pa-

tiently hear every thing that was to be said on the other side, knowing that the whole had already been thoroughly and finally considered by them. For no problem is carried forward to a successful solution, that has not already been subjected to every twist and turn that could arise in the process; and no opinion has been really established, even for the time being, unless it has fought its way successfully through the smoke and fire of conflict. And if we hear a man abusing another simply because that other one takes the liberty to disagree with him, and to candidly state the points and terms of that disagreement, we feel very confident that he is, in the first place, in training for a bully, and, in the second place, quite destitute of any individual convictions on his own part. For abuse may be thrown to and fro till the sun goes down on the wrath of the two parties; but reason, and persuasion, and argument, and facts, and reflection, — these are invariably brought out into use only by those whose opinions were built upon their reliable basis in the first place.

We assert, then, what is only true, — at least in our own judgment, — when we repeat that a moderate and proper use of good and pure spirits is not harmful, but, on the contrary, both serviceable and a blessing. It has been so from the earliest days of recorded history; and since those days, human nature has not so much changed as to put the use of wine and spirits out of the limitations either of comfort or necessity. Man is not materially better now than in the days of the patriarchs and prophets, when David and Solomon drank

wine, sometimes even to excess. And they who continually refer to the Old Testament records for the defence of certain other doctrines, ought to be the very last ones to decline the use of the same records for aid in the establishment of *our* opinion.

Jesus turned water into wine. Every body remembers the beautiful line, —

"The conscious water saw its God, *and blushed.*"

Paul every where enjoins it upon the brethren not to drink wine *to excess*, and especially not to turn their communion feasts into revellings; proof sufficient, one would suppose, that wine was *used*, and that it was *abused*, just as now. It is the abuse that Paul warned others against; it is the abuse which we sincerely deplore now. And we conclude that we may be perfectly truthful and consistent in thus deploring such a widespread evil, and still believe in both the possibility and the propriety of using what leads to the evil in moderation. All positive evil is only an excess; the trouble is, we are not yet become masters of ourselves, and so are led away by powers which we ought either to repel or control, — each one should best know for himself which.

Wine is a blessing, in itself. The universal use of it by the race shows at least as much as that. The ancients deified it, worshipping it under the name of Bacchus. All along in history, — the history of the church and of the people, — wine has been freely and openly used. The culture of the vine has for a long

time formed one of the most important items of industry with several nations. God has given his rains to descend and his suns to shine upon such a work as this; and at no time do we hear that he pronounced any curse upon the occupation, like that which was hurled against the people of Noah's generation, or the wicked and abandoned cities of the plain. Priests have drank it, even as the patriarchs and prophets of old drank it. It has strengthened the hearts and cheered the hopes of wearied men every where. It has proved a blessing to many, even if it *has* been a curse to others. But shall the blessing be destroyed, be rooted out, be entirely cast away and trampled upon, because its abuse becomes a curse? Shall we morosely refuse to see the sun shine in the morning, because the west may be lurid with terrific lightnings before night? Are we never to learn how to distinguish between the good and the evil? and to love the good for its own sake, and to hate the evil for its own sake also? Must we put every thing that is desirable in life beneath our feet, spurning the good gifts of God in a spirit of morosest piety, because those good gifts are capable of perversion? Are we so ready to confess that we have neither the power nor the inclination to prefer the good to the evil, the pure and true to the bad and false, and therefore insist on a style of goodness and purity whose condition is, that evil and falsehood shall not be suffered to come into competition with it?

What a sad state of morals is that, to be sure, which requires to be fenced off by itself, lest it cannot with-

stand the wiles of temptation, nor overcome, in an open contest, the opposing powers of evil! Such purity stands not upon its own established character, but merely upon the protection of worldly authority and force; and that authority, in turn, rests upon such worthless foundations as are composed of ambition, of desire for power, and of personal vanity and conceit. If purity can exist on such terms, it must be the purity of ice, that glitters only to repel the soul of the observer.

Recollect, too, that we said *good* wine, as well as wine in moderation. Not logwood wine, nor wine with the fruity flavor imparted by burned cockroaches, nor yet whiskey wine, nor doctored wine of any sort, but the good, pure juice of the grape, pulpy and juicy, [illegible], an inspirer as well as a consoler [illegible]e and to warm his [illegible]nents. Such wines [illegible]nade by the millions [illegible]f our great western [illegible]re are made, the bet- [illegible]ion at large. They [illegible]nd brutalizing excess [illegible]heir manufacture, in fact, is but the first step in purification where purification is chiefly needed; and out of that self-same step proceeds reform of the most hopeful, because thorough and substantial, character.

FAREWELL: A SONNET.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Sadly I leave thee, dearest, for awhile;
How long I know not; but this I know,
With heavy heart and tearful eyes I go
To yearn for thee through many a weary mile
Of envious ocean, till thy beaming face
Fades to a memory, like a shooting star
Of yestere'en. Alas! 'tis ever *far*,
In Love's sad lexicon, the smallest space
Beyond the compass of out-reaching hands;
And never *near*,—how close soe'er to each
True-lovers be,—if kisses may not reach
Across the distance. Well—since Fate commands,
I go, to wander with reluctant feet,
Till once again our loving lips shall meet

V.

OUR THIRD ARTICLE OF FAITH.

We entertain still further ideas upon this subject, and proceed to submit them thus: —

We believe human beings to be at least *capable* of self-government; and that, as a necessary consequence, the less legislation one can get along with, the better; and that, if even one tenth part of the time and money had been devoted to the thorough and much-needed purification of spirits, that has been spent in the vain endeavors to destroy it as an article either of use or commerce, we should have vastly more real, true, reliable, and consistent temperance men about us than we have at the present day.

Now, there is a great deal more in this than we suppose any mere fanatics, or credulous partisans, — who follow their leaders blindly through hedge and through ditch, — will be gracious enough to allow. But we care little enough whether such men are willing to admit there is sense in an opponent's statements and arguments, or not. Truth, thank God, does not depend upon the present condition of this or that man's prejudices; it is self-sustaining, relying on itself alone. And whether we are ready to come over to the side of the truth to-day, or are determined obstinately to hold

out till to-morrow, — it makes no difference ; the truth does not suffer, — only ourselves.

Let us look at the first branch of our proposition. *Are* human beings capable of self-government, or are they *not?* If not, then say so at once, and resolve government back into its elements of aristocracy, monarchy, and despotism. Tear away your banners, and badges, and false emblazonments, that proclaim this land to be, in any sense, a land of freedom, and this people a free people. Run down your flags, stars, stripes, and all. Let us at least not *pretend* to be free, while we are crouching, trembling slaves. Let us no longer *play* at freedom, like mere children, while we are all the time afraid to take the charge of our own personal liberties.

But if, on the other hand, men *are* capable of self-government, then we ask that the theory be thoroughly tried. It is time that ambitious and wrong-headed reformers — so called by themselves — should give place to the people themselves ; that they should cease trying to blindfold that people, and lead them around by the nose. We say not a syllable against their giving the masses all the instruction they are competent and qualified to give ; but to attempt to force the masses by any thumb-screw process, as they used to do in the days of the devilish Inquisition, is a great deal more than merely preposterous.

There are two sorts of tyranny in a free country, or a country nominally free — the tyranny of a bigotry, or fanaticism, that means only to carry out its own

purposes, and those purposes the moulding, and shaping, and directing public sentiment, even against its own wish and will, and when it amounts to nothing higher than offensive prejudice; — and that other tyranny, not more odious or fearful, nor any more dangerous to the liberties and general well-being of the masses, — the tyranny of a howling mob; set on to their blind work, too, by men who affect purity, and sobriety, and goodness, and who employ these hollow and temporary professions only to excite the masses to do their own selfish work. The one kind of tyranny is cold-blooded, soulless, chilling, and killing to any nation; the other is a fiery tempest, a perpetual eruption of volcanic flames, revolution without end, a never-ending overturning without a purpose. Bigots control and shape the one, and ambitious men the other. It is well for the people to see to it that neither gains a permanent ascendency.

Now, if it be admitted that, in this country at least, men are capable of what is generally thought to be self-government, we insist, on behalf of the people to whom this concession is granted, that they be permitted to practise a little upon their rights. We declare, on their behalf, and in their name, that neither bigots nor tricky legislators — neither self-opinionated and narrow-minded fanatics, nor selfish and plotting politicians — shall be allowed to take this right of self-government out of their hands. The first seek to do it by telling the people, in solemn phrase and melancholy voice, that *they* know better than every body else; that

they have gone farther into the matter, have thought more about it, and have been able to arrive at better conclusions, than themselves; — the last seek to do it by getting control of the government machinery, — at first in towns and villages, and then in entire States; using their heartless professions on behalf of straight morality as a lever, by which to pry up the forces of government, and advance nothing but their own personal aims and ends. Hence, were the former to have their own way without check or curtailment, they would very soon destroy their power by its very impracticability; they would prove palpably enough the indescribable folly of intrusting power to the hands of mere theorizers, and idle dreamers, and talking vagarists. And it is seen, too, that as soon as the latter obtain control of the government, and are in full possession of the machinery whose use is what they were in quest of, they readily forget all their zeal and loud-sounding professions on behalf of certain grand moral principles, and become as dead to the further operation of those principles as if they had never heard that they existed.

Almost every body admits that we are legislated nearly to death. It is the easiest thing in the world to go to the "General Court," for intellectual capital is not the article chiefly in demand when candidates are hunted after, or selected from. Collect a body of several hundred uneasy, blindly aspiring, notoriety-seeking, uninstructed, and unreflecting men into a single legislature, and the likelihood is, that if they are

cooped up together long enough, they will begin to do mischief. They must go to tinkering; and not finding the tools to work with, which are to be had at their hand at home, they work with such as the State furnishes them. Ambitious leaders, themselves acted on by another influence, and not seeing either calmly or clearly, begin to manipulate them; tell them what the "awakened moral sense" of the community demands at this epoch of time, and in the middle of this much abused nineteenth century; declare to them that all moral reforms, to be thorough and permanent, must be supported by the force and authority of the laws, — which is an open and designed untruth, since public morality has ever made its way above law, without the assistance of legal authority, and entirely clear of the spirit that gives to laws their only vitality and character.

So the would-be honest, half-blind, and altogether unreflecting body of our legislators have allowed themselves to be used by these leaders, who, in their turn, affect to represent and speak for the higher moral sentiment of the community; and it is to be thoughtfully observed, too, that the more earnestly they claim to be the peculiar friends and defenders of morality, the more rigorous, bigoted, uncharitable, tyrannical, and thoroughly *im*-moral become the statutes with which they experiment from year to year upon the public temper.

If our legislators knew better for what they are summoned every year to the State capitols, they would

be a great deal less likely to occupy their time with these odious, impracticable, fanatical, and bigoted laws that now encumber the statute book, set whole communities by the ears that were hitherto at peace, and materially retard the real progress of the reforms of the time. Satan, as in the old hymn we learned in our youth, still finds some mischief for "idle hands to do." If it is not one thing, it is another. If it is not in Church, it is in State. And since the constitutions of our several States, as well as of our common country, interdict the interference of legislatures with matters of religion, the latter vent their spite on the interdiction by meddling with the morals. Matters of conscience are presumed to be untouched, so far as worshipping God is concerned; but when it comes to what one thinks he ought, or ought not, *to drink*, — ah, it is an altogether different affair.

The less legislation we have, the better for us. Nobody, who has ever observed and reflected much on this subject, will pretend to dispute it. The fact is, we require little more than great *principles* to respect, as citizens of a single commonwealth; a multiplicity of rules, in the form of statutes, perplexes, confuses, begets contradictions, and engenders disrespect. Overgovernment is full as bad as no-government. Where you have your statute books crammed and stuffed with enactments, they necessarily require tinkering and cobbling every successive year; the execution of any of them is rendered so precarious and uncertain as to subject them all to a species of contempt, which, in its

turn, grows bolder and more open every year. Then one statute varies with another, or contradicts it outright; or one clause of one act militates with another clause of another act; and between two such stools, the original purpose and intent of the framers falls squat upon the floor. And again, the more legislation there is had, the more there must be; the more needless excitement there is in the community, — for the one body acts upon the other; and the less likely are the people at large to understand the spirit, the principles, or the true purposes of the statutes with which their willing backs are saddled.

Temperance legislation, to the extent to which it has of recent years been pushed by designing and reckless men, has shown itself a perfect failure. We make the assertion with a full knowledge of its meaning. We point to the failure of temperance laws to diminish the consumption of the article, to secure their own impartial execution, to win the solid respect of the community for either their intrinsic wisdom or practicability, to help the cause of temperance itself, or to aid the progress of reform and personal purification. We point to the confessions of candid temperance legislators themselves, to those who have looked deep and seen far into the subject, who now admit with perfect freedom that the law can do nothing to help on a moral cause with its rigid authority, — against which all men alike are given by nature to protest, — but that recourse must be had once more to suasion and argument, to instruction and sympathy, to example and to

precept. In fact, they even agree that ground has been lost by the hazardous and unadvised experiment, which it will take a long time, under ordinary circumstances, for them to recover.

What we are going to add to these remarks is simply this: that if as much time, and labor, and expense had been given to the purification of wines and spirits, and to securing the proper and licensed sale of *only* those wines and spirits that were purified, as has been given to wrangling, and confusion, and heated passions, and selfish plans and projects, and fanatical denunciation, a vast deal more would have been done for the cause of temperance and morals than has been done already, and a larger measure of charity and love would have existed to sweeten the present character of society. This is even so. Poor liquors have raised up enemies even to the cause of temperance, where, had the liquors used been pure and unadulterated, the same enemies would have been consistent and determined friends.

Suppose theorists begin and test the value of their theories by well-ascertained facts like these. What would be the possible harm, if they came out of their card houses and tried the rough airs of common life? Even if they do not yet fully *know* the foregoing to be facts, is there not reason enough for their pausing to soberly investigate for themselves whether they are, or not? If, however, they still persist in refusing, they place themselves in the position of persons who think to, first, erect their pet theory, and then force the rest of the world to jam and squeeze themselves into it.

If *the truth* is all they want, and their desire is only to advance the highest interests of society and the human race, they will not refuse first to investigate and establish facts, let them support their preconceived theories or not. And that is all we ask of them. They ask as much of us, and we are ready to answer to their appeal.

VI.

THE LICENSE SYSTEM.

We entertain another idea about this business, — an idea that is based upon nothing but *the experience of society* in reference to the sale and use of ardent spirits, and upon what, all things considered, is the only practical system that can be put and kept in operation. That idea is just this: —

That since it has been shown, and admitted on all sides, to be an impossibility to prevent the manufacture, sale, and use of spirituous liquors, it is proper and prudent that their sale be intrusted to the responsibility of any good men, who shall be authorized and privileged to sell only such productions as are pure and unadulterated, and to only such persons as will make a proper use of them.

This plan, of course, includes and provides for all the necessary restrictions; such as that, for example, of furnishing sufficient bonds for the proper use of the privilege, which is the first general restriction which any community would be likely to impose. We understand at once with what sort of nap-worn objections this license plan is met, — such as, that it only proves the right to *prohibit* by the same arguments that it claims the right to *license*, — and others of equal force

and consistency. But those objections have every one of them been answered, long ago. It is easy to recapitulate the replies, rejoinders, and rebutters; but to what end? If a case is but fairly *stated*, — especially a case of this character, — all argument upon it seems to be thrown away; it is ammunition wasted; the reasons proffered possess no sort of living force, let them be ever so conclusive, but are as dead as hay.

A traffic may be licensed and regulated with perfect consistency, and yet be protected from the assaults of those who demand its absolute prohibition. That is plain to every one. It is nowise inconsistent for legislative bodies to set about regulating a traffic in articles which they have no authority or right to prohibit. They who argue from the one to the other, argue without a proper understanding of the subject. To set limits to any kind of trade is perfectly legitimate and proper, on the part of legislatures; but to positively *prohibit* a trade that has its foundations in the inalienable rights of persons, — rights that are every where recognized, too, by the laws, being no less than the rights of property, — is pushing the theory considerably farther than it will fairly go. And so it will at all times be found. It has been so in the past, and will continue to be so in the future. Much as the world acknowledges its need of reformation and purification, it will never consent to sacrifice a single one of its fundamental rights to secure such reforms, on the basis proposed by mere theorizers. It will unequivocally refuse to place its dearest interests and inalienable privi-

leges in the hands of a few men, not better qualified than the mass, who pretend that with themselves alone rests the progress, or salvation, of the community.

That spirits, of one kind and another, will continue to be manufactured, nobody, who has a head on his shoulders and knows at the same time what is in it, will presume to question. Spirits have always been an article of commerce, within and between nations, and it is very probable they always will be ; at least, so long as *our* generation lasts, and the one that is likely to come after ; and since they form a staple of trade and commerce, they will be produced by the vine-grower and the distiller ; just as long as there is a demand for them on the part of the community, just so long they will continue to be manufactured. The law of demand and supply holds as steadily in this matter as in all others.

Now, there may be *one* way by which it is possible to cut off the production, and but a single one that we can think of ; and that is, by cutting off the demand. Once destroy that, and the problem is solved in no time. Only put a stop to the taste, thirst, desire — or whatever you choose to style it — for wines, spirits, and liquors of the various sorts, and you have overset the entire system of manufacture, together with its broad-spreading ramifications of purchase and sale, which visibly assist in the aggregate of trade and commerce. But how are you going to stop *the demand?* That is the question ; and it pinches as hard as any other question that a professed reformer could have put to him.

Well, he directly answers, we will stop it by cutting off *the supply*. Ah! but this is the wrong way to go to work! This is only attempting, and attempting in vain, too, a reversal of the laws of nature. You begin at the wrong end, sir! The plan will not be found to work. The thing cannot be done. If, however, you insist in carrying forward your attempt, convinced of the final efficacy of a theory which, of all others, looks most impracticable and unpromising even on paper, — there is but one resort left you by which you are to accomplish it; and that is by actual, naked, unqualified *force*. In the first place, you will be obliged to tell people that they must change their tastes; must make up their minds not to drink wine or spirits at all; must agree to confess themselves fools and drunkards heretofore, and timid converts to your particular theory now. You must make them turn a short corner in their lives, such as they never turned before, and cannot, and will not, turn even now. You must effect such a radical change in their physical, yes, and in their spiritual natures, too, that they will scarcely be conscious afterwards of their own identity. You must, in fact, teach them what they do not now know, and what they will be very certain to forget just as soon as they do know it, — that the use of spirits and wines is hurtful to them in even moderate quantities, and that to taste is contamination.

And then, after you have succeeded in setting up such a theory in the prejudices and fears, rather than in the intelligent *minds*, of men, you are compelled to

sustain and support it by stringent, irrational, vindictive, and thoroughly hateful legislative enactments. In other words, your ideas of the crime and sin of using liquor in any shape are to be backed up, and put in operation, by the sheer force of law, acting alone, opposed both to the instinctive and traditionary convictions of the human mind, generating a class of spies, and eaves-droppers, and men of mean malice, to assist in carrying it out into even imperfect execution.

And this is the only solitary method by which the sale and supply of liquors can hope to be stopped,—by cutting off the demand. And the success of attempts of this character in certain localities, in the past, may be taken as a basis on which to predicate the probable success of similar attempts in the future. Let those who have enjoyed a not over-promising experience in this direction come forward now and say what, in their candid estimation, are the chances of success for similar attempts hereafter.

Granting, therefore, as it must be granted by those who pretend to any practical knowledge of the subject, that spirits are, and always will be, one object of demand and use by the community, to whatsoever state of religious exaltation and civilized refinement they may have arrived, it is only necessary that we should consult common sense in a matter of so general interest, and pursue such a course as that always safe and wholesome adviser would suggest. And what *does* common sense direct us to do? Why, nothing more nor less than this; that since spirits are an article of

universal use, and are likely always to be such an article, their sale may be restricted within proper limits, but not entirely prohibited. This last is more than the sense of the community is willing to endure. Nobody wants to be made a teetotaller by violence, any more than he is ready to subscribe to any particular creed in consequence of compulsion.

Regulate and restrict, but do not try to prohibit. You may safely hope to do the first, because the moral sense of the community will sustain you in it; but as for the other, it is like kicking against the pricks. It is too sweeping an operation for human nature to submit to.

Then there should be a thorough and efficient license system. That we subscribe to with all our heart, because it is, first, practicable, and, secondly, right; and better reasons cannot be had for the asking. Construct a license law that will, in the first place, so fairly and fully embody the moral sentiment of the people, and, in the next place, so perfectly harmonize with the co-related rights of individuals and the community at large, that its execution becomes perfectly possible and practicable. Let it be what the public, in the first place, demands; what will truly express its sense of justice, its progressive tendencies, its reformatory inclinations. Then see to it that such a law is duly executed, as it very easily can be. Clothe only respectable and responsible men in the community with the privileges which the license confers. Subject them to severe penalties for breach of any one of the conditions

on which their license is held by them. Require them to give ample, and more than ample, bonds for the safe and proper use of the privilege thus intrusted to them. Mulct them in heavy, and even exemplary damages, if they should happen to so far forget their responsibility as to sell to improper persons, or in improper quantities, or under improper circumstances. Require them, also, to keep for sale none but the purest and best of liquors, and to sell those of any other description at their peril. And then, give the system the convenient form of a general law, or enactment, like the free banking laws of some of the States, so that they who are willing to comply with the specific conditions of the same, are not denied the corresponding privileges. Let any town of a State license any number of its citizens or not, as it sees fit for itself; it may thus be a matter for the people themselves directly to settle, as it manifestly should be.

This plan, so simple and direct, while it does not in any way invade or even impair the rights of individuals to such property as the laws every where recognize, and tax, and protect, — or did protect until recently, — likewise has tender regard for the spirit of reform that pervades the body of the people, and goes forward with that noble spirit just as fast as it can go. It does violence to no right or healthy and well-grounded interest of the individual; and yet it does assist, and in the most effectual manner, too, in carrying forward those proper reforms that serve to mark the steady advance of the race. By its very moderation it makes friends and

inspires general confidence. It is so firm, while it is so just; it is so thorough, while it is also so considerate. Experience abundantly shows that nothing more than this need be attempted in this generation, if those who project it desire rather the sure and steady exaltation of the people, than the building up of a reckless partisan power for ends purely selfish, and full of mischief to the community.

VII.

IN MODERATION.

THERE are more drunkards to-day, with all the anti-license, Maine Law, prohibitory feeling, than there were before stringent legislative enactments were mistakenly supposed to be the cure-all for drunkenness. As Governor Seymour, of New York, expressed it, when the Maine Law came into operation, rum became of necessity a "pocket institution." Every body had it about them; if not in their pockets literally, then in their houses, or their offices, or in sly and out-of-the-way places. We know of many and many a man who thought it necessary to lay in a stock before the law went into operation, and who became a confirmed drunkard not a very long while afterwards, filling a drunkard's grave.

They laid in a liberal store, for the fear that they were to have no opportunities of getting more; and not being accustomed to the use of it, self-restraint was very soon broken over, and they went down. It was one of the most natural results of the operation of such a law. To be sure, its friends and advocates plead for a fair trial of it, saying that these early excesses and misfortunes were to be expected; but if any law whatever is to put in jeopardy the health or hap-

piness of even a single human being, merely for the sake of testing itself as an experiment, it is not entitled to a moment's consideration. It is to be condemned and denounced on that one ground alone; and that is ground enough.

Spirits may be used in moderation, and with perfect safety; and it is nonsense to harp on the old string, that to taste, ever so prudently, is *certain* ruin. It never was so, and it never will be so. Such deplorable consequences come not of the use of good liquors and a healthy public sentiment respecting their use; but only from the destroying *adulterations* that are sold for good liquors, and from that *wrong-headed public opinion* that drives a man to the practice of hypocrisy in order to do what it is perfectly proper for him to do, and persecutes him with all imaginable bitterness and virulence if he dares defy the tyranny of such a shallow pretension. It is *not* the fault of the spirits at all, but of the poisoned stuff *called* spirits, and the insanity of public prejudice that refuses to look at things as they should be.

It appears, if we are at the pains to consider it carefully, that most of the first minds and noblest spirits of the country are in the habit of using spirits and wines moderately; but such has latterly been the *rabies* of the community on the subject, lashed up as the public mind has been by aspiring leaders and frenzied monomaniacs, that they have been compelled, in pure self-defence, to keep their own secret, and literally drink behind the door! They are good enough

men till it is known they "drink," and *then*, nothing is bad enough to say about them.

Let us give examples, here and there.

The "New York Tribune" is a strong arguer for prohibition, and always has been; yet it is well known, to those at least who know any thing about it, that the majority of its writers make an habitual use of stimulants. We charge it not against them at all, for we consider it entirely their own business, not ours; but we state it simply *as a fact*, from which those who fall down at the feet of the advocates of prohibition may be able to make some inferences of their own.

Dr. Holmes, the immortal "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," says in an article in the February number of the "Atlantic Monthly," while discoursing most genially and most philosophically, too, on the subject of wine, as follows: —

"Whatever may be the hygienic advantages or disadvantages of wine — and I, for one, except for certain particular ends, believe in water, and, I blush to say it, in black tea — there is no doubt about its being the grand specific against dull dinners. A score of people come together in all moods of mind and body. The problem is, in the space of one hour, more or less, to bring them all into the same condition of slightly exalted life. Food alone is enough for one person, perhaps — talk, alone, for another; but the grand equalizer and fraternizer, which works up the radiators to their maximum radiation, and the absorbents to their maximum receptivity, is now just where it was when

'The conscious water saw its Lord and blushed,'

— when six great vessels containing water, which seems to have been carefully purified, so as to be ready for the marriage feast, were changed into the best of wine. I once wrote a song about wine, in which I spoke so warmly of it, that I was afraid some would think it was written *inter pocula;* whereas it was composed in the bosom of my family, under the most tranquillizing domestic influences.

"The divinity student turned towards me, looking mischievous. 'Can you tell me,' he said, 'who wrote a song for a temperance celebration once, of which the following is a verse? —

'Alas for the loved one, too gentle and fair
The joys of the banquet to chasten and share!
Her eye lost its light that his goblet might shine,
And the rose of her cheek was dissolved in his wine!'"

"'I did,' I answered. 'What are you going to do about it? I will tell you another line I wrote long ago —

'Don't be "consistent" — but be simply *true*.'"

The "Autocrat" is perfectly right. He is a man who has a deep insight into the mysteries of human nature, too. Our half-fledged legislators, who understand no more of the workings of the human heart than they do of comets' tails, think man is like a multiplication table, square all round, and readily ciphered out by any patent process; they only display their own mixed ignorance and presumption, — and these

two things are almost always found to go together,— when they try their ill-considered experiments upon the community. The community are a very patient body, however, and are perfectly willing to give the fledgling legislators a chance; by-and-by, however, they will take these things into their own hands, as they manifestly should have done long ago.

Mr. J. G. Holland, one of the editors of the "Springfield Republican," and the author of "Timothy Titcomb's Letters," "The Bay Path," and a writer of most genial and engaging qualities, in a lecture recently spoken before the Lyceums of our principal cities, alludes in this way to the natural effect of wine as an opener of men's hearts, — a potent mollifier of their prejudices, — a cement of friendships, — and a prolific producer of beautiful thoughts: —

"Go to a dinner party. You find every one constrained, and evidently feeling awkward. The crack of the wine-bottle is heard, and when the Heidsick has completed the grand tour, every tongue is loosed. A social atmosphere has been created by artificial means. The northern and north-eastern portions of our country have lost much of their sociability, and, I regret to say, said Dr. Holland, that I think it is because liquors have been banished from the sideboard and the tavern. But I do not speak of these changes to advocate rum drinking — by no means."

We will append in this place the song of Dr. Holmes, — the same with whose authorship the "divinity student" taunted him, as described above by him-

self. It is entitled "A Song of Other Times," and is as follows: —

"As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet
Breathes soft the Alpine rose,
So through life's desert, springing sweet,
The flower of friendship grows;
And as, where'er the roses grow,
Some rain or dew descends,
'Tis Nature's law that wine should flow
To wet the lips of friends.

Then once again, before we part,
My empty glass shall ring;
And he that has the warmest heart
Shall loudest laugh and sing.

"They say we were not born to eat;
But gray-haired sages think
It means — Be moderate in your meat,
And partly live to drink;
For baser tribes the rivers flow,
That know not wine or song;
Man wants but little drink below,
But wants that little strong.

"If one bright drop is like the gem
That decks a monarch's crown,
One goblet holds a diadem
Of rubies melted down!
A fig for Cæsar's blazing brow,
But, like the Egyptian queen,
Bid each dissolving jewel glow
My thirsty lips between.

"The Grecian's mound, the Roman's urn,
Are silent when we call,
Yet still the purple grapes return
To cluster on the wall;

It was a bright immortal's head
They circled with the vine,
And o'er their best and bravest dead
They poured the dark-red wine.

"Methinks o'er every sparkling glass
Young Eros waves his wings,
And echoes o'er its dimples pass
From dead Anacreon's strings;
And, tossing round its beaded brim
Their locks of floating gold,
With bacchant dance and choral hymn
Return the nymphs of old.

"A welcome, then, to joy and mirth,
From hearts as fresh as ours,
To scatter o'er the dust of earth
Their sweetly-mingled flowers;
'Tis Wisdom's self the cup that fills,
In spite of Folly's frown,
And Nature from her vine-clad hills
That rains her life-blood down!

Then once again, before we part,
My empty glass shall ring;
And he that has the warmest heart
Shall loudest laugh and sing."

A single passage in the above beautiful song of Dr. Holmes will naturally excite in the reader's mind the reflection that he has unconsciously fallen into the same strain of thought with another poet, — no less an one than the noble King David. That passage is this: —

"For *baser tribes* the *rivers* flow,
That know not *wine* or song," &c.

David, who was a poet as well as Dr. Holmes, sang in the 104th Psalm, from the 10th to the 15th verse, in the following fine strain : —

"He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

"They give drink to every beast of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst.

"By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

"He watereth the hills from his chambers; the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

"He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man; that he may bring forth food out of the earth;

"And wine, that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil, to make his face to shine, and bread, which strengtheneth man's heart."

According to King David, therefore, water was made chiefly for "wild asses," but wine was made to "make glad the heart of *man*." We seriously ask bigoted water-drinkers to consider into what company their habits are likely to take them.

And in this place it may not be inappropriate to allude to a fling that has frequently been indulged in by abstinence stump speakers against those who choose to use wine and spirits, and say nothing about it. The argument is, that *no animal* will drink, or can be made to drink, any kind of liquor; from this they take the liberty to charge that those who do use liquor of any kind are *worse than brutes*. Now, their logic

takes them, properly, to a very different conclusion, which is this: if it proves any thing, it only proves that those who do not drink are like animals; while those who do, are essentially a different and distinct order of beings! Is not this even so?

VIII.

TOO MUCH.

We make a few extracts from one of the Boston daily papers, expressing every reflecting man's sentiments on the subject of drunkenness. This sin cannot be rebuked in too strong language, nor held up in too vivid coloring to warn the young against its approaching dangers. We only take exception to the position assumed by those who think they have discovered a patent process of their own by which drunkenness is to be cured and extirpated from the land, and tell them they never can succeed in their plan by the way they have set about it.

The newspaper quotations are as follows: —

"When man revolted against his Maker, his passions rebelled against himself, and became the worst enemy of the soul. If there be any fertile source of mischief to human life, it is, beyond doubt, the misrule of passion. It is drunken passion which poisons the peace and happiness of the family circle, overturns the order of society, and strews the path of life with so many miseries as to render it indeed the vale of tears. It has pointed the assassin's dagger and overspread the earth with bloodshed. The black and fierce passions, such as envy, jealousy, and revenge, take their worst influ-

ences from the poisoned bowl. The inordinate use of this soul-destroying beverage has opened the floodgates of every species of vice and immorality, and has wasted the produce of honest industry a thousand fold more than all other vices combined. Nothing chaste or holy has ever been connected with the unrestrained use of intoxicating liquors. It makes a maiden lay by her veil and robe, which modesty and becoming shame made her keep close about her, and in an evil and unguarded hour her virtue and chastity are gone forever. Under the influence of intoxicating liquor many excellent personages have suffered great calamities. Instances of this are frequent in the Bible, and in profane history.

* * * * *

"Drunkenness is indeed the agency of hell, as through its influence the arch fiend, the declared enemy of God and man, is to a greater extent more successful in frustrating the plan of universal redemption, by bringing about the destruction of the greatest number of souls.

* * * * *

"Sobriety is the bridle of the passion of desire, and temperance is the bit and curb of that bridle. Gluttony is the twin relative of drunkenness, and produces the pain of watching and choler. Gluttony is more uncharitable to the body, and drunkenness to the soul, or the understanding part of man. 'Take heed to yourselves lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness.' Surfeiting, that is

the evil effects, the sottishness and remaining stupidity of habitual or last night's drunkenness. 'While men think themselves wise they become fools.' They think they shall taste the aconite, and not die; or crown their heads with the juice of poppy and not be drowsy; and if they drink off the whole vintage, still think they can swallow another goblet.

"In all ages of the world drunkenness has been detested by every class of people under heaven. All nations, however sunk in barbarism, have ever been unanimous in striving to root out from among them this detestable vice. The faith of the *Mahometans* forbids them to drink wine, and they abstain religiously as the sons of *Rechab*. The rulers of the Athenians were accustomed to place a drunken person in the midst of their young men, that, by his disgraceful conduct and foolish behavior, they might forever after loathe and detest such a shameless sin. And the faith of Christ forbids drunkenness to us, and therefore is infinitely more powerful to suppress this vice, when we consider that *we are Christians*, and that drunkards can never inherit the kingdom of God.

"The evil consequences of drunkenness are in this sense reckoned by writers of Holy Scripture and other wise personages of the world. It causeth woes and mischief, wounds, sorrow, sin, and shame; it maketh bitterness of spirit, brawling, and quarrelling; it increaseth rage and lesseneth strength; it particularly administereth to lust, and yet disableth the body; it maketh red eyes, a red face, and a loose and babbling tongue;

and Solomon, in enumerating the evils of this vice, adds this to the account: 'Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thy heart shall utter perverse things.' It besots and hinders the actions of the understanding, maketh a man brutish in his passions and a fool in his reason, and differs nothing from madness but that it is voluntary, and so is an equal evil in nature, and worse in manners. It extinguisheth and quenches the Spirit of God, for no man can be filled with the Spirit of God and with wine at the same time, and therefore St. Paul makes them exclusive of each other. 'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit.' It opens all the sanctuaries of nature, and discovers the nakedness of the soul, all its weaknesses and follies; it multiplies sins and discovers them, makes a man incapable of being a private friend or a public counsellor, and disqualifies him from any situation of trust or responsibility. It taketh a man's soul into slavery and imprisonment more than any other vice whatsoever, because it disarms a man of all his reason and his wisdom, whereby he might be cured, and therefore it commonly grows upon him with age; a drunkard being still more a fool and less a man. I need not add any more sad examples, since all history of all ages has but too many of them."

The writer speaks earnestly and with perfect truth. It is impossible to paint the vice of drunkenness in too frightful colors. It is a terrible infliction indeed, and comes of lack of self-restraint, of partaking too statedly,

and of too much. No man should surrender his self-control. But because men do, and perhaps in this matter in great numbers, does it therefore follow that the fault is in the liquor rather than in *themselves?* Is this pretended reform movement to be conducted on the principle that a man is a *nothing*, capable of *no* self-control, and with *no* character, *no* manhood, when temptation is by? and hence, that in order to reform and renovate the man, the temptation is to be removed, rather than *the man taught to set himself above the temptation?* What sort of a reform is that in which the individual undergoes no change, — only the temptations are taken away from him, and he is free from vice because he cannot put vicious instruments under contribution? Is this *life?* Is it not rather making *live* men over into *dead* men? paralyzing the force of their will, — weakening their powers of resistance, — and taking away from them every motive for a more perfect self-control? So it looks to us, certainly; and so we are willing to prophesy the public will come in time to confess it, however tightly that public may be bound up in the iron bands of prejudice and vicious self-will, just at this present time.

We desire the reader to mark our prediction.

Better refuse utterly to taste spirits of any sort, than drink immoderately. Every man can tell what his own temperament is for himself. Nobody else has a license to set up authority over him. In fact, the moment you abridge a man's freedom, even to pursue evil if he likes, and abridge it by throwing around him

restraints of this sort and that, or by taking every thing that bears the name of temptation out of his way, — that moment you make a *moral cripple* of him, and in no sense a better and a stronger man. The Almighty himself has, as we have shown from the Scripture record, left the choice entirely open to all alike, and out of the conflict alone can finally proceed the victory. He pretends to make no man virtuous by compulsion, or yet by placing him beyond the reach of vice; for that would imply the possession of such negative virtue as, we fear, would give an individual but a very narrow claim to positive goodness.

We might, at least, take a hint from the arrangements of Providence, and the harmonious laws of Nature, in the shaping and coloring of our own laws; neither being at the pains, on the one hand, to *force* such a state of purity upon the world as would compel men to be virtuous because they are not allowed to know what vice means, — nor, on the other, to invade in any way those rights of property and person which, from time immemorial, have been esteemed sacred beyond disturbance.

But, as we said before, the sin of drunkenness is one so great and terrible as to call forth naturally the most profound sympathies of mankind for those who are the sad sufferers by it, and excite men to put forth concentrated exertions, exertions made almost with a "bloody sweat," for its effectual removal. Scarcely any of us all, but, if he or she were to make the confession aloud, would certify to the melancholy truth that some friend,

or possibly some dear and near relative, has fallen powerless beneath the assaults of the fiend. There is enough, and ten thousand times ten thousand times enough, to appeal to the profoundest sympathies that lie unused in the human heart; and are we so very certain, then, while the exercise and daily use of these sympathies, these protestations, these pleadings, these warnings, and this final punishment of public scorn and contempt, would be so potent if properly called out into open action, that it is better, and more effective, and productive of a more stable reform, to call in the force of law, and the authority and violence of statutes conceived in the heat of partisan passion, and so supersede the employment of the diviner qualities, — the sympathies and the pleadings, the higher culture and the tender love, — altogether? In truth, can drunkenness be cured, effectually cured, by society in any such superficial way?

IX.

THE UNCONSTITUTIONALITY OF PROHIBITION.

It has been generally supposed that a free government expressed freedom from all sorts of tyranny — not less from tyrannical men than tyrannical laws; that such laws as characterized free States must of necessity be pervaded with the spirit of the largest liberty; that all forms of legislation, in fact, in free States, were capable of containing the widest liberty, without degenerating into wild license. There are other betrayals of tyranny than those which are made by the "one man power," sitting on a throne and holding a sceptre. A legal enactment, framed and indorsed by a professedly free people, may contain the real essence of tyranny as much as any edict of an autocrat or an emperor. The test is to be found in the *spirit* of the enactment, rather than in either its origin or form.

The so-styled "Maine Law," which looks at nothing short of downright, violent, and defiant prohibition both of the sale and use of liquors, is, in our judgment, the very representative of the spirit of tyranny. It was conceived in ideas of authority, and power, and force, and by force, and power, and authority alone it must hope to be executed. One would suppose any such law ought at least to secure the *respect* of the whole com-

munity, however much it might militate with the weakness and delinquencies of a portion ; but it has proved that it fails even of that. No law was ever written on the pages of the statute books, that called out such a furious excitement of opposition, — that generated such animosity and bad blood. It has made, we presume to say, more outright rebels against *all* forms of law, than it has ever done good ; and this statement of course fails to include the cases of deceit and hypocrisy, the acts of spying, and lying, and eaves-dropping, that have shown themselves to be its legitimate fruit and result.

A prohibitory statute, like this, is directly in the face of all sound and true constitutional principles ; we mean the organic principles of that constitution upon which rests the fabric of our entire political and social system. For if a despotism like this is to be the confessed groundwork of the State, then it must needs follow that the State itself must partake of a similar character. You cannot lay your foundations in a spirit and temper of tyranny, which ceases to regard the rights of others with tenderness and care, and expect the superstructure to offer a free, and broad, and liberal pattern.

And if the underlying spirit and fundamental principle of this government of ours, and of the government of each one of the States, is essentially that of *freedom*, — a freedom which allows to every individual citizen the largest latitude for accumulating his own fortune, and progressing step by step to his own widest development, — is it not, we seriously inquire, in direct antag-

onism to that spirit to place laws on the statute books that excite the strongest repulsion on the part of citizens of every walk and class, and force them, both openly and by resort, to shifting expedients to set such laws at defiance? It most assuredly is; and so all thoughtful and reflecting legislators will in time come to acknowledge.

If the spirit of our Constitution is in any real sense a *free* spirit, then such tyrannical enactments are confessedly *un*-constitutional; and this is the sum total of the argument. Under our Constitutions, it is claimed that a man is perfectly free to enjoy himself in his own way; to eat, drink, and wear exactly what he chooses, just so long as he interferes with none of the rights and privileges of any one else. Now, how a man, consistently with a doctrine, or principle, like this, is to be told that he shall not buy and drink wine or spirits at all, so long as he infringes by the act in no way upon the rights of the mass, or of even a single one of the mass, passes our comprehension. And again, and more particularly, how the curtailment by law of an individual's power over his own appetites, — and only a curtailment *in the public eye* at that, — is going to effect the man's moral reform, or secure any greater rapidity of progress in morals for him, we confess we are not at all able to see. There are those, of course, who can see a great way farther into a millstone than we can; and we would be glad if such strangely-gifted individuals would give the world the benefit of their superior vision.

We set ourselves about the quotation of no phrases, such as are to be picked out of the several State Constitutions, all, however, only showing the inconsistency between the open guarantees of individual rights set forth in those instruments, and the open defiance offered them by these prohibitory enactments; that were an altogether needless task. But we plant ourselves upon the position that such laws are in open violation of the vitalizing *spirit*, the fundamental *principle*, of these Constitutions; and that we have shown them to be. Instead of securing to the individual citizen the "largest liberty," — of course compatible with the largest liberty of others, — these statutes deprive him of his liberty altogether. In the case in hand, the individual is not permitted to purchase liquor, *lest he may abuse the privilege;* and this is what they style, and delude themselves into believing, the *freedom* of all! A man's faculties are at first clapped into jail, and then he is told that none are so *free* as himself! If it were not such a palpable, unmistakable, unendurable tyranny, in itself, it would be the veriest satire on what is commonly called Free Government the world ever beheld. To make men free from their appetites, it would make them slaves to Law; and if slaves to Law, then how in any real sense *Free?*

Haste in legislation, especially in mere legislative theories, is always detrimental in the highest degree to the efficiency of the laws enacted. And it is particularly true, that it is not safe for legislators to go faster than the state of public sentiment will warrant. For

unless a statute has the ready support of popular opinion, it must become either a tyranny, if sought to be put into execution, or a perfectly dead letter. But when the people are assured that a law, like the Maine Law, is in all its essential features an unconstitutional affair, and got up by a pressure of exciting circumstances, operating upon the minds of well-meaning but really unreflecting men, they will, as a matter of course, be very loth to pay it either obedience or respect. They must needs feel convinced that a law — any law — has its foundations in the principles of justice, or it of necessity can have no claims upon them.

And this the Maine Law, as we have both said and shown, has not. It is unconstitutional because it is unjust, and it is unjust because it is unconstitutional. It violates, both in its spirit and its provisions, the principles that lie at the bottom of all free society, or any society that so styles itself. For, to be free, a people must have individual liberty in all directions, save that alone which trenches on the ground of another; and if entire curtailment of that personal liberty is called freedom, it strikes us that we have hitherto been all in the dark in reference to the whole subject. Why, let us ask, too, should the morals of a man be professedly thought of before his liberty, his freedom? Indeed, what do his morals amount to, if they never have, and never can stand any test such as temptation has to offer? And besides, by what patented process shall one set of men, as legislators, tell another set of men, as fellow-citizens of the same Commonwealth, that

they, the legislators, understand better what *is* moral than all the rest put together? Who, after all, has the keeping of the public morals, or of individual morality, that he shall be allowed to say whether it is, or is not, an act of immorality — nay, a crime outright — for a man to drink a glass of stimulus once, or twice, or three times a day?

The truth is, this matter has not yet been looked into as it should be. There are certain radical points about it that have not yet been investigated; points not merely of constitutionality, but of freedom and of morals. It is not every quack doctor of laws that understands the magnitude or mystery of legislative principles, any more than it is every quack doctor of medicine who understands the principles of the human system.

X.

THE LIQUOR AGENCIES.

It looks not a little strange, not to say inconsistent, to see men who originally advocated straight-out prohibition, now defending the practice of establishing State and Town Agencies for the sale of liquors. They once argued that it was as wrong to sell in one way as in another, and they ridiculed the idea of a "respectable rumseller." On all occasions they contended that it was not the way in which a thing was sold, so much as the thing sold itself. They used to say the sin was in the rum and not in the act of selling, — no matter whether it was sold at the Parker House, or in Patrick Murphy's little grocery down in the city cellar. They called all spirituous liquors "devil's broth," making out that our Saviour was in league with the devil and doing the devil's work when he turned water into wine at Cana of Galilee. They claimed that no one would advocate the use of spirits even for sickness, unless they *themselves* wanted it to drink on the sly. But a change has taken place, and they say nothing against an "Agency" now. By their own mouths let them be judged and they are proved guilty of taking liquor on the sly. Truly consistency would be a jewel in these times with the advocates of temperance. Now we

claim that it is just as wrong to license an agent, whether State or town, as it would be to place a general enactment on the pages of the statute book, by virtue of which a dozen proper men might be allowed to sell in any town of sufficient size to warrant it. If licensing is to be opposed, so are agencies. There is no material or practical difference. Both mean the same thing. They unite in fact and form, but vary only in degree. A man may be just as respectable while standing behind his own counter and selling liquors to customers that happen in, as if he were transacting the same business on behalf of the State, or town, and receiving his commission from another source.

We have often stood and looked at these duly-appointed liquor agents, in different places, watching the eminent satisfaction and air of authority with which they seemed to be invested, as they dealt out the "liquid damnation" to their eager customers; and thought to ourselves how differently they would have felt about their business, had they been transacting the business on their own account. It makes great odds whether a man is selling rum for his own account or on account of the State, or town. And why? Simply because the mind is wont to lift the act into the appearance of respectability when the law authorizes or protects it, showing what moral majesty the law really enjoys among a law-abiding people.

Now, we argue, if the agency system can thus be made respectable and above reproach by the assistance

of the State, then a general and proper license system can likewise. Why not? The prohibitionists are only arguing the matter for us beforehand. Every "original package" of liquors these agents sell is but an argument for the sale of similar packages, or even of other packages, by other persons similarly licensed. Who will deny it? If any body, upon what ground? Let the ground, then, be stated, and we shall be ready and willing to hear or read all that can be said or written in its support. The fact is, those who have allowed themselves to be carried away with this excitement of temperance reform, this mania for making men good whether they would or no, have not stopped to think of this; they never before saw that all that can be said by them against a proper license system can be said with quite as much force, and even more, against their agency system. But it is even so, and it furnishes another striking proof that men's zeal oftentimes leads them, by a roundabout course, into the very practices which they set out to denounce and condemn!

But look at the present agency system, as it is operated under the Maine Law machinery for making moral men more moral, and saints out of yesterday-drunkards. Look at the Massachusetts agency as a fair and complete illustration. We say nothing of the individual who controls it; he has said all that even his worst enemy could wish respecting himself, in the little book of personal confessions, called "The Hen Fever." Possibly the Executive of Massachusetts

considered, in making such an appointment, that he had at last, and for once in his life, succeeded in seeing "the right man" put into "the right place."

Do any of the readers of this book remember the complaints that were made against this agent for the sale of liquors in Massachusetts, by a certain town agent in the hither part of Maine, — which complaints were made public in the newspapers at the time? Do our readers recollect, too, the letters of the Massachusetts agent in reply, in which he stated, in a sort of begging and semi-confidential way, that what was *not good* out of the lot of *champagne* sent down from Boston, might be returned, and it should be *replaced with better?* Every one who is in the habit of reading the papers will readily recall this spicy correspondence between the Maine town agent and the Massachusetts State agent. From which it plainly appeared that an inferior quality of *champagne* — nothing more harmful, probably, than Newark cider — had been accidentally or otherwise sent to a Maine gentleman, who was himself too good a judge of wine of that stamp to suffer himself to be imposed upon, and who took the earliest opportunity to prevent a fraud upon the community whose agent he was, by refusing to sell them that inferior, if not valueless article.

The Massachusetts agent came out of the dispute with no new laurels on his head, but, speaking somewhat personally, and after his own fashion, perhaps, — with his feathers pretty well plucked out. We know very well, from personal observation, what a feeling of

mortification passed through the ranks of those men who really endeavor to be rational and consistent prohibitionists at this unexpected disclosure, and what a general expression of indignation there was that a State agency could, in the hands of big and little politicians, be made the instrument to disgrace the principles they profess to hold dear. But there were the facts; they stood openly confessed, on the face of the correspondence itself; and what was to be done next? Remove the agent? Ah, — but "*our party*" might have something to say about that! and unless you let us — "our party" folks, we mean, — make the most out of the emoluments the office of State agent may be made to produce, we won't stand by you prohibitionists in trying to fly your particular kite! In fact, we are *the tail* to your prohibition kite; and you know as well as we do, that you can no more go up without a tail than a comet could sweep the heavens without the same appurtenance!

Abuses, and deceits, and impositions must go on. And so they will go on until the time will come when they have made head enough to break down all the barriers of little politicians and men seeking power, and correct themselves. But the agencies are just as open to abuse as the license system ever was. Why not? If the truth was published as it ought to be, it would show this fact in unmistakable colors. If the books of the town agents, who are authorized to retail liquors in certain quantities and for certain purposes, could be made clear to the eye of the general reader,

their pages would make a confession such as not every opponent even of the Maine Law is prepared to receive. But why, you ask us, is *not* this thing done? For two very good and substantial reasons. First, because there is no power that can compel the publication of any such statistics; and, second, because it is unwise for *the interests of the cause of prohibition* that such a thing should be done.

Yet, inasmuch as the prohibitionists have always stood out so stoutly for open and aboveboard operations in this matter, and have been especially industrious in collecting their columns and pages of statistics from every conceivable and inconceivable quarter, which they believed would fatally tell against a license system, or, indeed, against any system but their own, — it is now no more than what the public have a perfect right to demand of them, since they have at last got the system they asked for, to give up every item of information they have in their possession, that shall throw any light upon the operation of that system. Why would not this be right? Why is it not a fair demand to make upon them? Certainly, if the *morals* of the people are all they care for, they will raise no objections to enlightening the people in respect to the progress of those morals, just in whatever way they may have the power.

We challenge the production of such items, of such minute and complete testimony, as shall most properly set the practical workings of this Maine Law in its new light. Let the public go behind the scenes. Let them

see, if they ask to see, to what class of persons town agents habitually sell liquor, — and in what quantities, — how often, — and for what purposes. Such a record, if accurately and impartially made up, would tell a straighter story than all the empty praises of the law itself in State and county conventions. It would lay the whole matter bare, — strip it of its externals, — pull the scales off the eyes of sentimentally-moral people, — give a practical turn to theories and theorizers, — and enable the community to take the proper bearings of their present position. Such a plan has been attempted in some cases, but never completely carried out. It carries the war too far into Africa and exposes too much hypocrisy to suit the so-called temperance party.

XI.

LICENSE AND AGENCY.

If, now, Liquor Agencies are right, a proper license system will stand. The arguments that underlie the one, underlie the other also. In fact, it is not more presumptuous than it is inconsistent, that they who deny the right and propriety of licensing should be willing, and even eager, to favor the right and propriety of establishing agencies. The inconsistency only shows to what a pitch of infatuation even honestly inclined persons may insensibly be led, if they are not careful how they surrender up their individual opinions to the control of others.

The license system is said to be liable to abuse; so is the agency system. And whereas the former does *not* tend to make every man a spy upon his neighbor, the latter certainly does; and whereas the former does *not* underrate the honesty and truth of the buyer and consumer, making him the miserable knave and hypocrite he secretly, if not openly, confesses himself, the latter *does;* and whereas the former is *not* likely to increase the ranks of immoderate consumers and even drunkards, because such a system would, in itself, guard both the consumer and the community, so far as any system could, against the liability of such an evil,

the latter *is* likely, and even very *certain*, to sow the seeds that will in due time yield as wretched a crop of disease and distress, both physical and moral, as ever afflicted any community that aspired to the name of civilization.

It is charged that impure liquors may easily be sold under a license system, while the agency machinery prevents all that. *Prevents* it, indeed! *How* prevent it? Was the indignant town agent in Maine so very sure of having had *good* champagne in his possession, even after the State agent of Massachusetts assured him that the cheap and wretched stuff was imported, and the *genuine article?* Agents are just as likely to be imposed upon as men who sell under a license; and if they are men who profess never to taste liquor themselves, as you will find they generally are in these piping Maine Law times, then they are even more likely to suffer from imposition. And agents are just as apt to lay in with certain manufacturers of liquors, too, who know how to doctor and to reduce with great skill, and who are ready enough to share whatever profits the agents are likely afterwards to make. Why not? The thing *has* been done; and it may be done again, and with impunity. Is there any thing in the character of a State or a town liquor agent that specially clears him of such influences as reach other men, and keeps *him*, above other sellers of liquor, free from the contaminating influences of a trade that madmen are eager to denounce as villany in all its parts, points, and relations?

This style of argument against the sale of liquor in *any* form, or through *any* instrumentality, has been pushed a little farther than it will cleverly go; and they who have used it most freely begin to feel that they have unconsciously been handling a two-edged sword. *It cuts both ways.* For if selling spirits in any form, and under the authority and protection of law, is a crime and an unpardonable sin, it is so just as much in one case as in another; if the argument can be made to apply to a license system, it bears with just the same force upon the system of selling through agencies. Sale is sale; and if it is iniquitous to sell rum *any way*, there is an end of further disputation; but if the business may be made "respectable" by an agency law, what is there, pray let us know, to hinder its being "respectable" under a general license law? No mind accustomed to reasoning can find any essential difference in the cases; and yet an inflamed popular prejudice persists in refusing to look at this matter just as it is.

People fall into the way so naturally, or, rather, so readily, of supposing that what the law authorizes and supports must of course be reputable and proper. Well, we agree it *ought* to be so, although we fail always to find it *is* so. Therefore, if the law says an agency is reputable and proper, men consent to throw around the agency system their esteem and respect; albeit it is, *considered in itself*, open to just the same charges that are made by prohibitionists against "rum-selling," that the license system is; that, at least, no

one can deny. Now, what we wish to know is, — and we shall continue to put the inquiry till at least *one* candid mind somewhere has found an answer for it within its own reasoning capacity, — why cannot the license law bring *up*, if you so please, the traffic in spirits to as high a standard of respectability as the agency law? Why not? sure enough. The virtue of the deed, as is generally admitted by prohibitionists, exists only by virtue of *the law;* and we argue from that point, that the law, when framed in a prudent and proper spirit, and taking cognizance of the habits and needs of men as they are, is as capable of giving character and weight to one system of selling spirits as to another. This ground, we feel very well satisfied, cannot be undermined by the currents of any prejudice or fanaticism. It is real; and will stand, because it has a substantial rock-bottom.

But temperance legislators — or, rather, those strongly-biassed leaders who have hitherto assumed the control of temperance legislation — have become somehow possessed of an idea that they must needs make laws only according to their own theories and abstractions, regardless of the wants and habits of those for whom such legislation is undertaken, and in a spirit even of open hostility to things as they at present exist all around us. Now, if these theorists could but find men *just as they want them*, possibly their crude and inconclusive plans might be made to apply; but taking men *as they are*, it seems the height of folly to seek to make laws for them which are not at all applicable to

their wants, against which even their better and freer instincts rebel, and which, even if they were carried out in execution to the very last letter, would produce at the best but a forced and unnatural public morality, underneath which would flow in boiling currents the whole lava-tide of human passions and vicious inclinations.

A healthy and hearty state of public morals is not to be secured by any such mere gloss and patchwork as a Maine Law proposes; for in such a state as that, all men are supposed to be, firstly, free to do as they choose, within certain restraining limits which are set for the protection of others, — and, secondly, to be capable of exercising that continued self-control which alone can lead both to individual and public morality. Now, if your Maine Laws, or any other laws, operate to clap a man's individual freedom into jail, as it were, he is in no sense whatever *a moral person*, but only *apparently* moral, because the law will not give him a chance publicly to be otherwise.

But our thoughts have led us a little wide from the topic immediately in hand. We were speaking simply of the advantages of a license law over an agency law, and showing how, in the first place, the former was much more safe and proper than the other, — and, secondly, how the latter was not a whit more "respectable," in point of fact, or through the aid of the statute book, than the former. Our readers will be likely to agree with us in this matter entirely. We ask no one to admit what is not true both in nature and in reason;

but we do insist that what *is* perfectly true in both, shall be admitted to that high place in public esteem, and public legislation, to which its own permanent worth really entitles it.

XII.

AT THE WEST.

"A 'LIQUOR LAW' has passed the Indiana House, fixing licenses at from fifty to one thousand dollars, at the discretion of the county commissioners; assessing a fine, not less than five nor more than fifty dollars, for every instance of selling without license; prohibiting selling on the Sabbath, or on State, county, town, township, or municipal election day, where the same may be held; prohibiting the selling to persons in the habit of being intoxicated, or to minors, under heavy penalties, with other stringent features."

We take the above paragraph, in relation to a license law, from the news columns of the New York Tribune. It is needless for us to say that, in its essential features, it embodies what is practically necessary for the convenience of the community, and what, at the same time, seems jealously to guard the rights and interests of that community.

Such a movement as the one indicated above is in the right direction. It certainly accepts the existing customs, habits, needs, and desires of the people, as something fixed and unalterable; and then it simply proceeds to throw around the community the protection which the existence of such habits, customs, needs, and desires naturally suggests; that while the individ-

ual shall not be shorn in any way of his individuality, the public shall in no sense be the sufferers.

This single movement in the Indiana legislature does but go to prove the truth of what we stated in the first chapter of this book; namely, that the unnatural and fanatical excitement about teetotalism and prohibition was fast coming to its natural termination, and that the day of candid, calm, and thorough discussion, with a view to the ascertainment of true principles and the best modes of action, had just begun to dawn.

Now let us look at the several suggestions contained in the paragraph extracted above. In the first place, the price of a license is to be fixed high enough by the county commissioners, who are thus made directly responsible to the people for the proper execution of their trust, to allow none but proper men, as near as may be found in *any* community, to sell spirits at all; the prices ranging all the way from fifty dollars to a thousand. This naturally puts the matter on pretty safe ground, to begin with.

Next, a fine of from five dollars to fifty is liable to be imposed for *every instance* of selling without a license thus regularly obtained. Very few persons, of a character likely to lead them to violate a proper license law, could well afford to subject themselves to penalties of this magnitude, or, in default of paying these, to punishment by another process.

Then there are other provisions, all stringent and proper, and every one a formidable safeguard against the irruptions of cupidity and passion upon society;

such as the prohibition of selling at all upon the Sabbath, or on any election day; of selling at all to such persons as are known to make improper uses of liquor, and are habitually intoxicated; and of selling at all to minors, or, in fact, to any other equally improper and irresponsible persons.

Such a law evidently was not framed by "rum-drinkers," nor by men who love the interests of "rum-sellers" above other men's interests; but by men who have closely and philosophically observed the radical elements of our common nature; who understand what man is, what are the sole objects and purposes of government, and what is the real meaning of the term "freedom," as applied to the plan of a government; and who are just as deeply concerned for the highest welfare of the people as they are for any merely personal and selfish projects that may be charged against them. It is easy to call them by hard names, but that practice has about had its day; if it has any effect, it is only to weaken the cause of those who follow it, and not of those who have no remedy but to submit to the abuse. For why may it not be supposed that the friends and supporters of a stringent license system are, in their hearts, as sincere men, and as ardent workers for public morality, as they who set out with assuming that they have all the virtue and all the purity on their side? It is preposterous to give way to these idle clamorers and name-callers any longer. It is full time they were openly confronted, argued down, and put to public shame.

What if, now, every State legislature in the country were to take up this most important subject right where it is? Suppose they were to establish such a general license system as the Indiana legislature is engaged in perfecting to-day, affixing to it all the penalties public sentiment would fairly and reasonably demand as needed for its own protection. Would there be any great *risk* in such an undertaking as this? Certainly, a good, practical license law, that stands a chance of being literally executed, is much better than a theoretically strict prohibitory law, whose execution is laughed at all over the State as an utter impossibility.

Then just look, for a moment, at the character of these town agents, as regards their practical acquaintance with the business they have been intrusted with. What do they ordinarily know about it? Most of them will tell you they cannot tell a glass of brandy from another glass of Newark cider; and perhaps they cannot. It is at least charitable to suppose they are fully as ignorant as they confess themselves to be. These agents are certainly not safe or proper men to intrust with dealing out liquors *only* for mechanical, medicinal, and sacramental purposes, for they see no visible difference between French brandy and aquafortis, and would be as likely to poison their customers with the latter as make them over-joyful with the former.

Zealots and bigots have succeeded in warping the public judgment in a most fearful manner; and when the time comes in which the public will see how the thing has been done, — by appeals alternately to their

sympathies and their partisan passions, — they will be lost in wonder at thinking of the readiness with which they were made to call black white, and white black. Just as if the expressed juice of the grape and the apple was not as much property to-day as it was thirty years ago! and as if other pure liquors were not property after the same principle! Absurd in the extreme! Preposterous beyond expression! Now, this very mode of rating all liquors has led to this practice — to be condemned and scouted by all honest men, — of adulterating and poisoning them. Being held in little and low esteem by law-makers, they were more liable than ever to abuse in manufacture; for since the traffic had lost the protection it had the original right to claim for itself, the objects of that traffic naturally became the instruments of vicious and abandoned men, who saw nothing in them better than a chance, first, to deprave the appetites of consumers, and, secondly, to employ that very result for their own purely selfish advantage.

As a consequence, the destruction to health and life has been fearful to contemplate; and stump-speakers for prohibition have employed this fearful fact as the strongest argument they could advance for violently rooting out the system of selling liquor at all. But the argument can be made to apply only to the *vitiated* system — to the entire prevention of the sale of *poisoned* liquors. When they seek to apply it to the sale of *any* liquors, those even that are *pure*, they go beyond what prudence, or reason, or common sense will permit them. It is *not* pure liquors, the real juice of the apple and

the grape, that shatters human constitutions, and destroys human life almost with the rapidity of a virulent disease; but it is these poisoned, adulterated, "doctored" drugs, eating their slow way into the very soul of the infatuated consumer itself. It is *not* such wine as is spoken of in the Book of Judges, that "cheereth God and man;" but it is their villanous substitutes, compounds such as disgrace our civilization, and that no civilized laws ought for a day to tolerate the sale of.

Now fling all your schemes of "ramrod" prohibitions behind your back. Look this matter square in the face. Understand, to start with, that you cannot eradicate the desire for fermented beverages from the human race, and then settle down into the sensible and wholly tenable opinion, that you may at least enact such legal provisions as will insure the sale of *pure* liquors, and likewise secure their sale in proper quantities to suitable persons. All the rest you must leave to the average public sentiment or personal habits, — to individual exertion, — to moral suasion, as it is called, to work out.

XIII.

IN A NUTSHELL.

The statement of this question, that so long has excited the passions and prejudices rather than the minds of the community, is an exceedingly simple one, and the arguments are direct and few. There is no need of their being mixed up with foreign matter, or being discussed with haste and heat. If they who are eager to be thought reformers would regard rather the spirit and end of their proposed reforms than the mere ambition they possess to become in some way noted, they would far better help on the cause in which they so earnestly protest they have embarked.

Let us look at this matter of manufacturing, selling, and using wines and spirituous liquors, just as it stands in the calm light of common sense.

In the first place, these beverages have always been made and used, and no doubt always will be. We have abundant authority from the Scriptures, which we have already furnished in these pages, to show that the use of fermented liquors, at least, is as old as man's own recorded existence; and to show, likewise, that the wise and good of all time have indulged in that use, many of them even immoderately and to their own shame, — as Noah and others, — and that our Saviour

himself set an example of using wine at public festivals, which cannot be put aside. So much for *fermented* liquors.

As for those that are *distilled*, by modern processes, we have the testimony of all medical men whose opinions are not infected with the mania of teetotal partisanship, that the use of *pure* liquors, thus distilled, is beneficial to the human system, and that there are numerous instances in which it is absolutely necessary that such liquors should be used. Even those who condemn their use altogether, are constrained by the heavy hand of disease and physical disaster to impress them into their own service, and are very apt, even then, to continue their use, under cover of medicinal reasons, even after the actual calls of the disease become only imaginary. But let all that pass. What we merely wish to deduce from this is, that inasmuch as liquor is thus made *necessary* to the race, its manufacture and sale are both necessary and right also.

But the liquor, we insist, must be only *pure* liquor. The community, as purchasers and consumers of it, have a *right* to demand this much, and to assert and maintain that it shall be *proved* to be pure to their own complete satisfaction. Here is just where all the trouble arises. This is the head and front of the whole offending. The stream is poisoned now at its source, and there is where its purification must of necessity begin.

Pure liquors do not generate a brood of loathsome drunkards, and it cannot be proved against them. We simply assert what any one either knows, or can readily

acquaint himself with. It is the arbitrary disposition of certain men and certain parties that has forced the pure liquors out of their open and proper use, driven their sale into dark and out-of-the-way corners and dens, and thus put it in the power of back-door sellers to doctor and adulterate them at their own pleasure — which of course means only their own pecuniary interest. First making it a stimulating excitement to run the gantlet of public prejudice in order to *get* a glass of liquor, it naturally enough follows that liquor thus surreptitiously obtained becomes in itself a double stimulus, and is drank in at least double quantities, and with double the natural excitement, — first, for its own sake, and second, on account of the success of achieving its difficult possession. So that, in fact, the very means that have been employed by fanatical reformers, seeking power and notoriety rather than the thorough and permanent good of the race, to banish spirituous liquors from general use, and drive them to those back corners and out-of-the-way places where they are made to wear the aspect of criminality and degradation, — these very means, we say, are the ones that have, more than any thing else, caused the adulteration and poisoning of good liquors, and produced a crop of hard drinkers and wretched drunkards, whose vice will be transmitted almost to their latest posterity. Let teetotalers look at this in any other light if they can ; we tell them these statements are true to the letter, and statistics, as well as personal observation and reflection, are at all times ready to verify them abundantly.

The use of a pure article, then, being conceded as a necessity, no *abuse* of an *impure* article will warrant arbitrary legislation as against the article that is *pure;* for this would be resting the principles of legislation upon a most insecure basis, and opening the way for the free working of the most unjust and tyrannical motives in all popular enactments. Right legislation can only be done on a right basis; and that, of necessity, must be permanent and stable. The moment prejudice, or mere policy, comes in and usurps the place of principle, the whole structure of government institutions totters; there is no security any where; the same motive that is applied *for* a party to-day may be applied with tenfold power *against* it to-morrow. Hence any reflecting mind can see at once, that the *use* of *pure* liquors ought not in justice to be controlled, or even modified, by the *abuse* of *impure* ones. The two things have no sort of relationship with one another.

To protect the community against even the worst consequences of excess, legislators cannot go to work to *cut off all supplies;* that is folly itself, and worse than folly. As well might it be argued that, to protect the body of the public against the excesses of a few men's passions, the legislators have a right to deprive them of their *lives*, as the surest way of quelling their riotous passions! that is, that any proposed end — and only a theoretic, and in no sense a practical end, at that — may be made to secure any sort of means for its successful attainment! Such reasoning, we had sup-

posed, had been blown to the four winds long ago. No; as the passions of men must undergo proper restraint, either at the hands of the individual or of society, so must the abuses of liquor consumption be restrained, — and either by each individual for himself, or else by the strong and united hands of society. If the use of liquor tends to inflame passions, so as to make the work of self-control still more difficult, then the individual must needs forego the use of liquors altogether; for he owes as much as that to society, and a good deal more to himself.

It is thus the simple power to *control* the sale of liquors that legislators possess, and not beyond that; to the total prohibition of such sale, they cannot properly and safely go. They presume too much, and undertake too much, when they get upon this track; to attempt by any mere legislative *coup de grace* to expel, or outroot, the desire of spirits and wine from man as he happens in these times to be constituted, is about as rational a business, and as likely to prove successful, as a tilt in full feather against the ancient institution of windmills.

Then if a person has a *right* to use (not *abuse*) pure (not *impure*) liquors, the right to manufacture and sell may be not the more disputed; for one goes along with the other. And the purchaser, whether at first hand or second hand, has a right to be secured against the possibility of fraud and adulteration in his purchases. The law protects him against fraud in other articles of manufacture and commerce, and is

manifestly just as able to protect him here. And this much both consumer and seller have a right to demand of the law-makers; who, while they are careering off against the natural appetites and instincts of human nature, betray the wrong spirit that moves them by suffering the *rights* of persons all around them to go unprotected. This shows plainly enough that it is not so much the practical protection and benefit of the community at which they aim, as the wish for notoriety, for power, or to marry their names for a brief day to a thoroughly impractical reform in the public morals.

We insist, therefore, that there is but one course left open, by which to approach this matter through the authority of legislation; and that is, by limiting and restraining all liabilities to *abuse* either the sale or use of liquors, and confining the work of the law to that alone; by appointing only proper men to sell spirits, and they to sell only to those who are certain to *use* them properly; to surround both the manufacture and the sale with such all-sufficient safeguards as shall protect the community abundantly; and afterwards to let the power of moral suasion have free course, and do its work most thoroughly and permanently.

Here are the leading points of the case, and the suggestions of such measures as any free community has an undisputed right to adopt for its own safety and progress. But for society to go beyond the power properly delegated to it, though tacitly, it may be, by the individual, and trample down individual rights and

liberties, is plainly enough to set up its authority as a laughing-stock, and to court the jeers and ridicule, instead of the respect and obedience, of the great body of men of which that society is composed.

XIV.

A SONG OF BURNS.

THE public festivals recently held all over the land, in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns, the world-beloved poet of Scotland, certify in no common manner to the estimation in which he is held; not merely by those who affect a love of literature, but by all humanity; by poor men as well as studious scholars; by those who wear "hodden gray" as well as royal purple; by rich and humble alike; by known and unknown. Philosophers and politicians, clergymen and men of letters, vied with one another to celebrate his deserved praise. They professed to admire the *man*, as well as the poet, and to subscribe *in toto* to his large and generous sentiments concerning all things that pertain to the happiness of human nature.

Well, we propose in this place simply to quote one of this same Robert Burns' popular songs. It came directly from the ploughman-poet's heart, — as, indeed, all his songs did, — and is therefore of all the more intensity and truth. Here it is.

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE.

I.

"No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business, contriving a snare—
For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

II.

"The peer I don't envy—I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

III.

"Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you the Crown, how it waves in the air!
There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

IV.

"The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that *old Solomon proved it fair*,
That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

V.

"I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter informed me that all was to wreck—
But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

"'Life's cares they are comforts,'—a maxim laid down
By the bard—what d'ye call him?—that wore the black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-bellied bottle's a heaven of care!"

[A Stanza added in a Masonic Lodge.]

"Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
And honors masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-bellied bottle when harassed with care!"

The immortal song of King Solomon is in the same strain with this of Burns; for he was a poet as well as the Scottish cottager. And though the exquisite beauty of the Hebrew poetry is nearly lost in the process of translation, yet you will find this same sentiment of Burns in Proverbs, chapter 31, verses 6 and 7, as follows: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy heart. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

In Burns' time, not only did good and accepted Masons indulge in the use of liquor without disparagement or disgrace, but good Christians likewise. It is within the ready recollection of many and many a person now living among us, that it was once the custom for clergymen to keep good spirits constantly on hand. They had them on their sideboards; and whenever they went about in their parish, the first and last thing they would be invited to do was, to take spirits. They invariably imbibed on the occasion of funerals and weddings; then it was considered an indispensable article. And lecturers will reply to this,—"O, but the moral sentiment of the community has changed wonderfully since that time!" "Yes,"—we reply—"and because the *rum has become so bad*, and generally for no

other reason!" The effects of adulterated liquors actually drove decent men into total abstinence.

In those old times to which we allude, spirit was a soother of sorrow, and, as Burns sings along with Solomon, it was a "cure for all care." It was naturally expected that the man who possessed pure religious sentiments, possessed *pure* liquors likewise; and the expectation was rarely disappointed in those days. Lord Byron says, in one of his most popular poems,—

> "There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
> As rum and true religion."

Now, we admit, that, as the present generation have been educated to think and believe, these lines of Byron sound profanely in the ears of many, and especially in the ears of fanatics; but the man of a philosophic turn of mind understands their true meaning, and lets the light of real life fall upon them as it should. They were the reflection of the sentiment of the age in which Byron lived. In Matthew, chapter 11th, verse 19th, we read, "The Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." For doing just as our Saviour did, excellent Christian men subject themselves, even now, to the same indignities which were cast upon him. The same spirit of persecution and detraction lives in this day, that lived in his. Human nature has undergone little or no change; it is fully as bad now as it was then. And it is likewise no worse for men to use wine now in moderate

and proper quantities than it was then. The change that public sentiment has undergone since his time does not change the absolute character of the practice. The fault is now, as it was then, in excess; and it is made to appear more vicious and glaring than ever, by the base adulterations to which all originally pure and good liquors have since been subjected.

XV.

NEWLY INVENTED CRIME.

The most preposterous and presumptuous point about this prohibitory Maine Law business is, that what was never before considered a crime by common law, — that is, by common sense, and the commonly accepted moral sense of the community, — is suddenly legislated into a new form and character, with penalties attached to the same that bear no sort of relation to it, and such as no self-governed community of men will ever allow or submit to. If one legislature can resolve that selling liquor is a crime, — we mean *pure* liquor, of course, — then a subsequent legislature can resolve that such an act is *no* crime; and where is the definition? Once depart from the platform of common law and common sense in such a matter, whether for party purposes or for professedly moral purposes, and we are all at sea; there is no stability whatever in the administration of justice, because it ceases to commend itself as *common* and *equal* justice to the moral sense of the public.

Indeed, we can think of few illustrations of the tendency on the part of ambitious men to establish a tyranny, in case they see the chance of obtaining power at all, more pointed and noticeable than this very fact

furnishes. They are not content with employing the legislative functions for their proper and limited purposes, but must needs try to choke rigid and austere morals down the throats of the community, whose throats would not be one half as much harmed by being asked to swallow good wine or spirit in their stead; for it would be infinitely better that men swallowed proper quantities of good liquor, which find a proper receptacle in the stomach, than that they belch up fiery curses — more fiery than even the "blue ruin" that is now so freely, though slyly, sold for a beverage.

Now, we openly defy any body of men, whether reformers or not reformers, to prove that the act of selling pure liquor is a crime, in any possible and natural sense; or that to thus stigmatize it is any other than the most arbitrary act which could be undertaken by legislators. For crimes are, in their very nature, readily defined and easy of apprehension; they cannot be this thing to-day and that thing to-morrow; their spirit and character must of necessity be always one and the same, betraying the most decided and unmistakable intent of evil, — and evil against *others;* and their limitations are fixed in every enlightened mind by the legislation and precepts of the past. And, what is still more than all, it is to be considered that the spirit of advancing civilization is not given to *adding* to the list of recognized crimes by special and forced legislation, but that it is disposed rather to *shorten* the list; and not so much, either, by yielding to any applications of pseudo-philanthropy or mock sentimentality, as by pre-

ferring to rely upon those deep and boundless moral resources that lie imbedded in the very nature of every society that pretends to true progress in civilization.

There is great crudeness and haste of thought among new and inexperienced lawgivers on this point, and it would be well to get the better of the fault at as early a day as may be. The sooner men are divested of such an idea, baseless and vicious as it is in every aspect, as that a mere legislative act, secured by no matter what severity and steadiness of external pressure, can put a new face upon the moral sense of society, converting innocent acts of a sudden into acts of criminality, and dooming men who are protected in a traffic to-day by the law, to degradation to-morrow because this law refuses any longer to protect them, — the better will it be found for the health and stability of the entire social system.

To a certain extent, and only to a certain extent, we concede that the sale of liquors may be called criminal; and that is, when the sale goes to betray fraud and vicious intent. First, remember that liquors are demanded by the community, and always will be, in consequence of the desire for their use, which is inherent in, and instinctive with, human nature; then we submit, that in attempting to supply this demand, the law has a perfect and indefeasible right to step in and take cognizance of all attempts at fraud and improprieties of sale, and to stamp such attempts with the brand of criminality, affixing penalties to correspond.

It is at exactly this point that we ask for legal inter-

vention, to furnish protection for the consumers, and, incidentally, to prevent by this very method any harms coming to the body of society. Here is just where the law may be useful and effective; and it is here that we demand it shall be applied. Law is for protection against crime and wrong; not for the mere purpose of impressing the community with a sense of the power and strength of the dominant party; when it comes to this last pitch, it abandons all its claims of relationship to the eternal and immutable principles of justice, and becomes the mere mouthpiece of an excited rabble, temporarily organized with leaders and catch-words, and presuming to take the very name of Progress and Purity in vain. This deserves to be remembered.

We agree, as the logic of the other side would attempt to prove, that a crime is an open infraction of the law; but it is not, therefore, to be argued that all infractions of every law, or even of every criminal law, — technically speaking, — are criminal. Because, if that were so, as we showed only a little way back in this chapter, legislatures have but to say each year what shall and what shall not be crimes *for that year*, and, their resolutions being *law*, of course every thing that contradicts their arbitrariness at once becomes *criminal*. This is absurd, not to say extremely dangerous; indeed, it is needless to say that no civilized society could exist, as a civilized society, upon such a basis as this from one year's end to another. Any man of good sense can readily see that all power, and all permanency, would rest in the hands of a few men,

called legislators; and every one knows that the same machinery that *made* these men legislators in the first place, for a specific purpose, would continue to be the controlling power of the State always. And what, pray, is this but the rankest and most unmitigated tyranny? Who would not as soon and as fervently pray to be delivered from this, as from that of a Louis Napoleon, or of a Ferdinand II., or of any Austrian monarch that ever made his subjects both fear and hate him?

We must keep the great fact continually in mind, that with the advance of civilization the list of crimes, and especially of flagrant crimes, diminishes. That is, a man would not now, as formerly, be hung for theft, or some other equally trifling fault; the apparent disproportion between the offence and the penalty is in this case so great as to render the act of administering the punishment an absolute *injustice;* which, in an age when moral sentiment is very much awakened, would amount to as great a fault as the unpunished crime itself. If civilization conceals a living definition within its name, that definition must be that it adjusts the scales of justice more delicately than they were ever adjusted before; not that it dives into the forests of barbaric days again, and drags out bloody and base modes of punishment from their hiding places, in order to apply them to deeds with which they have no relation.

Our ideas of justice must rest upon stability, or they are good for nothing. As Truth is said to be "eter-

nal," so must Justice be eternal; if less, it can only be vacillating, unsettled, shifting, and unreliable. And the attempt to found great nations, and build up great states upon a foundation like this, is as preposterous and idle as it was, according to Scripture history, to order the over-burdened Israelites to make bricks without straw. There can be no society, except it rests on stable and permanent foundations; and those must be nothing less than living ideas and principles. Not notions and wild theories; not changeful prejudices and whimsical passions; — but *principles*, that include all theories possible to be spun, and try them at last by the laws of their own stern and impartial judicature.

XVI.

A GOOD TEXT.

"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

This is the text to which we refer, and we style it a "good one;" good for practical use and service; not something merely to hang a discourse upon, but something out of which to extract an excellent rule of living. Considered thus, we think we may sincerely recommend it to every reader of this present volume.

Since the different chapters of this book have been passing through the press, we took the liberty, one day, to show the proof sheets of a part of the chapter which treats of what the Bible has to say about the use of wine, to a well-known abstinence man, and a friend of our own besides. Our object was simply to be set right on any point where we might happen to be wrong, and to draw out from one who, we knew, would oppose our views with great earnestness, the very hardest arguments and objections that could be adduced from that side. On reading the sheets alluded to, our teetotal friend at once answered that the wine mentioned in the Scripture was *not intoxicating*. That we almost expected him to say, just as we expect many others to answer, in their first impulse, on reading the first of that

same chapter. But we were prepared for our friend, and rejoined by asking him to read the whole chapter, which most conclusively proves that the Scripture wines *were* intoxicating. To this, after giving it his thoughtful perusal, he could make no sufficient answer; he certainly could not think of denying what, upon its very face, was so apparent, and what is so well supported besides. There was no resource left him, therefore, but to admit our two main arguments; viz., that the Scriptures do openly countenance and approve the use of wine in proper quantities, and that that same wine was capable of producing intoxication. We rejoiced not over this compelled admission of our teetotal friend as any merely personal victory of our own, but as additional evidence that we had, in conscientiously searching for the truth, *actually found it*. That was all.

But still, even with this admission on his tongue, our friend was compelled to offer *some* sort of a reply to our position; he thought it his duty, as he certainly seemed to feel it within his power, to destroy *the force* of that position; and so he stated that there was one passage of Scripture which would cut down our entire argument, — overthrow the whole superstructure by undermining its foundations. That passage of Scripture was the one with which this present chapter begins; and is to be found in the 31st verse of the 6th chapter of Luke's Gospel: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

By this quotation he meant as follows: If you would

like to have another man lead *you* into drunkenness by selling you wines and liquors, then go and lead *him* into drunkenness by selling them to him; otherwise, not. That was his whole and his final argument.

Now, let us not omit to look even at this, and look at it, too, with all the care and candor we have endeavored to bestow upon the rest of the texts that have been the subject of our investigation. Is not this text, in fact, a better argument, and a much stronger one, for *us* than for *him?* We conscientiously think it is. It does go most directly to fortify our own position, as we have already taken it on this question. For what man, we ask, would wish, or be willing, to have his own individual morals, or his religious belief, cut and dried for him by any process of law? Not a single one that we know of, or ever expect to know. If there is such a one, then we take the liberty to tell him that his morality is *not* morality, because it does not *spring from himself*, but proceeds from the external pressure of law and legal surroundings. A man, to be a good man, must needs be such, of and because of himself; not because he cannot find a chance to be a bad man with safety. It is the heart, the thought, the steady inclination, that gives character to the individual; not his outward acts alone, which may easily be covered up under the garb of hypocrisy, and which he may even be compelled to conceal on account of the severity of the law.

No, no; it is never for himself that a man wants a law written on the pages of the statute book, but only

for his neighbor, — for somebody else, at any rate. And all legislation that has for its object the attempt to control human conscience, is travelling on the straight road to despotism, at which point it will be certain to arrive in no very long time. And all those reformers, and classes of reformers, who seek to call in the aid of law and authority to perform their work for them, are much more apt to betray zeal than knowledge; they certainly do show that they have misconceived the idea of reform in any true and proper sense, and are vainly seeking for something else which they think may be made to come in and supply its legitimate place. And time will not fail both to disappoint and undeceive them.

Our Saviour was the promulgator of a Gospel of Peace. He employed no force whatever in his endeavors to reform the world, because he did not aim to bring about that reformation from without, but altogether from within. We remember that on a certain occasion he said he had power to summon a legion of angels to assist him; but he did no such thing. He never thought to overcome violence by violence, but by love. He preached only "peace on earth, good will towards men." His wonderful power was the power of Love, not of Hate. But alas! where stand his professed followers to-day? What has become of the faith of that minister of the gospel who disobeys the commands of the blessed Redeemer, and, disregarding his example of love and gentleness, as well as his plainest and most pointed precepts, demands the application of

a revengeful law and brute force itself to accomplish what he vainly considers will be the moral reform of the race? Well indeed may we seriously ask one another such questions, when even those who preach Christ are gone frantic to seize the power that, in their crazy judgments, shall make all men Christians, whether they will or not.

"But," says the teetotal preacher and lecturer, "I believe in moral suasion for the *drinker*, but legal suasion for the *seller!*" Is that so? Then see here. By your own statement then, sir, if you first go to work and apply proper moral suasion to the consumer, or drinker, do you not see that, with only limited provisions, the seller will need no reforming? because, by thus decreasing the *demand*, you naturally cut off the *supply?* The seller will come, then, at last to have none to whom to sell; and even what he does sell, we insist, as we have in previous pages, shall be none but pure and unadulterated spirits.

Now, we ask the most zealous total abstinent man going, to ask himself, whom, in case he finds he has been guilty of immorality, he would prefer for his judge? Into whose hands would he soonest intrust the power of administering the punishment? If he will answer our question from his heart, would he not cry out even with King David, —

"Let us fall now into the hands of THE LORD; (for his mercies are great;) and let me not fall into the hand of man."

That day was indeed a dark and gloomy one for the

cause of true temperance, that saw the introduction of what goes by the name of the Maine Law into the halls of legislation. For on that day the whole matter changed front. Its friends chose new weapons, which, as they have since found to their cost and sorrow, can cut in more than one direction. Temperance ceased then to be a Reform, and became a Warfare; stirring up communities, hitherto peaceful, with all the passions that rage among open enemies; distracting churches, and driving out the spirit of love from the same; even dividing families, and setting father against son, and son against father.

Like the old Spanish Inquisition, this new Maine Law institution might compel men to be moral and decent on the surface, — might in fact make them appear to be what they really *are not;* but we ask, in the name of Heaven, is *this* the first great object and aim of society? Is it for so mean a purpose as *this* that we consent to select men to make our statutes? Do we agree that the highest and noblest, the first and the last, object of society is to appear clean and white on the outside, — like the platter spoken of in the New Testament, — while all within is foulness and corruption? Nay, we tell the advocates of this Inquisition plan that force never did and never will reform any person living; he may *profess* to be reformed, and his friends may profess it all over for him again; but the work never has been done, because it *cannot* thus be performed. A man must first be convinced of error *from within;* no conversion can begin until this quickening process has begun beforehand.

Understand, — we object in no possible way to any individual's abstaining from the use of spirituous liquors, even for medicinal purposes, if so it appears right and proper to that individual. Let that be his own affair, and be suffered to rest entirely with himself. We believe for ourselves, however, that History, the Bible, and Common Sense, all three allow and approve the moderate and proper use of good wines and spirits, on the part of those who choose so to use them. And we would only repeat, for the benefit solely of Mohammedans, Rechabites, or disciples of Dr. Alcott, the gentle and beautiful words with which the present chapter opened — "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

XVII.

OUR BEST INTELLECTS.

We gave a few instances, some chapters back, of the use of liquor by men, who, prohibitionists are kindly wont to think, never use it at all, and add to that list the name of still another — no less than the distinguished historian, Prescott. We do this from none but the best intentions, and in no sense from a spirit of boasting or brag. Such a spirit, in truth, is the very one with which we feel ourselves chiefly forced to contend, in the discussion of this entire subject.

It is so true that our greatest scholars and men of intellect are in the custom of taking a glass of wine, or spirits, whenever their physical resources show symptoms of failing them, or for the sake of cheering them under the burden of exhausting labors and protracted exertions. Such men feel that they require the aid of stimulus to recruit the powers that are tasked with such severity. And they use it accordingly. It is their own affair, and they make it that, and nothing more.

But such a state of bigotry exists at the present time in the community, or has existed until now, regarding the subject of using wine as a beverage at all, that even these first and best men have been forced to practise

unworthy shifts — some of them — to conceal the habit, lest their very names might be dragged forth into the columns of violent and virulent newspapers, there to be held up for public scorn and detestation. And by means like this, the friends and advocates of a Maine Law have flattered themselves they could work out the knotty and intricate problem of moral reform.

So secret, we repeat, have been the practices of our intellectual men in using liquors of one sort and another, that it would even be thought libellous by many to charge them with the use of them at all; in other words, nobody would say he believed you, if you should tell him that any living man of eminence and excellent moral character is a moderate drinker. Yet when these same men of distinction come to die, the pen that records their virtues loves also to dwell upon their social habits; and it is then that even the bigots will bear to read of their proper and daily use of liquor.

In another place we have referred to David and Solomon, and other great men of the ancient times; in this place we may allow ourselves to speak of the illustrious dead of our own time. We alluded to the historian Prescott. Such a man, of all other men, thus tasking mind and body together, and giving his days and years entirely to the service of the world, requires the constant stimulus which is only to be found in generous and abundant diet. Bloodless men make but indifferent writers, and challenge in but a slight degree the sympathies of the race. What they want to operate with is rich and healthy blood, and enough of

WINE INSTITUTE
85 SECOND ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

it; and this is not to be got from eating bran or drinking cold slops. It stands both to reason and to nature, that as we use our bodies, so will our bodies make return to us. If we starve them, we must expect them to contain miserable tenants in the way of souls. If we pinch, and stint, and cramp, and dwarf, and mortify them, they will be very sure to pay it all back to us again, with interest added. Nature will certainly have her revenge. She utterly refuses to be cheated out of what belongs to her. We cannot expect long to draw for rich and plentiful stores upon that mysterious workman, the brain, and yet not give back that same wonderful and generous brain something in return. Give and take, is the law in this as in other matters. It is on exactly the same simple principle on which the farmer goes to work to get a crop off his land; he soon learns for himself that the better he treats his land, the better his land treats him. And that is the law every where.

There appeared in the columns of the New York Tribune, not long after the death of Mr. Prescott, a long and interesting memorial of the man from the pen of his former private secretary, Mr. Robert Carter, — himself at the time a Washington correspondent of the Tribune. It related to Mr. Prescott's private life and habits, and was in all respects one of the most thoroughly interesting accounts that were written of the lamented historian. In the course of that memorial occurs the following passage respecting the use Mr. Prescott made of wine and cigars: —

"Mr. Prescott usually worked hard at Nahant, the air of which refreshed and exhilarated him. He was now going to begin his history of Philip II. 'Let us begin with Robertson,' said he. I took down the first volume of the History of Charles V., the father of Philip, and read for an hour and a half, till dinner time. He invited me to dine with him, to test, as he laughingly said, the extent and completeness of Nathan's arrangements, for whose skill, as a major domo, I had expressed some admiration. Nothing was wanting. The dinner was perfectly served. He drank, as usual, two moderate glasses of sherry, and then said that in honor of Nahant he would indulge in a glass of champagne. He remarked that in the damp atmosphere of Nahant, as that of England, he could drink twice the same quantity of wine, without injury, that he could in the dry interior of our country. He sat long at the table, eating very moderately, and chatting and joking with his invincible cheerfulness, exerting himself to induce every one present to take a due share in the conversation. He was a good listener, and had much tact in leading those around him to talk, invariably paying the most patient attention to whatever was said, skilfully avoiding disputation, though he was remarkably fond of good-natured, animated discussion. When the ladies withdrew, we lighted our cigars, of which he gave me a handful, saying I should probably not find any so good at the hotel, and we adjourned to the veranda, where he walked about for some time, talking of Nahant, pointing out to me the peculiarities

of the scenery, and dwelling with interest on the particulars of a dreadful shipwreck which had taken place on a reef that lay almost beneath the windows of his house. By the time his single cigar was smoked, his hour for exercise had arrived, and I left him."

Now, what, we would ask the most strenuous prohibitionist and teetotaler, is there wrong in all this? What harm is there done? Who is injured? On the contrary, who is not benefited by the continued ruddy health of the hard-working historian? Ah, but it is setting such an evil example! whines some one. Prove that what you say is true, sir. Who *says* it is an evil example? What! an example of cheerfulness, of temperance, of perfect self-poise and self-restraint, to be called an *evil* example? Forbid it, common sense! Forbid it, reason! If *this* be evil example, then have our morals gone up to a most unsupportable pitch indeed. We fear they will soon be out of the reach of people altogether. It is the cynic and meddler that talks about evil examples, and calls every thing such that does not follow his own directions, and do exactly as he does. What does *he* know of evil examples, being himself one of the last who is able to see the effect produced by his own case?

If we should be at pains to look, we should find that all our men of note and mark — the men who do the hard work, and great work for the generations — are obliged to have regular recourse to the stimulus furnished by wine and liquor, and that the result amply justifies the practice. There is a fixed principle about

the matter, which, sooner or later, they find they are obliged to obey. And obey they do. They find they cannot task their best powers without humoring those powers in return. They require recreation, cheerfulness, sociability, stimulus, as much as other men, and even more; and an examination into their personal habits, if proper and allowable, would not fail to disclose just such practices in abundance as are brought to the light by the narrative of the secretary of Mr. Prescott.

This matter of food and drink, too, is not so clearly established as these sciolists in morals would have us suppose. You cannot draw such a straight line for every one between what is good for him and what is not good for him, as you think for. What feeds one man poisons another. All temperaments are not alike; and all digestive apparatuses are not made on exactly the same principle. A series of papers has recently been published in Blackwood's Magazine on this important subject, that deserve general perusal. They stoutly controvert certain favorite theories of chemists in regard to articles of food and drink, as well as all other special theories, in fact, concerning what should, or what should not, be eaten or drunk by mankind. According to the writer, chemistry may determine the precise *nature* of whatever men consume as food; but it can never fix any laws by which to determine the amount or kind of food best adapted for human sustenance, because the influences which operate upon food in the human system are beyond the reach of chemistry.

These influences are also so various in different individuals, and in the same individuals at different periods of life, that no specific rules can, it is argued, ever be laid down by the physiologist for general guidance.

Alimentary substances, it is further observed, are substances which serve as nourishment; but a great mistake is made when it is imagined that their nutritive value can chiefly reside in the amounts of carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen, and salts, which they contain; it resides in the relation which the several substances bear to the organism they are to nourish. The substance which nourishes one animal affords no nourishment to another, nor can any table of nutritive equivalent, however precise, prove that a substance ought to nourish in virtue of its composition, when experience shows that it does *not* nourish, in virtue of some defective relation between it and the organism.

This is worth remembering. It contains matter enough to overthrow all these patent processes of making men moral and temperate by telling them what they shall eat and what they shall not eat, what they shall drink and what they shall not drink. It only goes to prove that Nature forever keeps her own secrets, and that we cannot hope to coop her up within any of the restrictions and hedge-fences of our meddlesome little laws. Let little legislators take a hint from the same, and bid adieu to their officiousness without any more words.

XVIII.

PROHIBITION BITTERS.

THE time was, — and not very long ago, either, — when it was thought by very clever and respectable people that he who was licensed to sell liquor for medicinal and mechanical purposes only, would of course offer the community nothing but the very best quality of spirits, and sell them, too, to none but that class whose character was a guarantee that it would be put to a proper use. Those were innocent days, even like those in which the pastoral poets lived, and piped their soft lays to delighted lambs and ladies. But, unfortunately, these present times are not those times. There is, in fact, no resemblance between them.

For just listen to what our honest friend Josh has to say on this matter of prohibition rum. He has had an experience with it, and knows very well what he is talking about. Josh tells us in all candor, and with a horribly distorted countenance while he gives up his story, that whenever he is forced to make up his mind to "smile" on prohibition rum, the taste is as that of antiquated eggs, and the fragrance rises like the fragrance of a downright "hen fever"! As Josh speaks so entirely from *experience*, we are not the individuals to call his statement in question. He declares, with

lamentations upon his tongue, that you can place no earthly reliance upon temperance bitters; and that, in fact, you had better make up your mind not to touch them at all, unless, as is now and then the actual case, a man is an open enemy to the peace of his own bowels!

This relates, however, only to the matter of *quality;* in point of *quantity*, there are other things to be said. And one of those things is this; that whatever restrictions may be thrown around the sale of liquors by stringent prohibitory laws, declaring that only so much shall be sold to this man, and only so much to that man, and for a specific purpose in each instance,— money will nevertheless buy all that is wanted of these agents, as a general thing. It is even so. There are people enough who, if they chose, could come forward and verify this statement. We know of more than instances enough ourselves to permit us to put forth the statement in the form we have.

A noted temperance lecturer, not long ago, told a little anecdote like the following: "A young lad, named Billy, once called at the store of a temperance liquor agent, and asked for a quart of rum. Says the agent to the little fellow, 'This is for sickness in the family, isn't it, Billy?' 'O, no, sir,' answered the boy, in all honesty and truth; 'but old Uncle Toby is over to our house, and he's — he's — makin' an *ox-yoke*, — and — and' — 'Well, well; never mind about the rest, Billy,' spoke up the faithful and far-seeing agent; 'it's for *mechanical purposes.* my little fellow! All the

same, exactly!' And of course he let the boy have the rum. For do you suppose that such an agent as that couldn't see the value of liquor in works of a mechanical nature, — like the bending of an ox-bow?" Now, without doubt, that individual was himself interested in making the profits; either altogether to himself, or else by watering his liquor and so *saving* the profit, which is quite as short and easy a way as earning it. At all events, he showed himself, as a public agent, quite willing *to sell.*

The very same men, too, that seek to place the sale of liquor in such hands exclusively, will go to work, — for a great many of them *have* been guilty of doing such wicked things, — and cut down handsome apple orchards, just to show more plainly the extent of their fanaticism. Such conduct is always the characteristic of insane persons, and proves conclusively of itself that to them should never be intrusted the making of our laws. If they cannot have a better care for their own property, they are manifestly not the ones with whom to intrust the property, much less the morals, of others.

Cut down an orchard with the hope of preventing drunkenness! It is preposterous; nay, it is too childish to rise to an act such as reasonable men would like to visit with their hearty and outspoken contempt. It can be compared to nothing but the folly of wrong-headed boys, who, because they stub their toes while they are at play, let off their passionate irritation by dashing their playthings upon the ground, — as if *the playthings* were in fault! And so it is; the *small* boys

in this way make work for the industrious toy-maker and shopkeeper, while the *old* boys make work for the nurseryman and the distiller. The small boys deserve to be soundly whipped and put to bed, and the old boys to be shut up in an insane asylum.

But since the days of liquor agencies set in, since the reign of rumselling for medicinal and mechanical purposes alone, it is melancholy to think of the countless cases of sickness that have been brought to the light. A *sicker* people, as a general thing, it is hardly possible to conceive of. And yet we continue, through the whole trial of such a chronic sickness, to keep up our old boasts about being the smartest nation under the face of the heavens, and capable of doing the most active work in any single day or generation. There is, of course, no inconsistency in it all; nothing more than a sickly sort of pleasantry; nothing worse than a stale practical joke. We could be sick easily enough, — that is, about sick enough for purposes of agency medicine; but we were never so ill as to forfeit our standing as a muscular, vigorous, highly nervous, and excessively self-willed people. It was a roguish boy who wished it would rain — rain hard enough to keep him from going to school, yet not so hard but that he might go a fishing; and we think the advocates and patrons of the liquor agency system are in about the same ridiculous position; they are not really *sick*, that is, not sick enough to be laid up, — yet they are just about sick enough to want to take agency medicine! That is the way it stands.

And under this most plausible guise of taking prescriptions, generally ordered by their own inclinations rather than by regular physicians, a vast deal of rum has been drunk within the past few years, and very poor rum — the most of it — at that. Thousands have been ailing and complaining, who never bestowed a serious thought upon their health before; and many of those thousands who have not become regular tipplers by the means, have become what is almost, if not quite, as bad, confirmed hypochondriacs. Considered firstly as a domestic, and next as a social evil, this really amounts to a great deal more than appears on the face of it. A race of whining, complaining, everlastingly sick men and women, drones and dumps, and made so through the natural operations of certain laws that interfere with private and personal habits, it is not very desirable to contemplate; and certainly it will not be claimed by any one who possesses a healthy liver and tolerably sound digestion, that such a generation would either do credit to the great and high-sounding pretensions they put forth, or in fact be of much service to the earth they only cumber.

But the main feature of the case is, the wretched stuff that we find generally sold at these agencies as a pure article of liquor. Any almost indifferent judge of liquors will tell you, on testing and tasting these assortments, that they are at best but poor stuff, and in very rare instances worth any thing like the money that is asked for them; that they are great cheats, perfect frauds, as decided and as wicked impostures as any

that were ever practised under the odious free grog-shop system itself. Witness the numerous instances where agents in the interior have returned their supplies to the State general agent, with complaints of inability to sell because of their manifest impurity and inferiority. And how many men, themselves fair judges of good liquors, absolutely make wry faces as they choke down the doses they have purchased at these agencies under the name and title of a pure article! How many have again and again been driven to profanity, on tasting brandy for which they paid at the agency at the rate of seven and eight dollars per gallon, when they knew without further telling that it was originally cooked up into its present market shape at a cost of not more than one dollar and a half!

It is idle to seek to execute laws by lies and frauds of this character. The law, being in the first place offensive and tyrannical because of its sumptuary character, is bad enough as it stands; but when to the law itself is superadded the deceitful manner of carrying it out, is it not asking rather too much of an intelligent community, quite capable of self-restraint, to solicit its aid and countenance in the execution of such a statute in such a way? We seriously submit that it is. Human nature will put up with almost every thing but hypocrisy in those who assume to instruct them according to the principles of purity and truth.

XIX.

JOHN H. W. HAWKINS.

This well-known and recently deceased preacher of total abstinence did a glorious thing for himself, and set up a noble example for others, when he came out from the great army of the gutter drunkards of his time, and became a sober, respectable man. It was a high step for Mr. Hawkins, for which he both deserved and received the applause of all sober and good persons. And the use to which he at once began to put the talents he had rescued from the depths of degradation, only placed him still higher in the esteem of those whose respect is a part of the great rewards of life.

After his striking reformation, after he thus came up out of the mire and filth of drunkenness, in which, by his own confession, he had been so long wallowing, he went forward in a generous spirit, and began to exert a powerful influence in securing the reform of other inebriates also. As long as he kept up his bold, passionate, and eloquent appeals to the drunkard's manhood, the good work of conversion from degradation went on with the hearty God-speed of almost every sober and intelligent person in the community; but when he was at length prevailed upon by interested parties, who had wires and secret strings of their own

to pull, to advocate the substitution of legal authority for moral suasion, from that unfortunate day his influence for good over the mind and heart of the drunkard was gone forever.

The "Life of Hawkins" has recently been laid before the public, compiled at the hands of his son; and in that volume we find, on cursorily running it through, the following account of the power of moral suasion, in a case that occurred in Newport, Rhode Island. It is extracted from a letter written from that place to the secretary of the American Temperance Union by Edward W. Lawton, Esq., a "dear friend of Mr. Hawkins." The letter, which is dated Newport, January 8th, 1842, says,—

"On the 3d, Mr. Hawkins arrived here in the evening, and commenced lecturing in little more than an hour after, and from that time until this morning it has been a perfect jubilee. The whole public mind has been engrossed and absorbed by this one question. Immense meetings every evening, and continual visits through the day; constant applications to sign the pledge left the friends of the cause but little time to spare for other avocations. Mr. Hawkins several times expressed the opinion that it exceeded any movement he had yet seen, even that of the celebrated reformation in Springfield, Massachusetts. Our pledge roll now numbers upwards of two thousand five hundred, many of whom were drunkards, or hard drinkers, *not one* of whom has yet broken his pledge. *Rumsellers in all directions are giving up their business!* Several

bars have been taken down this day, since Mr. Hawkins went away. Townsend's Coffee-house, (so miscalled,) that has been a great drinking-house for nearly a century, this evening closed its bar; *several have thrown their liquors into the street;* some into the back yards. I called on one man to-day, who had signed the pledge, and told him there was a feeling of uneasiness among the friends from a report that he had some liquors left. He thanked me most cordially, and said *if he had been always thus kindly treated, he should have been a temperance man two years sooner*, and added, 'What shall I do? I have but one cask, and that I have determined not to sell.' I replied that if he would throw it away, he would get rid of the poison and the imputation both together. He said immediately if I would help him to get it out, it should go. It was accordingly set to running in the back yard; his family lived in the same house, and his children, discovering what was doing, came out and danced round it for joy. Believe me, sir, I do not state this circumstance to celebrate my own part in it, but only to add my testimony to many others as to the efficacy of *kindness* in conducting this enterprise. It has been a general feeling among us, and has evidently been productive of the best results; under its influence the utmost unanimity has prevailed among us, 'the eye has been single, (to the object,) and the whole body (seemingly) full of light.' I would not be understood as taking any credit to ourselves in this matter; the hand of God is evidently in it, and if his servants are but faithful, it will prosper

to their everlasting benefit. Mr. Hawkins, during the few days he staid among us, got a strong and most affectionate hold upon our feelings, and I trust we have imparted something of the same to him."

To show still further the good effects of moral suasion, of argument, and reason, a tract that appeared in Boston about the first of January in the same year, (1842,) entitled "The New Impulse; or, Hawkins and Reform," sums up the results of Mr. Hawkins's moral suasion labors to that date, as follows: —

"The whole number who have signed the pledge and joined the Washington Total Abstinence Societies in the principal cities, and in various parts of the country, is surprisingly great; the exact number cannot be ascertained, but is estimated in round numbers, by those best acquainted with the facts, to be — in Baltimore, about 12,000; New York, 10,000; Boston, 5000; all other places in New England, 73,000; other Northern States, 100,000; — total, 200,000. A majority of these are supposed to have been hard drinkers, and a large proportion hardened drunkards; *all reformed from the example and exertions of one man!*"

This is indeed a wonderful statement to make, yet we see no good reason to doubt it in any particular; we readily accept it in all its possible bearings, and hold it up triumphantly as a refutation, thorough and complete, of the idea that men are no longer open to reason and argument, but that nothing less than the force of law will reach them. If, now, the appeals of a single man could, in so short a time, accomplish the

rescue — even though temporary in many cases — of nearly *a quarter of a million of men*, what a grand and almost incalculable result might not be expected from all the united and harmonious forces of society in the same direction, making a movement that was inspired by love and sympathy, and betraying at all points that feeling of fraternity, as well as charity, which testifies that at best the whole world is kin!

Where, throughout the whole country, we ask, has Law done a work to be compared with this work of Mr. Hawkins at Newport? Where, and when, has the Law induced a rumseller to roll out his casks with his own hand, and empty them of his own free will into the public streets? Where, on the contrary, instead of doing any sort of permanent and abiding good, has not Law at all times done evil? We all know from personal observation that it has succeeded in dividing neighborhoods, churches, and families. It has engendered every where discord instead of harmony, and war instead of peace. It has begotten crimination and recrimination. It has caused bloodshed and murder. Nay, even the originator of the Maine Law himself has the blood of a fellow-mortal on his hands, shed in his attempt to defend liquors which his own law protected! Property has been destroyed from motives of the meanest conceivable malice, and in modes the most dastardly and aggravating. Woman has been led to unsex herself before the world, and head vulgar and passion-fired mobs for the violent destruction of the product of the grape and the apple. Private dwellings them-

selves have not been altogether exempt from invasion. Horses have been sheared and cruelly hamstrung; cattle have been barbarously mutilated and killed; valuable trees have been girdled and ruthlessly cut down; houses have been burned by the torch of the infuriated incendiary; the worst possible blood has been aroused in all quarters, and in almost every locality; and civil war has raged, with more or less violence, all over the land. Because a law that appeals solely to force is sure to excite force, and all the mean and vicious allies of force, in opposition to it, to attempt the execution of a law of such a character, is only to challenge and defy the power of the worst passions that slumber in the hidden crater of human nature.

For what, we inquire, was the cause of Temperance originally dragged into politics, when reason and appeals to common sense were exercising such a powerful influence *without* the aid of law? Alas, there *was* a reason for the movement, and it was a purely selfish one, too. It was because some few men, in this party, and that party, had got an idea in their heads that *something was to be made by it;* and, in fact, because they felt that, in their political emergencies, there was nothing to be made in any other way. Not only these leaders, but the temperance lecturers, including Mr. Hawkins himself, were convinced that only by the new alliance could they *secure their living*. They were in the condition of the up-country minister in New Hampshire, of whom Daniel Webster used to tell the following

story in his own inimitable way: In a poor town, situated in the upper corner of New Hampshire, where the hard-working people raise barely enough off their farms to keep soul and body together through the long winters, they had a custom of raising by subscription, every autumn, a few bushels of rye, by the payment of which they might secure regular preaching during the next winter. A committee having been duly appointed to take charge of the business, an itinerant preacher soon presented himself, and made his proposals to perform the required amount of preaching for the rye. He gave them one sermon as a specimen of what he could do for them; and after the discourse the committee retired to deliberate on the comparative value of the rye and the sermon. They happened to be out rather a longer time than usual in their deliberations, and the preacher began to grow nervous in consequence. Finally he found he could stand it no longer; and, fearing lest they *might* conclude to report adversely to his proposal, he bolted straight in among them, and argued his case for himself. "Gentlemen," said he, in a fever of anxiety, "if I didn't preach *to suit you* that time, just tell me *how I shall preach*, and I will be certain to do better next time; for, gentlemen, I tell you *I must have the rye!*"

And it has been about so with the temperance lecturers; they have changed their ground because they have felt just as the itinerant New Hampshire preacher did, that *they must have the rye!* Mr. Hawkins was only a poor mechanic previous to his reform; he found

he could make more "rye" by speaking than by working at his trade, and therefore he was willing to continue in his new calling, even though it took him entirely out of the course in which he had originally started. This, on his part, was only his blindness and his misfortune; shrewder men were determined to use his talents for their own purposes, as instruments with which to obtain political power. They made him their cat's-paw, with which to pull chestnuts out of the fire. They insisted now on his preaching force and law; and force and law he was compelled to preach, because he had rather take their "rye" than go back to steady and tasking work at his trade.

We once heard of a story to this effect: A snarl of farmer's children had broken a lot of eggs, and the farmer talked it up seriously with their mother whether he had not best administer a severe flogging all round. His wife pleaded for the children, as most mothers are very apt to do. "Don't punish them," said she, "for they are little creatures, and did not know any better." So the flogging for that particular offence was remitted. But after a time they fell into other mischief; and now the resolute farmer was bound to give them what they deserved. "No, no!" the young rascals cried out in concert, remembering too well the effective plea that had been made for them before — "no, no! we are only little creatures! *we don't know any better, father!*" It is just so with the drunkards. Treat them like human beings, — lay their sins and follies at their own door, — make them responsible for their own acts, —

and it is possible to reform them; but impiously find fault with Heaven for permitting the beautiful process of fermentation to go on, — blame our Saviour for having turned water into wine, — blame the farmer for raising apples and grapes, and the merchants for selling their juice, — and drunkards *will not* reform. They will cry out with the children, — "We are only little creatures! we don't know any better!" The laws of the ancient Hebrews allowed drunkards to be stoned to death; but what scriptural law, we wish to know, forbids a man to sell pure and unadulterated liquors? Suppose some *ardent* friend of prohibition, some exceedingly strait ramrod man, undertakes to answer our question.

XX.

A FEW ANECDOTES.

A GENTLEMAN of our acquaintance tells us a story of a young man named John, who, for good and sufficient reasons, saw fit to join a temperance society. Not long after becoming a member, John rose in the meeting and delivered himself of a speech. Said he to his attentive audience, "Henceforth and forever I am a temperance man, for I have been nearly ruined by rum. It has been a curse to me from the beginning. It has made a beast of me. Night after night have I suffered disgrace by publicly lying drunk in the ditch; but *now*, thank God! I am a free man. I have burst my fetters! I am *reformed!*" And so on in the same strain to any extent. John's address produced an electric effect upon his listeners, for he was young still, and he challenged their profoundest sympathies. It was such a terrible thing to think of, that *he*, so good and so generous, so impulsive and so noble, should have been lying upon the very brink of the great precipice, and was finally plucked from the destruction that seemed so certain for him! It thrilled his audience to hear that he had been snatched from ruin in such a signal manner. They saw, too, plainly, that the hand of Providence was in it, working through this

unfortunate young man another miracle. And, having thus worked up their feelings, he was made a lion of without further notice.

When he went home to his mother again, she had heard of the wonderful effect produced by her son John's speech, and proceeded to put him a few questions on the matter. "Now, John, my son," said she, in all possible maternal tenderness, "do pray tell me *when* you ever got drunk as you said, and lay helpless in the gutter? I am sure *I* never heard of it before, and it surprised me greatly. When did all this happen?" "Ah, mother," answered the dutiful son, "don't you know it's not a word of it true? Don't you understand that I got up and told that yarn in the meeting *just for effect?* The rest of the speakers talk so, and I had to do the same, or they wouldn't have listened to me a minute! *That* was the reason, mother. But as for being drunk and lying in the ditch, I never did such a thing in all my life!"

Rum has a great many things to answer for, which it is not really the cause of. It has done quite harm and mischief enough, from its adulteration and abuse, we allow; but yet it is not right to saddle it with a load that some other cause ought to be made to carry. If a man insists on publicly making a fool of himself,— if a man insults and so loses a valued friend, — if he suffers himself to be led away into the commission of a crime of any description, — the fault is always ascribed to *rum*. Of course rum is answerable for every thing that is wicked and mean, even to a person's natural

shiftlessness, and lazy and improvident habits. If an individual fails to control his temper, and flies in a passion with another, he is generally suspected of, if not openly charged with, having been drinking; whereas he may never have tasted so much as a glass of wine in all his life. It has come to that pass, where, if a person thus unfortunate will only consent to say that he was excited with liquor, he is readily excused; or, at least, his offence is not esteemed of that magnitude which it would otherwise have reached.

Very many of the temperance stories that are narrated by teetotal lecturers are mere fables, and, like our friend John's story, told merely for the effect they are expected to produce. We once heard a story of a sailor's falling from the mast-head, and thus meeting his death. His body dropped overboard. It was subsequently recovered, and deposited for a brief time in a warehouse until a jury of inquest could be summoned. While lying thus exposed in the warehouse, the weather being very cold, the body froze stiff, and the rats got at it besides, mangling it somewhat in places. The jury of inquest proceeded to perform the duty required of them on the next day, and, after a long and patient examination into the circumstances attending the death of the poor sailor, finally brought in the following lucid and intelligent verdict: "We find," said they, "that he fell from the mast-head and was killed; he then tumbled overboard and was drowned; he floated ashore and froze to death; and finally, the rats ate him up alive!"

It is about so with the multiplied charges that are brought against rum. Some ass, who never possessed brains at all, perhaps died a drunkard, and he is straightway, by *supposition*, made a saint of. O, but if it had not been for rum, he might have been such a great man, such a wise man, such a wonderful man! He had a brilliant intellect, they say, but what a vast pity that *rum* ruined him! He could have been any thing, and done any thing he chose, but for accursed *rum!* That destroyed him, and the bright hopes of his friends along with him! O, if only this *rum* could be banished from the world, then, perhaps, every man of bright parts might shine as he was born to shine!

Now, after all is said and done, what *has* rum really been guilty of in this case? Of depriving society and his family of a man of high promise? Not at all; farthest from that possible. But this fool's lack of brains, and consequent failure to accomplish *any thing* in life, has been conveniently laid at rum's door. It is a capital scape-goat to bear the mortification of his friends at his own natural lack of mother-wit. It merely causes, in this instance, a mule to bray a little louder than he would if he had fed only on thistles and water; that is all. But what a fuss about a fool!

We once heard, or read, a story of a young fellow, a native of the Green Mountain State, who returned home among his relatives, one summer, from New Orleans. It was in the piping times when the prohibition scheme first laid its heavy hand on all social arrangements, and of course the contrast presented to his mind

between the style of things in the gay capital of the south-west and the quiet rural districts of his native state, was decidedly striking and impressive. To come from New Orleans to the heart of Vermont was a change indeed.

The young man's early friends and relatives were delighted to see him, wherever he went. They made it a particular point — as they generally do in all the country towns of New England — to treat him to the best the land afforded. He was not allowed to go either hungry or thirsty; there was hardly an hour of the day when his digestive apparatus was not kept in industrious operation. He arrived, one day, at the house of a worthy uncle, a diligent farmer and a most excellent man, whose two boys, already men grown, were quite as glad to see their stranger cousin as their father was. The boys' names were James and Jirah. It was right in the season of haying, and father and sons were hard at it every day.

The forenoon after the arrival of our New Orleans friend at their house, he thought he would prick up and take a stroll in the hay-field, where his uncle and cousins were at work. As we remarked previously, it was hot and high temperance times, and of course nothing in the way of stimulus — not even the pure, old-fashioned cider brandy was to be had for love or money. Before going out into the field, however, his thoughtful aunt took him aside into her buttery, and said, "You see, Tom, we have to keep these things very *private* up here, nowadays; I s'pose you are in

the habit of taking 'a little something' every forenoon, down in New Orleans, and I thought mebbe you'd like a drop, or so, before you went into the field! There's some gin that I keep for my own private use; I don't let any body in the house know that I've got any such thing; but *you're* welcome, Tom; help yourself!" And as he naturally supposed it was such a hard matter to get a drink up in Vermont, and that he would have to go thirsty for the rest of the day, he *did* help himself, and to a pretty "stiff horn," too. Wiping his lips with great satisfaction, he sallied forth in improved spirits in quest of his uncle and cousins in the hay-field. He found them, and in the company of one and another the time wore away very pleasantly.

After a little while, happening to be off with the old man alone, said the latter to him, "Tom, I s'pose you're used to taking *a little somethin'* every forenoon, out where you've been a-livin'; haven't you? Wal, I've got a drop or two of right good gin in a bottle under the wall, yonder,—it's right where my jacket lays,—and if you'll go out there sort o' *carelessly* with me, we'll take somethin'; but I have to keep it very sly; *I don't let the boys know any thing about it!* So keep it to yourself, Tom, will you?" O, yes; he would certainly keep it to himself; he would never tell of it in the world. And supposing it likely that this was the last horn he would get that forenoon, he took as stiff an one as before, if not, perhaps, a little more so! The result was, his liquor began just a trifle to affect him. Considering that the day was warm, he was growing a little mellow!

By and by, Tom got round to that part of the field where his cousin Jirah was tossing and turning the wilted grass with his pitchfork. "I'll tell you what it is, Tom," said Jirah, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "*I'm* getting pesky *dry*. I've got something in a little flask that I carry in my pocket, and if you'll go with me sort o' slyly round to the spring, just over in the next field, I'll give you something that you'll call pretty good. Come!" Tom was rather delighted than otherwise with his prospects, and crept round to the spring with his cousin Jirah, where he took yet *another* substantial horn. This made three, and three pretty stiff ones, all of them, too! "But, by the way," whispered his cousin, before they left the spring, "I keep all this from *the old man*, and so must you; don't say any thing about it, nor let him think you've had such a thing as a drink from *me!*" O, no; Tom knew enough to keep a secret, and he guessed he could keep this.

When noon came, his younger cousin, Jim, winked to him, as they reached the barn on the way home to dinner, to follow him in. Tom mistrusted there was something afoot, and proceeded to obey the sly suggestion. "I've got a little *good gin* here under the hay," said Jim, after he felt sure they were safe from observation, "and I want you to have a drink before you go in to dinner; but you mustn't lisp a word of it to the old folks, — no, nor to my brother Jirah, neither! I don't let *him* know any thing about these little arrangements of mine, any more than I do my father.

Ah, *there's* the little treasure, safe and sound!" and, taking it up and shaking it well, he passed it over to his cousin to help himself. Tom had by this time got so in the habit of it, that he could not well forbear indulging even once more in a very generous pull; and he instantly acknowledged the virtue of the article that he had just incorporated with his system.

Here were four stout drinks, all in a single forenoon, and all obtained on the sly, and from the several members of a professedly teetotal family, living in the very focus and heart of a total abstinence community! It was a grand illustration of the rank hypocrisy engendered of the rigid law of prohibition; making men moral and abstemious outwardly, but forcing them into the most despicable practices of hypocrisy in secret.

Our friend Tom remarked, — and rightly enough, too, we think, — for free drinking through the day, old Vermont, with its stringent prohibition law, was a great deal to be preferred to any thing he ever had the fortune to see in New Orleans!

XXI.

THE NECESSITY OF STIMULANTS.

So loud has been the outcry against liquors and their use, that a great many, if not the majority, of persons have succumbed to the prevailing prejudice, and, without pretending to understand the why or the wherefore, have really believed that it was sinful to use a glass of wine, gin, brandy, or any other sort of stimulus in their families. This curious fact does but show how liable the best intentioned people are to be overborne in their own sentiments, and with what servile readiness they give in to the loud and persistent shouts of those not one half as competent to arrive at proper opinions as themselves.

Now, we know that, to some persons, stimulus is absolutely necessary; as much so as the food they eat or the air they breathe. The great business of life is *to live;* not to hurry away to what we think may offer us something better in another state of existence, but to stay right where we are, and get the greatest amount of good possible out of it. In a normal, that is, natural condition, both of mind and body, there is a perpetual struggle going on between the opposing forces of existence and decay — an everlasting resistance on the part of the individual to that principle which

gradually wears him away. In other words, to employ the language of a well-known chemist, to provide against the tendency of our bodies to oxidation, has required all the time, and labor, and talent of a very large class in every country and in every age.

Now, we have each of us been furnished by the Almighty with those instincts that lead us to seek out those articles best adapted to the sustenance and preservation of our bodies, and also with the ingenuity to make those articles apply to our actual necessities. All this, as we can see for ourselves, is God-given. And the leading and noticeable fact that stands out in history is this, — that all nations, whatever the state of their barbarism or civilization, have invariably found out for themselves some substance that yields them the required stimulant. This is a much more significant fact than is generally thought of, even if it is thought of at all. Some nations have employed vegetable, and some animal substances, in order to effect their purpose. It is supposed that, in all, a list of more than a hundred articles could be named, and generally of the most opposite description, out of which the element that causes intoxication has been produced. Now, we would be glad to have some one, who is not himself averse to reason on these things, tell us how and why it is that the instincts of the entire race, scattered all over the world, and antipodes to one another, have led them, first, to *seek* such a substance as would yield for them the intoxicating element, and, secondly, to apply their highest ingenuity

to the production of that element in order to subserve their necessities. There certainly can be no witchcraft, or magic, in it; it must be nothing but nature. The idea is, that some stimulus of an intoxicating nature must of necessity be provided; and provided it has been, and probably always will be, until humanity is clothed with a different body, that shall feel the influence of entirely different instincts. Even in the Bible, it can nowhere be found that the use of wine is charged, or even thought, to be wrong; only its excessive use, its *abuse*, is deprecated. We have already quoted abundantly in support of our position, and we will now merely add the sincere injunction of the apostle, — "Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, *temperance*," — not tectotalism, but nothing more than a temperate *use* of the good gifts which, properly employed, serve to "cheer the heart of man."

Now, we say, there are certain classes of people in this our modern society, to whom the use of stimulants is an absolute necessity. In the Bibliotheca Sacra of the year 1855, a distinguished medical writer says, "In the present state of public sentiment, there is little danger of the abuse of stimulants by educated men who desire to set an example of temperance; we are not sure that so far as the health of the individual is concerned, the error is not *on the other side*." Again, the same writer continues as follows: "We acknowledge that, with most physicians, we feel very often a reluctance to advise the use of stimulants, for fear of

the possible formation of a bad habit. But *we have too often seen their good effects*, when ordered by a practitioner bolder or less scrupulous than the greater number of the physicians of the present day, not to feel strongly persuaded that there are many in our community who would be better for an occasional stimulant. It is true that one in perfect health does not need it, cannot be made better, and cannot but be made worse by it. *But this is the condition of not so large a number as is generally supposed.*"

These are plain truths, and plainly stated. An eminent physician thus testifies, too, to the mortifying fact that there are plenty of men belonging to his own profession, who would not dare prescribe what they feel assured would be for the benefit of their patients, out of fear alone to the riotous and tyrannical prejudices of the community whom interested and unreflecting leaders have lashed into such a state of excitement. He also testifies that a great many persons require stimulus as much as they do food; and that while it is sometimes injurious, it may more frequently be beneficial. It is seriously worth while to pause and reflect what such a sort of public sentiment amounts to, and how far it deserves to be respected, when those who are popularly esteemed the most respectable in our midst, are forced to make confessions of such a nature in respect to their fear of it!

It may be true, as the physician above quoted says, that persons in perfect health do *not* require stimulants; yet it is not less certain that the multitudes

whose health is not all they could wish it, would assuredly receive a benefit from their use. Who are the really well ones, and how many do they number? How many are there about us, whose very pores reek with exuding health and vitality, whose eyes are keen and bright, whose step is quick and elastic, and whose spirits are far above the clouds and fogs of partial and temporary despondency? Surely, let us have that question answered before we proceed to stigmatize any who use spirits because of the exhaustion of their physical system. We are told by pretty nearly all foreigners that we are a lean, lank race of mortals, and it may be, in a large degree, true; yet not so strikingly so, on the whole, in comparison with themselves, as might be imagined. Still, it is sadly enough true for our present purpose. We are old and decrepit long before our time; but for what reason? Because we wear ourselves out with making, and trying to make, fortunes in a few years; and those few who accomplish what they aim at within the time prescribed, find themselves obliged ever afterwards to be occupied in nursing and doctoring their broken-down systems. And the many who do not succeed in their exertions, are but doubly broken; we see them around us every where, giving evidence in abundance that they are broken in ambition and spirits, and thoroughly ruined in health.

So we show a generation of lean, pale-faced, round-backed men, whose condition has been made a thousand times worse by dosing, year after year, with quack

medicines, hoping to patch up the decaying system, and make it last until the projected schemes are carried out, or unfortunately fail. Quack medicines complete the work that over-exertion begins. Then the mind is made to labor with a swiftness and intensity calculated to wear out any frame; as if all that was before us to do in the world must needs be done within a very limited time, or not at all! We hardly give the time to eating, drinking, and sleeping, which nature imperatively demands; and as for recreations, we do not know what the term practically means. We hurry through with every thing; it is hurrying on our clothes in the morning, and hurrying them off at night; hurrying to dinner, and hurrying back to business again. We snatch sleep, rather than take it as necessary to us, and really our own blessed possession.

And what is to be inferred from such lamentable habits respecting the physical health of those who persistently follow them up, year after year? That they can possibly be a *well* race, — that is, possessors of ruddy health and vigorous strength? The farthest from it in the world. Every body is *feeble*. Nobody can stand up, stretch out his arms, and say that he is really *well*. All are ailing. All consult the doctors. All run to and from the apothecaries. All read the flaming advertisements of the nostrums in the newspapers. From early youth till the time when affection closes the eyes of the dying one, it is a weary life of complaining and inexpressible desires for a something which he has not; he hardly knows what that some-

thing is, but it is nothing but ruddy and blessed health.

Now, what is to be done in a state of things like this? Evidently, until a better educated public opinion shall compel the next generation to commence a work of practical reform, nothing can be done except to tinker and patch up our present constitutions the best way we can. And that is all that can be done. And we leave it to intelligent and unprejudiced physicians to say whether, for this purpose, quack medicines are worse or better than pure liquors, properly taken into an enfeebled and impoverished system. Their answer we have already. Such systems *must* have a tonic to invigorate and keep them up. They cannot subsist without it.

And even those persons who, being at present in robust health, are forced by circumstances, and the nature and exigencies of their calling, to undergo protracted and exhausting labor, require stimulus at certain times, and must employ it, if they would preserve to themselves their own constitutions and faculties. Excess of labor, whether of body or mind, which every one is liable at certain times to be called upon to perform, requires the immediate application of a *repairing* process. The tissues must be made as whole as they were before the labor was undertaken. And to effect this, a certain kind of stimulus must be used. The natural instincts of the race have long ago sought out and applied these stimulants, and they will continue to use them so long as they shall be required for the

service in hand. And not all the laws of all of the states of Christendom can put down this general use of such stimulants, simply because they cannot eradicate those native instincts of which the stimulants themselves are the legitimate product.

XXII.

LAWS AGAINST STIMULANTS.

Laws against intoxication are a great deal older than people generally think for. And still people have indulged, more or less, in intoxication. It is human nature to desire to taste of forbidden pleasures; the desire must, we think, have been an inheritance from Adam. As early as twenty-one hundred years before the Christian era, a History of China shows that a law against intoxication was enacted by the emperor of the Chinese, far more stringent than was ever proposed in these days of ours. All lawyers, and persons in certain other classes of society, were at once condemned to death if found in a state of intoxication. The palm was destroyed, and all other plants uprooted, from which the intoxicating element could be extracted. And yet, says the historian, in spite of all these most strict precautions, that same generation proved to be one remarkably addicted to intemperance.

In Persia, too, such laws were passed at a very early day. In Rome, likewise, under the rule of Romulus, there was an exceedingly rigid law. Temperance societies were also quite popular in the early history of Greece. Both the Spartans and the Carthaginians had severe laws against the vice of intemperance, and

followed extreme measures in their execution. Lycurgus, King of Thrace, enacted a "Maine Law," to carry out which he caused not only the wines to be destroyed, but even the vines that bore them. About seven hundred years after Christ, Terbaldus, a Bulgarian prince, did the same thing. Charlemagne made stringent laws against grog-shops, drinking healths, and other incentives to intemperance. Constantine banished rum-sellers, and levelled their houses with the ground. The Chinese law went so far in its war against intoxicating liquors, that every thing from which such drinks could be produced was destroyed, until the rice plant and the palm tree, although extremely abundant before, were altogether extirpated, and became unknown productions. And yet the ingenuity of the Celestials opened methods to them by which they could obtain a drink that would produce the desired intoxication; showing that any and every law can be eluded in some way, if it becomes too severe for the silent endurance of the people.

A similar enactment was made by Mahomet, and the followers of the Crescent at once became remarkable for their effeminate habits and the destroying indulgence of their sensual appetites. They excited their nervous systems with coffee and tobacco, until they became physically unfitted for any thing like manly exertion; and thus they frittered away their brief lives in wild delirium or stupefied indulgence. In this way they have lost their characteristics as a distinct race, and would have been wiped off the map of nations, but

for foreign aid and interference, long ago. Since the year 1688, there have been placed upon the statute books of the State of New Jersey not less than *forty-eight* enactments against intemperance; and some of the other states have even a longer record than this to show for the same period of time. In our Eastern States, a search among the statutes would astonish those who fancy that every thing desirable in this world can be secured by naked legislation.

The evils of intemperance — that is, of the immoderate and excessive use of wines and spirits — have been deplored by Christian men of every age and generation. As a thoughtful writer in one of our popular magazines has well expressed it, "Politicians and governments have devised many remedies to obviate and prevent the enormous expenses of pauperism and crime, in consequence of excessive indulgence in stimulants. Such indulgence not only debases the body, mind, and soul of man, but an appetite is thereby created, which virtually hands over the wretch to the keeping of a fiend, who changes his whole nature, destroys his natural affections, and induces him willingly to sacrifice home, wealth, fame, prospects, hope, and heaven. Who that has seen a moral wreck produced by this cause, and has, perhaps, endeavored to stay the monomaniac, whose downward course none could arrest; who that has seen the good wife mourn over the lapse of her husband, and endeavor to lure him to virtue; who that has seen the orphan children needing bread and suffering for the want of education and employment,

—but has longed for a cure for the moral pestilence, and has cursed the conscienceless retailer, who was willing to fatten on all this misery? None have witnessed these things without wishing for some law that should effectually prevent such outrages, and suitably punish the sordid wretch who would rob the innocent and rob his neighbor."

And the writer goes on: "It is the fashion to exalt the present age. We call things by new names, and believe that we have reached a new era of experience and discovery. It is unquestionaby true of it, however, that none have equalled it in moral strength, and in the prevalence of Christian principles. The great law of Scripture — 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself' — and the principle of St. Paul, who would not eat meat if it made his brother to offend, never before operated practically on so many minds. The moral energy and Christian excellence of our social system is evidenced in the prevailing determination to prevent and cure, by legislative enactments, the evils of intemperance. The people, by a general uprising, have pressed their determination upon politicians and legislators, forcing them in several States to add to the statute book a law more stringent than any before enacted in this country. This remarkable movement is, in its aims, altogether worthy of sympathy; and, *if it could succeed in producing a serious and permanent diminution* in the amount of intemperance, pauperism, and crime, it would merit the earnest coöperation of every honest man."

Yes; *if* it could succeed in producing a serious and permanent diminution in the amount of intemperance, it would be a very good thing indeed; but that problem has been worked out. It has been satisfactorily proved, that the people's rising in obedience to the exciting appeals of lecturers to force legislation on behalf of reform, has accomplished no "serious and permanent diminution of intemperance" whatever. Because the old instincts of human nature come in at this point, and demand that room and scope for free play which belong to them. They refuse to have bits put in their mouths, and then to be driven by men of "like passions" and instincts. And such an honest, deep-rooted element of our common nature it will ever be found idle to hope to eradicate.

Speaking of this very matter, the New York Independent — a religious paper — says, "We must not be blind to the facts that already exist, nor to those difficulties which the carrying into effect of the Maine Law will inevitably breed and cherish. By the enforcement of that law, thousands of men in our city will be deprived of an habitual stimulus and source of pleasure. What is to take the place of the lager bier saloons, and the hundreds of dens for drinking and gambling which infest our city? Are these men to have nothing supplied to them for that which is taken away? Truly, if this is to be so, *it may well be doubted if the law is wholly a gain or not!* Some amusement they *must* have, some recreation they *will* have; if you take away their drink, they will seek lower pleasures

still, such as are untouched by law, unless they are provided with means whereby they may improve and elevate their lives."

This is as true as gospel. We heard Wendell Phillips say, not long ago, in a most eloquent and well-reasoned lecture on Temperance, that this idea of taking away a source of amusement, or gratification, and not supplying another, and especially a higher one, in its place, was the mark of the folly that had reduced modern legislation on the subject of temperance to its present anomalous condition. In fact, it is hardly better than an abortion, and will have to be abandoned, first or last, by all who have embarked in it.

Speaking on this subject, an English writer says, "France, Italy, Spain, Hungary, and Germany have no restrictions with regard to intoxicating drinks; still, very little intemperance is seen in those countries, while our statute books are filled with laws, and intemperance is the national vice of the British Islands, for the want of education and improvement in the moral tone of society." Such facts tell very hard upon these latter-day theories of mere sentimentalists, who look at sturdy, rough, and robust human nature through the rose-coloring of their own atmosphere. Statistics and facts are worth every thing in new movements that are likely to be dubious in their operations, for they are the only sure and reliable basis on which theories can hope to be built.

XXIII.

THE SATANIC LICENSE; OR, A BAD CAUSE BADLY DEFENDED.

Zeal is a great thing in any cause; but where it is applied to a cause radically wrong, it works incalculable mischief. "Zeal without knowledge" was warned against by the apostle.

The friends of prohibition have certainly displayed a zeal in their operations truly worthy of something better than what they have yet accomplished. Sea and land have they compassed, to make a single proselyte more; after which it appears that they have only forced him to drink worse rum, and more of it, than ever before; just according to the account to be found in St. Matthew's Gospel. They have alternately used truth or suppressed it, as best suited their own taste and convenience. Jesuit-like they have consented to do evil, in order, as they claim, that good might come out of it; but so late in the day as this, they are discovering that an evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit, neither can figs be begotten of thistles. Of course we speak only of those ignorant, self-opinionated, and thoroughly uncharitable men, who are wrongly suffered to take and keep the lead in such an important matter as temperance reform.

Not long since, we were reading over again, and with somewhat more of a critical eye than when we first read it, a little thin volume, illustrated with a diabolical cut, — that is, having a picture of the devil in the frontispiece, — called "The Mysterious Parchment, or the Satanic License." The author is the Rev. Joel Wakeman, and the book has long been a text-book with the leaders and magnates and officials of the prohibition party. Neal Dow swears upon it, and Dr. Jewett quotes and indorses it. It is from the prolific press of those eminent publishers, Messrs. John P. Jewett & Co., who have, in their day, probably published as many books in support of the temperance cause as any other men. "The Mysterious Parchment, or the Satanic License," is a simple little tale, and its author sincerely avers that it is based on nothing but facts.

Now, we conceive that this book — if any single book can be — is a personification of error, combined with exaggeration and untruth, so strangely mixed that it would be hard to say which was the accidental, and which was the deliberate falsehood. But as it has been so generally indorsed by the leaders in the Maine Law movement, and its sentiments have been so often quoted by them in one place and another, and its author has been so highly lauded by them on all occasions, we deem it no more than our duty, as we likewise know it must be an acceptable work to its truth-loving friends, to examine into some of its more palpable errors.

In his preface, the author sets out with the state-

ment that the book is merely a story, but *founded altogether on fact*. The scene of this story is laid in a town which he calls Harwood, in the State of New York. In one place he represents a person going before the Board of Excise, and arguing against granting any person in the whole town a license for the coming year. This same fictitious person is made to state, in the course of his argument, that there are fifty habitual drunkards in the town, twenty or thirty occasional drunkards, and more than three hundred moderate drinkers; and he further says there are not more than two or three young men in town who are not in the habit of using intoxicating drinks. All very well till you follow him along a little way farther. There the same speaker before the Excise committee is made by the author to say, that about *four hundred voters* of the same town petition for the authorities to refuse another license! This strange discrepancy may be found by turning first to page 103, and afterwards to page 106, of the volume. The amount of his story, therefore, is, that there are about four hundred drunkards in town, and the same number of voters; and that all the *voters*, which of course comprises all the *drunkards*, have petitioned to have the sale of liquor under the license law stopped!

Inasmuch as he is a clergyman, the writer is of course obliged to quote Scripture for the purpose of backing up his arguments; but we cannot see that he finds any passages in the Bible against either the sale or the use of spirituous liquors, provided the same are

pure and are used in a proper manner. He is, to be sure, guilty of cutting and slicing up passages of Scripture to suit the case in hand, and always to make them appear to mean something different from their original and natural signification. In this respect, he reminds us of a well-known anecdote of the famous English preacher, Rowland Hill. Mr. Hill was of the Methodist persuasion, and in his day was accounted a great revivalist. The fashion of that day seemed at one time to run into an enormous height and expansion of head-dresses, or, as they were called, "top-knots." He felt that it was rapidly becoming cause of scandal that so many of the ladies of his congregation should have given way to the influence of the fashion, and for a long time was puzzled how to proceed. It was evident that the practice must be rebuked, and that sharply and openly. If matters were allowed to go on at this rate, there would soon be an end of vital religion among his people. So up rose Mr. Hill, one pleasant Sunday morning, with the church filled with the enormous "top-knots" of the ladies, and presenting a sight calculated to startle the most careless beholder, and commenced with the following bold and striking text: "Top not, come down!" The words of the text, he remarked, were to be found in the 17th verse of the 24th chapter of Matthew; which was really the case; for the whole verse reads thus: "Let him which is on the house-*top not come down* to take any thing out of his house."

Just so with the manner in which the Rev. Joel

Wakeman chooses to quote Scripture texts in his "Satanic License." They have no more logical or reasonable connection with the subject he has before him, than this text in Matthew naturally had with the "top-knots" that were worn by the ladies of Rowland Hill's congregation; no more relation to rum-selling, or rum-drinking, than these words of our Saviour, when properly quoted, had to the exaggerated head-dresses of those ladies who flourished before the days of our grandmothers.

But there is one distinguishing feature about this anti-license book, thus illustrated with a wood-cut of his Satanic majesty, which we desire in particular to notice; and it is where this mighty prohibition advocate and wonderful story writer — we were going to say prophet, too — blunders so fatally for his cause by telling the naked truth! The avowed purpose of his book is to overthrow and break up the whole system of licensing; but, like Balaam, who was hired by Balak to prophesy against the armies of Israel, but after all prophesied the other way, (see Joshua, 24th chapter, 9th verse,) the Rev. Joel Wakeman, in his attempt to destroy the license system, uses an argument like this *in its favor*. We quote from page 277 of the "Satanic License," where he is making one of his fictitious characters answer another who had asked him what he thought about adulterating liquors with poisons: "O, it must have a very injurious effect upon the health of those who use the liquors. The drugs which are now used is the reason why men become drunkards so soon.

Since my remembrance, *it was a common thing for men to use pure liquors through life without inebriation.* We have no such cases now. It is a common thing now to see young men of seventeen reeling in the streets as common drunkards. All this, I think, is *in consequence of drugged liquors.* Thirty years ago, also, delirium tremens was a rare disease. Now, it is so common that almost every drunkard has its symptoms, if not the disease, in some of its fearful forms. This, I have no doubt, *is to be charged to the adulteration of liquors.*"

Well and truly said. It is exactly what we have been arguing from the beginning of this volume. Here the Rev. Joel Wakeman admits that people used to drink moderately for a whole lifetime, without becoming drunkards, or being in any way injured thereby. Now, Reverend Joel, we have got you just where we want you; and all who quote your writings with such evident satisfaction, are in the same tight corner. You *admit* that good and pure liquor, when used in proper quantities, hurts no one, even though a man takes it for the length of a long life. And you say what every body, who knows any thing about it, knows to be true. Tell it not in Portland, — let it not reach the ears of Neal Dow, — but, brother Joel, like Balaam of old, you have been prophesying *in our favor!* We could have asked no better things of you, even if we had had the first choice. If one tenth part of the money and time and labor had been spent to purify spirituous liquors that have been wasted, and worse than merely wasted,

in the vain attempts to destroy them altogether, we should now have real temperance men where drunkenness abounds, and honest and consistent friends of the temperance reform where now we have only outside pretenders and knavish hypocrites. But what have you frantic anti-license men been doing to purify rum? You have only succeeded in putting the author of the "Hen Fever" at the head of your system, — and where is the first temperance paper or orator that ever dared raise an objection to the measure?

It would be tenfold more easy to go about the work of purifying liquors, than it now is to prevent the issue of counterfeit money; and yet people have not stopped to think of such a thing, because the prohibition leaders have kept them in such a state of excitement over the plan to exterminate liquors altogether. Once restore and improve the license system, and secure the appointment of competent and faithful inspectors of liquors, just as we do the appointment of weighers of hay, and measurers of wood, and sealers of measures, — and then make every rum-seller responsible for all damage done by the sale of his rum, whether accruing to the individual, to the individual's family, or to the community, — and establish it that every dealer in liquors who is *not* thus responsible is a nuisance, to be abated after the style of nuisances generally, — and we should be troubled with very little more strychnine whiskey and dead-shot for bedbugs, retailed by the glass for the purpose of murdering such persons as can get nothing better to drink. Those who truly love the

human race would be apt to take such steps as would first of all extirpate the destroying influences that are now felt with such fatal effect on every side. If, too, they would spend their energies on proper and practicable objects, they would try to understand, first, the instincts and hereditary habits of the human family, and, secondly, seek to apply only those remedies to existing faults that would be likely to reach and remove them.

The "Satanic License" affords us no encouragement that its author knows himself either what ought to be done, or how to do it. Such books do little good, for they only serve to make passionate partisans where they ought to encourage men to use their perceptions and their reason.

XXIV.

THE MAINE LAW.

This is a statute different in all important respects from other statutes; because, instead of taking things as they now are, and applying its operations to them after a perfectly natural method, it *unmakes* what has been already established, calls that a crime which neither the common law nor common sentiment agrees to call such, raises opposition where only general assent should exist, and excites the passions where it should only excite the respect of the community. Those who framed it did so in the mistaken belief that a temporary inflammation of popular feeling, or inordinate excitement of popular sentiment, was a true and permanent condition of the public mind; that aroused passion and sympathy was an enduring form of public opinion, — whereas it had no logical connection with public opinion at all. For what men think in a state of passionate excitement, they do not think; reason does not guide or control in such a condition of the human mind.

The Maine Law is so called from the fact that it had its practical origin in this country, in Maine; still, that State cannot rightly lay claim to having produced it. It was the fruit borne of the labors of men like the

elder Beecher and Dr. Hewitt, and not of those of Neal Dow. It frequently happens, however, that some new man starts up to usurp the honor which other men deserve to wear, merely because it so fell out that he was a willing instrument in consummating a work which others before him had spent their lives in carrying forward. We may say, in fact, that the Maine Law is the remote offspring of the old alliance known as the "American Temperance Union."

The immediate manner in which this law came into being has been so well described by another, that we prefer to quote from him, to attempting the description ourselves: "Philanthropists and Christians, who had expended much zeal and effort in favor of temperance reform, — while they saw very great improvement; while intoxicating drinks had been banished from the sideboards of most families; while those who took the lead in moral influence abstained from their use; and the principles of temperance, which, a quarter of a century before, were scoffed at, had now become universally received by the good and virtuous, and it was no longer an opprobrium to be a teetotaler, — still, as we say, philanthropists and Christians were impressed with a conviction that there yet remained much in the habits of the community which needed reformation.

"Dram-shops abounded. The young men were presented with the intoxicating cup at public dinners; and festival occasions were not regarded as complete without their use. The tavern was the rallying point in many communities, and furnished the place of meeting

on any occasion which called the people together. Youth associated in military and fire companies, and those who desired to be regarded as fashionable were peculiarly exposed to temptation. Temperance was growing less popular; there was an apparent disposition in the community to relapse into habits of excess; yet there *seemed* to be nothing more that the advocates of temperance could do."

So, of course, they must needs go to work and *undo* what they had already done. They were impatient because the world would not be reformed as fast as they wished to reform it! therefore, says the writer from whom we quote,—

"At this juncture,"—although we confess *we* cannot see exactly what that "juncture" was,—"the experiment of a prohibitory law was conceived. It was eagerly regarded as the 'Eureka,' by means of which this giant evil could be effectually vanquished. But it is to be feared that this law, with all its stringent provisions, *loses sight of the operations of human nature*. The word 'prohibitory' would seem to imply the possibility of forbidding effectually the use, in any form, of intoxicating drinks. The feature of that stringent law of Maine, which imprisons the traveller who has a vial of brandy among his baggage, or the porter who leaves a bottle at a dwelling, or fines the physician who furnishes it, seems to suppose the possibility of legislators making dietetic regulations which shall be regarded as binding upon the community."

And upon this point, our author speaks so well that

we shall allow him to continue: "There is no principle with regard to which men are so sensitive as that of personal liberty. A small community might be willing, for the sake of those whose idiosyncrasy drew them into intemperance, to relinquish the use of stimulants. But *it is Utopian to expect that the majority of our citizens will consent to a law that shall decide for them questions relating to their diet and regimen, which it is eminently their province and right to decide for themselves!* By attempting too much, there is danger of losing vantage ground, and of failing to obtain such wise enactments as can be effectively enforced."

The case is well and truly stated. The great point is only this, that human nature will not consent to be reformed in this patent way, but insists on doing the work itself, if it is done at all. And the prohibitionists are only kicking against the pricks, when they persist in their futile attempts, and snarl and snap because human nature does not happen to be something different from what it is. They will be obliged, we fear, to begin and do the work all over again, making man something quite different from what he is now.

There is another point to be considered. The American mind is ever prone to extremes. Public opinion is any thing but steadfast in this country. To-day it is for, and to-morrow it is against. Now it is up, and now it is down. We always want to overdo matters—cannot be satisfied unless we get more than what was at first proposed. We insist on crossing the line that limits temperance and moderation, even when we aim

to preach moderation itself. It is all a great mistake, and a fatal one.

If we wish to enact a law that shall put a stop to tippling practices, shut up dram-shops, and purify in this way the public morals, we must be careful at the same time not to make such a law as will both embarrass and insult the temperate and law-respecting portion of the community. Here is where the danger lies; in seeking to avoid one extreme, another has been run into. Then, again, people are so eager to run after cliques and factions, as if one must needs enroll his name among them, or he is nobody. But of this grows that excessive and weak desire to appear consistent in one's opinions, which shows a greater regard for the opinions themselves than for their effect. And on no one subject has cliquism been more rampant than on that of temperance. It has had recourse to all intemperate practices, for the sake of carrying temporarily its own end. It raged so high at one time, that no man was esteemed worth listening to in a temperance meeting unless he had come up out of a gutter, and could narrate the most disgusting experiences. Hence the poor, ragged, and thoroughly worthless rascal, who had hung about the greater number of years in filthy bar-rooms, was infinitely preferred as a speaker to those who really had observed and seriously thought upon the matter of temperance reform. And the style of oratory was, of course, to correspond. It did not bring a blush to a man's cheek, to get up before a large audience and confess what an ignorant beast he had taken

delight in being all his past life, — how many times a week he had been dead drunk, — how often he had been carried home on a board, or a shutter, and tumbled into his bed, — or trundled along to the same place in a handcart or a wheelbarrow.

And the same spirit rules to-day; and it is this spirit that we are laboring to show up as exactly the wrong spirit, — as that which works more mischief than it can ever work good. It betrays itself in every possible way now. It calls on a man to enroll his name among some order of self-styled temperance men; rigs him up in a gaudy coat of regalia; and acquaints him with certain secret winks, nods, and signs, by the favor of which he may gain access to up-stair lodges, back-door caucuses, and purposeless fraternities. It demands further of him, that he shall join in the general cry for stringent laws, — no matter whether there is a likelihood of their ever being carried into operation or not, — and obediently vote for every man who is proposed as a candidate through whose aid such laws are to be enacted.

And so comes this wild shout, which we have all heard so long, for statutes that shall declare liquors to be poisons, and constitute it a criminal offence to be connected with the traffic in them; for statutes that shall put liquor on the same footing with strychnine and arsenic, and prohibit their sale under any circumstances except for certain prescribed purposes. And the Maine Law has been enacted in certain States, although its execution is more an impossibility to-day than it ever was. It has been pronounced unconstitu-

tional by some of the State courts, and therefore amended and otherwise tinkered so as to cover the emergency. Few or no convictions have as yet followed its enactment in Massachusetts or in Maine, while in New York and the States farther west, it has been confessed to be utterly impracticable.

Still there are a few men who cling to the infatuation of believing that such a law can as well be executed to-day as any other law. Neal Dow believes it, or at least pretends to believe it; and if he could have only his own autocratic way about it, he would make of Maine the same sort of a state that one will find in many parts of over-governed Europe — in every little town a sort of custom-house, at which the traveller's baggage, or clothing, would be inspected by an ignorant and insolent guard. For this must certainly be the result of it. And this is the kind of *liberty* which such forcible intermeddlers with popular morals would fain establish all over the land; if people will not become moral of themselves, then they shall be made moral by the application of law! They shall become better, *at all events!*

Mr. Delavan, the great teetotal apostle of Albany, predicted that in a short time after the passage of this law in New York, that vast emporium of commerce would become pure and clean of every thing like liquor and liquor influences; the very sale of rum by the glass was to be prohibited without any mistake. And the twenty, thirty, and forty thousand drinking places to be found open, and doing a good business, too, in New

York, are the best, or worst, possible commentary on his vain and ill-digested opinions.

The fact literally is, this Maine Law has as yet accomplished nothing, and can accomplish nothing. Because it aims at *too much;* it travels entirely out of the record; it has become a mere engine in the hands of ambitious men, who seek for power only, and the popular sentiment cannot offer such a creature its sympathy or support. Not until these pretended reformers — good men, some of them — return to the paths of common sense again, can they hope to make any progress in purging the world of this giant evil that is called Intemperance. Of one thing, at least, must they rest satisfied; and that is, that no such progress as they count on can be made under the auspices of any so-called "Maine Law."

XXV.

THE CAUSES OF INTEMPERANCE.

In the excitement and fury incident to getting up parties on the inefficient and impracticable Maine Law, scarcely any attention has been paid to the leading point in all this controversy, which is, the *causes* of intemperance. It is to this point that we all need to come back, and take our bearings again upon this matter; for it is certain that no disease, and no evil, is ever to be cured or eradicated, unless its character and the laws of its operation are first well understood, and so the best method is made known after which it may be treated.

We find that vast numbers are addicted to intemperance; not wretches and vagabonds all of them, but many among those whom we all know, and whom the world otherwise delights to honor. How comes this about? Why is one man intemperate in his habits, and another right the contrary? And is there no allowance to be made in this estimate for differences in circumstances, situation, surroundings, and temperament? Can all men be measured by an absolute standard, — all laid on the same bed, and stretched or trimmed off to suit only the length of the bed? If it is upon such an ignorant assumption as this that the temperance reform

proceeds, then all hope of making more out of it than a piece of unmitigated folly may as well be abandoned.

Look, first, at the weakness of our common nature on different occasions, and when subjected to different moods, and then at the temptations that beset that nature at every turn, ever ready to take advantage of its weakness and its despondent moods. Here is a poor man who finds no relaxation from his tasking labor from one week's end to another; and just at this critical juncture the dram-shop or the cheerful bar-room presents itself, well lighted, filled with chatty acquaintances, and always accessible; where, too, all who frequent it meet on terms of perfect equality, if not fraternity. Do you say there are no naturally strong enticements for that man in such a place as this, especially when the whole of his home is embraced within four dreary walls, or at most in a cellar-like tenement, whose light often enough comes down through a trap-door, if at all? Such a man would not be a human being, as God originally made human beings, if he did *not* prefer the cheerful bar-room, or dram-shop, to his own ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, and thoroughly squalid quarters. In a climate like this of ours, especially where alcoholic stimulus has so long usurped the place of milder and safer beverages, the bar-room of course becomes a powerful attraction, and there are formed those unfortunate habits that lead their victims on to the destroying disease of intemperance.

In this respect we are like the English. The French,

and indeed most of the people of the continent of Europe, when they meet socially, are perfectly content to sit down over a glass of some light and harmless wine, or even to sit and sip a beverage as innocent as sugar-and-water; whereas we, like the English, must needs pour down streams of the most powerful alcoholic stimulus, oftentimes very slightly diluted, until the brain feels the fire and all the veins swell with the intense excitement. This habit is in a good degree an inheritance, and partly an advance upon what descended to us in the way of appetite and temperament. But what is the reason the masses of our people cannot accustom themselves to milder and more innocent stimulants of the social feeling? Why must they needs descend to the gross and destroying practice of intoxication, in order to testify one to the other the satisfaction they experience in coming together? Why this first and last resort always to strong drink, and in such immoderate quantities? There is an answer for these questions: Because no provision is made among our people for innocent recreations and amusements, and hence no taste for them has as yet sprung up; their only resort is the bar-room, and, with adulterated liquors, consequent intoxication.

We have no games and diversions, — no holiday festivals and general jubilees; but the rout is made up of an oddly assorted mixture of military turn-outs, target excursions, firemen's demonstrations, and public parades, — most, or all, of which demand more or less stimulus from the bar-room or the dram-shop, and may

be said to possess that special element in a corresponding proportion. Now, if we banish the vile grog-shops, which a proper license statute would be certain to do for us, we must supply their places with something better, for it will never answer to create a vacuum and leave it unprovided for. This can be done, for there never yet was a want felt but some one stepped in to supply it. And here is where public rooms for conversation, for reading, and similar social purposes might be provided, with drinks at hand of an enlivening but not inebriating nature, and with games of every description to cheer and enliven the spirits. In such places the habits of a coming generation might just as well be formed, and formed on right principles, as in those other places where all is now placed at so great a hazard. Here distilled liquors might be proved to be not the essential elements and conditions of enjoyment they are now popularly supposed to be; and young men, whose habits are forming, would learn that the best and only true way was to practise the very necessary art of governing themselves.

The condition of those unfortunate persons, however, with whom a morbid desire for unhealthy and excessive stimulus has been an inheritance, deserves more than the passing notice and the hollow expressions of half-pity they have heretofore received. In truth, those who have been chiefly in the habit of talking on teetotalism, or temperance even, have not begun to understand the lamentable condition of this class of people. Here is a state of things most important in connection

with this subject, but to which such reformers have steadfastly shut their ears and eyes. Are such unhappy persons to be proceeded against as criminals? Not at all; the rule will be found not to work. They are manifestly an exception to any law, and are to be considered and provided for accordingly. The taste for strong liquors, — and the stronger the better, — which they have both inherited and made controlling, is their one great curse and cause of misery. Society forgets entirely what it owes to itself and to each of its members, if it omits to include this very large class in its general estimate.

The leading and most widely operating causes of intemperance, then, we think we have already named: in the first place, it is the fault of our social manners and customs, that scarcely admit any thing like recreations or amusements within their circle; next, it comes of the fiery poisons and adulterations, one of whose elements is the deadly strychnine, to the use of which, through the very lack of social pleasures, men are driven; and lastly, the disease of intemperance — for it is undeniable that such it is — is handed down from father to son, and the teeth of the children are indeed set on edge with the grapes eaten by the fathers. Here are three grand causes for the prevalence and increase of intemperance; and reformers, in addressing themselves to the consideration of this question, must not think that any one of them can be overlooked, or passed by as of secondary importance.

Latterly, however, evidence is producing that the

more thoughtful and truly philanthropic of our reformers are taking steps to provide for at least *one* division, or class, of these causes. They have studied intemperance *as a disease*, and resolved as such to treat it. In New York State, an Inebriate Asylum was established last year, with the congratulations and God-speed of all well-wishers of the human race. Many professed temperance men are as strongly inclined as ever to entertain doubts of its practical efficiency, yet all seem to unite in conceding to it an opportunity for a fair trial. Medical men, who have given their time to the careful study of this subject, must be supposed to know most exactly what are the statistics in relation to the prevalence of this unfortunate malady; and to them must we look for a still more thorough diagnosis of such a disease than we at present happen to possess.

Still, says an influential daily journal of New York city, "It is enough to know that a large number of eminent names are being erased from the list of the living, where the true cause of death is never suspected by the community at large, (the interposition of surviving friends saving their memories from indelible disgrace,) 'died from delirium tremens' being the fearful secret. At least two on the list of subscribers for the contemplated Asylum — men who stood high in the profession of law and literature — are already victims to this insidious destroyer! It has been asserted that men are not to be found who would voluntarily commit themselves to an institution for inebriates; but this is refuted by the fact that almost before the

foundation stone was laid, there had been twenty-eight hundred applications for admission, of whom, according to Dr. Turner, Corresponding Secretary of the New York State Inebriate Asylum, 'more than four hundred are women in the high walks of life, educated and accomplished.' There appears to be no room for reasonable doubt upon this point. The chief divergence in public opinion is occasioned by doubts as to the *permanency* of the cures effected by an inebriate asylum, the belief being prevalent that where disease has once so far advanced as to deprive the individual of self-control, a relapse to former habits would almost inevitably ensue upon the removal of external restraints; that organic changes already wrought in the system would defy all attempts at correction."

It is to this feature — the pathology of inebriety — that the New York State Asylum proposes to address itself; to inebriety of the stomach and brain, which is first constitutional, and then hereditary in its character. According to Dr. Turner, "the time, and the only time, when this institution can reach the inebriate, is when he has lost self-control, and the law regards him as a dangerous citizen, or when he can be induced to enter the Asylum voluntarily. A large proportion of cases, as shown by the experience of some of our insane asylums, may be cured in a year, — within which time the morbid condition of the stomach will be removed, and the powers of the constitution renovated, so that the unnatural craving for artificial stimulus will no longer exist. Though this is the first institution

of the kind in existence specially designed for the treatment of this disease, it has the substantial indorsement of all the prominent physicians in the State."

These are movements, it must be confessed, in the right direction. Intemperance *is* a disease, either acquired or inherited, or both, and as such it will in time come to be treated. The only thing at present in the way is, the excited passions and prejudices that, in certain places, are strong enough to carry all before them.

XXVI.

A THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Some time during the month of May, in the year 1856, an offer of a thousand dollars was made to the writer of the best essay on temperance legislation, together with the outline of a law — the essays to be subjected to the careful examination of competent judges and respectable men in the community, but no one to take the prize unless his effort should, in the opinion of the judges, be found worthy of their approval. This munificent offer was made by Mr. John M. Barnard, of Boston, a well-known distiller, and a man who, as is understood, is both able and ready to carry out what he undertakes.

The motive apparent in the making of this offer was, to call out the best possible productions from the best minds of the country on the subject of Temperance, and a law that should embody the general sentiment of the community, in relation to the sale and use of liquors. As a citizen having at heart the highest and broadest interests of the society of which he was a member, he performed an act of the most praiseworthy and honorable character; and it only remained for the temperance men, who professed to have at heart the

same high and permanent interests, to come forward and aid Mr. Barnard in his project to establish this matter on a sure foundation, because on principles of justice and truth.

But did temperance men do any such thing? Farthest from it possible. They sneered at the proposal, and turned up their noses at the offer. Why? Simply because the gentleman making the offer did not happen to belong to their peculiar creed! He was *a distiller*, and of course, in their estimation, could not be supposed to possess any real honesty of motive in a matter of this kind. A teetotaler must be, *as a matter of course*, a pure, moral, upright, and thoroughly religious man, and a "respectable" man, too; but a distiller must be the very reverse in every particular! Therefore, obedient to these vicious prejudices of theirs, none of the prohibition writers, who pretend to keep such a fixed eye upon the well being of society, brought forward their schemes and projects for the regeneration of men, as *they* deem it quite practicable to redeem him, but let the golden opportunity pass unimproved, because, forsooth, it was not offered by somebody on their own side of the question! They certainly could not have objected to the proposal that the judges selected were either partial or incompetent men, for they were such persons as John H. Clifford, formerly Governor of Massachusetts, Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, the Rector of St. Paul's Church in Boston, but at present preaching in Philadelphia, Nahum Capen, the Post-

master of Boston, and Peter Cooper, the distinguished philanthropist of New York, and the munificent founder of the Cooper Institute in that city. These, certainly, are among the very first men in any community, and it is not supposable that their verdict, after giving to the Essays sent in their careful examination, would be any other than competent and impartial. The premium offered, too, was large enough to enlist the best talent, and should not have failed to call out that from the body of the prohibition party, if, as they professed, they were in earnest about their plans to redeem the race from the vice and evil consequences of intemperance. But their prejudices were insuperable, and overcame every thing else.

A correspondence was held between Mr. Barnard and the Assistant District Attorney for the county of Suffolk, A. O. Brewster, Esq., some time afterwards, in which the whole subject treated of in the Essays was discussed; and as the correspondence between these two gentlemen was made public at the time, and possesses much interest for readers generally, we append it in this place. We may be allowed to add further, that we have ourselves seen the essays that were sent in from various parts of the country in competition for the prize, respecting the merits of which mention is made in the correspondence. The following are the letters: —

Boston, December 15, 1858.

John M. Barnard, Esq. Dear Sir: During the past year various and repeated inquiries have been made of me about the offer, made by you a year or two since, to give a premium of one thousand dollars for the best essay on temperance legislation. If I remember right, your proposition was published at the time, and answered by various writers who entered the field as competitors for the premium. Have you any objection to acquaint me with the facts relating to a matter of such public interest? Perhaps, on the whole, the better mode is to communicate through the columns of the press the award of the committee, to whom the essays were referred with full power to approve or reject.

My object in dropping you this note is to solicit full information in regard to the line of argument pursued by the writers, and to receive such suggestions as are valuable and worthy of adoption. The public mind, too, is still at sea upon a question of paramount interest.

Can we have a better law than the one now on our statute book, designed to regulate the manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicating liquors?

It is to be presumed that the competitors for the premium discussed this question in its full length and breadth. Will you give to the public the award of the committee? In other words, who got the premium? and where is the essay?

I am, dear sir, your ob't servant,

A. O. Brewster,
22 Tremont Row.

Boston, December 24, 1858.

Col. A. O. Brewster. My dear Sir: I am happy to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst., making inquiries as to the result of my proposition to give one thousand dollars for the best essay on temperance legislation. I now avail myself of the earliest opportunity to state frankly and freely such suggestions as occur to me in connection with this matter.

As your letter is decidedly explicit and direct, you will of course pardon me for a little directness on my part.

The offer to which you refer was made public in May, 1856, and was a "premium of $1000 for the best essay on temperance legislation, and outline of a law." My motives for this offer were stated at the time, with a view to invite the spirit of duty in the statesman, and to advance the cause of temperance in a reasonable and practical way. No limits or requisitions were prescribed as to the number of pages, but intimating a directness of aim and a comprehensive brevity. All competitors were requested to send their productions, enveloped, sealed, and directed to me, on or before May 1, 1857, after which I would place them in the hands of the judges who had kindly consented to serve, viz.: Hon. John J. Gilchrist, late Chief Justice of the U. S. Court of Claims; Hon. John H. Clifford, late Attorney General of Massachusetts; Rev. A. H. Vinton, of Boston; Hon. Peter Cooper, of New York city, and Nahum Capen, Esq., Postmaster of Boston.

In a few months following my proposal, a number of communications were received, which continued up to the period limited, when they reached the number of forty or more. Most of them were unnecessarily long, prolix, and tedious; Job himself would have rebelled against reading them. Others were more practical and comprehensive, but did not come up in merit to the views of the committee.

To prove to you the extreme fanaticism and ignorance which pervade the minds of some writers upon temperance reform, I will here state as an illustration, that one of the writers commenced his essay with a sad recital of the evils of intemperance now desolating the land, and after drawing a gloomy picture of life, proposed as a panacea for the evils an outline of a law, which, among other remedies, undertakes to make all parents criminally liable for the acts of their children under twenty-one years of age, (provided that the offences charged against them are the result of intoxication.) In other words, an honest and industrious mechanic, the father of many children, has one son addicted to intemperance; that son in an unhappy moment engages in a quarrel, and takes the life of a human being; under the law, the father is to be held to bail, or imprisoned, and in due course of time is to be placed at the bar for trial on a charge of murder or manslaughter.

Imagine such a law on our statute books. And this is but one illustration of the impracticable views of our modern over-zealous reformers.

Another writer opens the discussion with a feeling and eloquent portrayal of the miseries of intemperance, and in a fervent spirit calls upon the statesman and legislator to come to the rescue, and devise some means to stop this tide of human suffering. *What, think you, is his remedy?* He condemns the Maine Law, pronounces all sumptuary laws as unjust and oppressive, but proposes, in lieu thereof, sanitary institutions all over the State, with different apartments for inebriates, and to be supported from the revenue of the Commonwealth. He argues from this that the burden of taxation would be so great in maintaining these hospitals, that the moral influence of all good citizens would be directed towards the suppression (by moral suasion) of the free use of intoxicating liquors.

Another contributor, in an earnest, but voluminous essay, falls back upon a license system as the most effectual one to meet the views of the public.

In most of the communications there is a want of harmony and unity of views. No two writers seem to agree. Extremes meet. Both start from the right place, but diverge at different points. It has been owing, possibly, to the impracticable, visionary views of some, and the too cautious conservatism of others, that the committee failed to see how any essay on the score of merit was entitled to the prize.

I transmit, for your perusal, the decision lately placed in my hands by the committee: —

Boston, December 12, 1858.

Sir: The Essays on Temperance Legislation received by you, under your liberal offer of a premium for the best discussion of that subject, having been submitted to us, we are constrained to say that no one of them is, in our judgment, of sufficient merit to justify us in awarding to its author either the prize or the preference.

We are respectfully

Your ob't servants,

John H. Clifford,
Alex'r H. Vinton,
Nahum Capen,
Peter Cooper.

To John M. Barnard, Esq., Boston, Mass.

This report, brief but simple, tells the whole story, and you will not thank me for further comments.

I am glad that you have written me about this matter, as the public is entitled to know its finale.

I was in hopes, when I made the offer, that it was liberal enough to arouse the best talent of the country, and engage the attention of sound thinking men to discuss this question in a broad, wise, and comprehensive spirit. The present law, commonly known as the "Nuisance Act," has failed to reach the difficulty. It needs modification to make it effective.

No two men in our community better understand this than Mr. Cooley and yourself. *I think* you once told me that you experienced great trouble in procuring convictions under it, and intimated that the number of disagreements by juries was owing, not so much to its alleged unconstitutionality as to other vexed and

delicate questions involved. You have no difficulty with prosecutions based upon other criminal statutes; and why is it that the liquor law is so inoperative and void?

I know of no one abler or better fitted to discuss this subject than yourself; and why not enlighten public opinion upon a matter so deeply interesting? With your large experience, and varied knowledge, you can readily see the imperfections of our impolitic and impracticable statutes, and should be able to suggest a remedy.

In these observations I do not mean to hint that you, or your honored associate, Mr. Cooley, should depart from the line of official duty, to engage in the discussion of a popular question; and yet, who better competent to advise and instruct than gentlemen whose every-day life brings them into contact with different minds?

You know better than most men the logic of the jury box, the mode of reasoning, the prejudices and partialities of juries, their willingness to exercise the right to judge the law as well as the fact; and you can easily obviate an apparent difficulty by making the law more liberal and consistent, *but none the less effective.*

Obliterate the odious and abominable features of the law, conceived by zealots and partisan bigots; strike from it all that is despotic and tyrannical; give to it consistency, dignity, and sense, with its full measure

of severity of punishment, — and you will work a lasting and permanent good.

I am, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN M. BARNARD,
No. 13 Temple Street.

XXVII.

AMERICAN WINES.—PART I.

Until very lately, our people have not permitted themselves to think of the possibility of such a thing; but it is now as fixed as any other fact in existence. We are yet to manufacture all our own wines, and doubtless export wines besides. Adlum, — the author of a "Memoir of the Cultivation of the Vine in America," published in 1823, — said, in the preface of his little book, "A desire to be useful to my countrymen has animated all my efforts, and given a stimulus to all my exertions. It is from this desire, in connection with a wish to satisfy the numerous inquiries that have been made upon the subject, that I have been led to undertake the present work, which, I hope, will induce others to follow my example in cultivating the vine, and be the means of spreading a knowledge of the subject among my fellow-citizens. As I am advancing in years, and know not when I may be called hence, I am solicitous that the information I have acquired should not die with me." It has not. These precepts of Adlum, of Dufour, of Longworth, and of Fisher, — the pioneers in grape culture in this country, — have not been passed over or forgotten. They have proved themselves as true and as worthy patriots as any this country has ever had.

Dufour, though not an American by birth, says of his travels through this country for this very purpose, "I went to see all the vines that I could hear of, even as far as Kaskaskia, on the borders of the Mississippi River; because I was told by an inhabitant of that town, whom I met with in Philadelphia, that the Jesuits had there a very successful vineyard when that country belonged to the French, and were afterwards ordered by the French government to destroy it, for fear the culture of the grape should spread in America and hurt the wine trade of France"! The volume of Dufour is the manual of the vine-dresser to-day.

For thirty years and upwards, Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, has devoted himself to the culture of the grape and the manufacture of wine, in the Ohio valley; and "to him," says a well-known writer, "more than to any other man in the West, we are indebted for our knowledge in grape culture." His great endeavor has uniformly tended to but one result, namely, to promote national prosperity, national temperance, and national hilarity.

Fisher, who passed five years abroad, in France, Italy, and Switzerland, for the sole purpose of informing himself on this most important subject, says, in relation to temperance in those countries, "I have passed three years in France, where I never saw a drunken Frenchman. Eighteen months in Italy, and, in that time, not an Italian intoxicated. Nearly two years in Switzerland, of which I cannot say the same, but I can safely aver, that during that period, I did not see twenty

drunken men; and whenever my feelings were pained at beholding a prostration so sad over better principles, it was invariably on an occasion of extraordinary festivity." And the same writer adds, with a vast deal of truth, "The cultivation of the vine will do more towards the furtherance of this object" (the overthrow of intemperance) "than a host of non-consuming resolutions. On all efforts shall legislators look with indifference, and withhold from the moral improvement of the community the aid so liberally granted to railways, and canals, and sectional improvements? To the system that should banish intemperance from our land will be justly due a conspicuous rank among the improvements of the age."

It is true that wherever the vine has been planted, and now flourishes, there live a happy people. The very word *vineyard* starts clusters of pleasant and loving associations. There is poetry in the word. It suggests plenty, contentment, sociability, and not excess. We associate excess, in this country, with the strychnine infusions that are poured down diseased men's throats, kindling a fire in their stomachs that consumes their very souls.

Up to the present time, the State of Ohio has taken the lead in this great vine-growing movement in America, and from this point it is likely to spread and take permanent root all through the rich slopes of the West. Missouri offers unusual facilities and attractions for the culture of the vine, which are made still more valuable by the accession of populous colonies of Germans to the

fertile hill sides of that noble State, whose habits of industry are, of all others, best fitted to the work. The Germans, like the Swiss, make notable vine-dressers. In California, the grape has already been cultivated with surprising success, and the last year's product was upwards of eight millions of gallons. It is predicted that a much larger breadth of land will be planted to the vine in that State by another year, and that the yield in the immediate future will be enormous. The climate and soil combine to make it preëminently a land, in parts, for the extensive culture of the grape; and it is nothing to hazard to say that it will in a very few years become a staple article in the long list of her most valuable products. Kentucky, too, has done great things in this line, and promises to do better.

Buchanan, a reliable authority on all matters connected with the growing and dressing of the vine, says, in his little book on "Grape Culture and Wine Making," that the year 1853 was a highly favorable year for the vine in Ohio, about six hundred and fifty gallons having been averaged to the acre, and, in some instances, as high as eight hundred and nine hundred gallons. He obtained himself, from a little estate of five acres, four thousand two hundred and thirty-six gallons; or, at the rate of eight hundred and forty-seven gallons per acre. Taking the country through, however, the yield that year came up to about four hundred gallons an acre. And wine selling for a dollar a gallon at the press! A gentleman in Kentucky states that, from his own experience, wine can be made

as cheap in Kentucky as in France or Germany; as cheap, in fact, as cider; and that, at fifteen cents a gallon, it will pay a better profit than the generality of staple productions. And he sets about proving his assertions in the following way:

Four hundred gallons of wine, at fifteen cents, is sixty dollars. An acre of the best land in hemp will average six hundred weight; six hundred weight of hemp, at five dollars, is thirty dollars; — leaving a balance in favor of the vineyard of thirty dollars, or one hundred per cent. One acre of corn will average fifty bushels, worth thirty cents per bushel; fifty bushels, at thirty cents, is fifteen dollars; — leaving a balance in favor of the vineyard of forty-five dollars.

The same writer further states, that the tillage of the vineyard and making wine is not so laborious, nor near so expensive, per acre, as the tillage and labor of securing the products of an acre of corn or hemp. If we can get one dollar a gallon for wine when ready for market, or fifty cents per gallon from the press, the products of the gold mines of California would be small in comparison with the receipts from wine-growing in any single State like Ohio or Kentucky. If you plant out a vineyard of a hundred acres, the products, at fifty cents a gallon, amount to twenty thousand dollars per annum. A man having five acres, which he could manage himself, would find them more profitable than a Kentucky farm of two hundred acres, with three negroes to cultivate it.

Of the several varieties of native American grapes,

those that have hitherto proved themselves the most prolific, and at the same time the best producers of wine, are the Isabellas and the Catawbas. A gentleman near New York planted a single acre with the Isabella vine, and the product he estimates at four tons of grapes per annum. The vine grows more luxuriantly in the Southern than in the Northern States. The famous Scuppernong sometimes covers acres of ground with a single vine, the circumference of whose stem is measured by feet rather than inches, and the weight of the grapes by tons.

Wine, — pure wine, such as this country is abundantly capable of producing, — is both a powerful and practical argument for temperance, and a necessity among the masses. We should have more of it. It should be made just as free as it is possible to make it; so cheap, in fact, that not even the poorest should be deprived of its blessings. As a potent means of eradicating the vicious use of fiery liquors, it is capable of doing, and destined to do, a great work in the future. This we seriously believe. On looking at statistics, — those only truth-tellers for persons who would get at the fundamental laws of political economy, — we find that in those countries where wine has been driven out from common use by high duties, worse liquors have come in to supply their place; the more potent, and generally the viciously adulterated liquors, have been consumed in a more than corresponding degree. When England was known to possess a population of twenty-four millions, she consumed twenty-eight million gal-

WINE INSTITUTE
85 SECOND ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF

lons of spirits, exclusive of ale, porter, and beer. France, however, with a population of thirty-three millions, consumed but fifteen million of her own brandies, and of these a great part was employed in manufactures, in strengthening wines for shipment, and in preserving fruits, and preparing confections. Whereas, in the United States, we manufactured at the same time eighty-six million gallons of whiskey, spirits, and ale, *for home consumption only!* This is a terrible recital, and publishes to the world a terrible truth. If wines were at all common with us, — if the duties on them did not operate to their practical exclusion from common use, or, what is equivalent, if we could raise wines enough of our own to expel these stronger and more harmful drinks from popular use, — any reflecting mind can at once perceive what a blessing it would prove, in all respects, to our population!

It is this same matter of duties that makes so much trouble. Abolish them, and wines would be more common, while doctored and diluted spirits would be banished from such general use. A hundred and fifty years ago, three times as much wine was drunk in England as is drunk there now. The grape in Europe is not indigenous — that is, does not belong to the soil. The entire grape stock is of Asiatic origin, and it is universally believed to have had its rise in the Orient. The Phœnicians introduced it into the islands of the Archipelago, into Greece, and into Sicily; afterwards into Italy, and the territory about Marseilles. From this point it extended over the whole of the south of

France; and it is said by one writer, that the Johnny Crapeaus had their claret and olives in the times of Solon and Sappho, and drank to the health of Nebuchadnezzar when he captured Jerusalem, June 9, 587 B. C.

The vine was introduced into Switzerland in the days of Julius Cæsar, by a blacksmith of Helvetia. The slips were brought from Italy. The vine made its way into Spain and Portugal subsequently to the Christian era. But in tracing up the history of the vine in Europe, nothing is more apparent than the fact that it is not a native of the soil, but of Asiatic origin. And in the process of propagation through such a succession of centuries, it has been at length overtaken with a disease that seems to baffle all attempts to eradicate it. The reader is perfectly familiar with the distress which prevailed but a few years since in Italy, in France, and in Madeira, in consequence of the prevalence of the oidium, or vine disease; and it is established pretty thoroughly that that disease is a natural result of the long and steady culture of the vine from one particular stock. The consequence is, the stock must be replenished — infused with a new vigor and vitality. How shall that be done? is the important question. It is certain that the Asiatic vine yields to certain climatic, and other influences, in Europe; and that resort must be had to the original stock again, as it was at first found wild on the mountain sides, or else there must occur an importation and general planting out of American vines. And even then the plan may fail, as

it has failed already. What, then, is to be done? Whither is the world to look for its supply of wines? Manifestly, to our own productive slopes and hill sides, where the grape is indigenous, and where its products surpass the wildest calculations of all who have had to do with the vine before.

It is in relation to this very point that we wish to remark further in another chapter.

XXVIII.

AMERICAN WINES.—PART II.

It is stated that the Northmen, who are the reputed discoverers of America, when they first landed on the island where Newport now stands, named it "Vine Land." And with propriety; for the vines were growing all over the banks, down to the water's edge. Sir John Hawkins, a knight of Queen Elizabeth, speaks of drinking a wine from grapes grown in Florida, in the year 1564 — the same year in which Shakspeare was born. Ralph Stone wrote in 1585 of the grapes of Virginia, that they were "grapes of such greatnesse, yet wilde, as France, Spain, nor Italie have no greater." As early as the year 1620, vineyards were planted in Virginia. The wine produced from grapes native to Delaware was much praised as early as 1648. "A second draught," says the quaint writer of that day, "four months old, will *foxe* [intoxicate] a reasonable pate." In the year 1683, William Penn made the attempt to establish vineyards in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. The Jesuits set out their vineyards at Kaskaskia, on the bank of the Mississippi, earlier than this. Wines were produced by the French at Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburg, in the year 1758, and even a little previous to that time. Volney, who visited this

country in 1796, speaks of drinking a native wine at Gallipolis, Ohio. Dufour, in the same year, speaks of a Frenchman at Marietta, on the Ohio, who was making several barrels a year out of the wild grapes, known by the name of "Sand Grapes." "I drank," said he, "some of the wine when about four months old, and found it like the wine produced in the vicinity of Paris, in France, if not better."

Early in the present century, the vineyards at Spring Mills, near Philadelphia, and the Swiss settlement at Vevay, Indiana, were established. Several varieties of foreign grapes were tried at Spring Mills, but soon abandoned for those that were native to the soil. The "Schuylkill" succeeded there admirably. This was replanted by the Swiss colony that settled Vevay, under the name of the "Cape Grape," and flourished there for many years. The wine produced from it, however, was but indifferent when compared with that yielded by the Isabellas and the Catawbas, which are destined in the immediate future to give us a great name as a wine-growing and wine-producing nation. These two vines, both indigenous to our soil, form the great channels through which a vast amount of our national wealth and prosperity is yet to flow. Their names are yet to be remembered, as performing better service in weaning our people from the love of adulterated spirits and forming their tastes on true principles of temperance, than the names of all the much-vaunted prohibition rantipoles that ever stirred up peaceful communities to unhappy strife.

The exact number of vines that spring native in our soil cannot be counted; they are, we might as well call it, incalculable. Since such vast tracts of territory have been added to our national domain, we have hardly given that attention to the discovery of such treasures which the subject truly demands. The naturalist has years of close labor and study before him in this field alone. Henderson says, that in Europe, "the climate most congenial to the culture of the vine extends from the 35th to the 50th degrees of north latitude; and it is between these points that the most celebrated vineyards, and the countries richest in wine, are placed." This same rule appears to be applicable to our own continent; it is exactly between the same parallels that the vine flourishes best in America. And within these very limits there is scarcely a State that has not a native vine of its own — not from the Rio Grande to Canada, nor from the Atlantic to the Pacific. With perfect propriety, therefore, might the early Northmen discoverers name America the "Vine Land." The "Catawba" is the grape mostly raised in California, which they call the "Sweetwater." The "Mustang" and "El Paso" are the peculiar grapes of Texas. De Bow's Review says of the valley of El Paso, in which the latter is raised, that it stretches midway between Santa Fé and Chihuahua, and is some twenty-two miles in length, extending from the Falls of the Rio Grande, on the north, to the Presidio, on the south, and is a continuous orchard and vineyard, embracing and sustaining a population of about eight thousand.

There are annually manufactured in this valley not less than two hundred thousand gallons of perhaps the richest and best wine in the world, which is worth always two dollars a gallon. They are pronounced far superior in richness, and flavor, and pleasantness of taste to any thing of the kind to be met with in the valley of the Rhine or on the sunny hills of France.

The great Mustang grape of Texas is also said to be a grape of superior wine-producing quality. It is said by French cultivators to be the port wine grape, of a very superior quality and yield. The sea islands, that fringe the coast from Norfolk to the Florida reefs, are laden with vines, and clotted with the purpling fruit. Florida abounds in this luscious product; Alabama is already bestowing serious attention on the grape; the woods of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas stagger under the loads of rich fruit that hang from the prolific native vines; Texas has a countless variety of native grapes, and so has California; and when we come back to North Carolina, we come to the natal soil of the Isabella and the Catawba, as well as the Scuppernong — a fact that should constitute glory enough for any single State. Virginia holds out a great number of inducements for the culture of the vine, and upon her soil the Catawba brings forth a wine of a distinct flavor from that produced by the same vine in Ohio. There is certainly wild and waste land enough in Virginia that is peculiarly adapted to the growth of the vine, especially of the Catawba; and the time may not be far distant when this most important branch of industry will be

pursued with astonishing success in that noble old State.

Of Ohio and Missouri wines we have already spoken. They are supplanting in our great markets the imported wines of France and Italy, even at the same prices per gallon. Vine growing in the Ohio valley is what people nowadays call an "institution;" in other words, it has grown up from an experiment into a great business. Terraces of vines rise above terraces, all laden with dark foliage and heavy clusters of fruit. The red soil of the banks is completely concealed by the beautiful covering which the graceful vine has thrown over it. It is in Ohio, thus far, that the Catawba has chiefly excelled, and in Norfolk, that the Isabella has especially betrayed its matchless qualities. The culture of the grape in Pennsylvania proved but a temporary success, and after a time public interest in it began to subside; but there are present signs of its reviving again, and that the Quaker State will yet manifest the ancient interest in the work of vine growing. The vine has also been cultivated with decided success in New Jersey, in certain localities; and so it has in Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. But of all the other States thus far, Missouri promises to be the most active competitor with Ohio in the production of wines, although it still remains to be seen what California is able and ready to do. Indiana is to be considered as much a pioneer in the growing of the vine as Ohio, for there was first planted the Vevay colony of Swiss emigrants.

In Missouri, in the year 1852, the vineyards at Herrmann embraced some forty or fifty acres only; three years later, there were not less than five hundred acres under cultivation in that locality, not including a great many more in the interior of the State. Six prizes were awarded to vine growers of Missouri, at the New York Crystal Palace exhibition, for samples of superior native wines, both Isabella and Catawba, still and sparkling. Of these two grapes, the Catawba seems to be the favorite in Missouri, as it likewise is in Kentucky and Tennessee. In the St. Louis market, we are told that the native wines are rapidly supplanting all imported and foreign wines, and driving them out of the market altogether. The wines set before the guests at the hotels there are generally produced in the State itself, or at least in this country.

Ohio first produced a pure native wine, and to her belongs all the honor. There, scientific culture of the grape and scientific treatment of the grape juice have united to place before the world a product of which the whole country may reasonably feel proud. Within a circuit of twenty miles around Cincinnati, there were raised in the year

1848,	34,000	gallons.
1849, (a very bad year for rot,)	36,000	"
1852,	125,000	"
1853,	340,000	"

We have not the figures for later years, or we might bring down the statement to the year before last. In 1854, however, the crop was a short one, in consequence

of a cold and backward spring, and excessive rains; yet, to compensate for this, there was a largely increased number of cultivators of the vine, which of course caused an increased crop of fruit. Speaking of American wines in general, the patent office report of 1854 states that their value exceeded, for that year, the value of the tobacco crop, and proves the statement by the figures. One can readily infer from this to what a state of forwardness the cultivation of the vine has reached by this time.

One thing is certain — that the growing of the grape is destined to become, and in not many years from this time either, one of the largest and most important interests of America. We shall make all our wines, and export them beside. We shall thus drive out intemperance from the land more rapidly and effectually than by all the prohibitory laws that may be thought of. And it rejoices us, above all, to feel assured that men are now engaging in this great work with a zeal and energy that promise perfect success in the future.

XXIX.

INTOXICATING FOOD.

It is a fact with which all scientific men are familiar, that the intoxicating element can be extracted from the food man eats, provided circumstances and conditions are rightly adjusted for it, as well as from the liquors that have been already expressed for this very purpose. For example, a person who has been either wholly or partially fasting for a long time on the wreck of a vessel, in the wilderness, or on a desert, will become intoxicated by partaking of almost any kind of nutritive food; and hence it is generally administered to such very sparingly. We can find numberless cases of individuals on wrecks, who, on drinking the warm blood of an animal, or even of a slain companion, became drunk and crazy, and fell into the sea. The Scotchman takes his whiskey as food just as the Englishman takes his roast beef and ale, or the wild Arab his dish of snails.

The accompanying article, full of the largest possible interest for the readers of this volume, is extracted from a recent number of Dickens's Household Words, a well-known English publication; and, as it shows so graphically the great variety of food, as well as drink, used by different nations, one will not fail to observe that the Abyssinian gets drunk on raw meat and warm

blood just as easily as the Yankee inebriate does on new rum, or the Turk, and — we are sorry to say it — the modern temperance man, on opium! The article in question is as follows: —

"Nothing is more variable than national diet, except it be national appetite. An Italian is content with a handful of bread and grapes, but an Esquimaux will devour twenty pounds of flesh in a day; a Hindoo picks up a few spoonfuls of rice between sunrise and sunset; and a Russian Tartar will eat, in the twenty-four hours, forty pounds of meat. Nay, a Tartar mentioned by Captain Cochrane in his Travels, consumed in that time the hind quarters of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat, and a proportionate quantity of melted butter for drink; and three of the same tribe — the Yakuti — think nothing of polishing off a reindeer at a meal. In London and New York the average consumption of meat is half a pound to each person daily; in Paris it is one sixth of a pound, with a lower fraction still for the villages and country; yet the Irishman's bone and muscle are elaborated from potatoes, not from flesh; and the brawny Highlander builds up his huge members from porridge, kail, and whiskey. So that meat is not absolutely essential even to Northmen; when, by a little unconscious chemistry they supply efficient substitutes, tailing off by units the various properties concentrated in honest beef and mutton.

"Food is very unequally distributed among us.

There is the poor man, who can never give his children a hearty meal; and there is the rich man, gorged with unimaginable luxuries; on the one side Lazarus, with a hunger never sated; on the other Dives, who, between the ages of ten and twenty, consumes forty wagon loads of superfluous meat and drink, at the cost of seven thousand pounds, according to the calculations of Sydney Smith.

"But even more varied than amount is kind. There is no limit to the odd dainties affected by different people. The New Brunswickers find a special charm in the moufle, or loose nose of the moose deer. Sharks' fins and fish-maws, unhatched ducks and chickens, sea slugs and birds' nests, are all prized by the omnivorous Chinese. The Esquimaux revels in the foreign luxury of a purser's candle; and the Abyssinian intoxicates himself with raw meat and warm blood; which are as intoxicating in their way as ardent spirits. Paris has lately gone mad about horse flesh; and in the Exhibition of eighteen hundred and fifty-one, a Monsieur Brocchieri showed and sold delicious cakes, patties, and bon-bons of bullocks' blood; rivalling the famed *marrons glaces*, or baptismal *dragées*, of the *confiseries* of the Boulevards. This seems to us almost the triumph of the art.

"Meat biscuits, made in Texas for the use of the American navy, were also exhibited. They are like light-colored sugar cakes in appearance. One pound of meat biscuit contains rather more nutriment than five pounds of ordinary meat. Portable soup is another

matter of culinary condensation, wherein nutritive power is out of all proportion to bulk; and pemmican, so well known to arctic voyagers, is again a condensation of solid meat finely ground, then mixed with sugar, fat, and currants. The Siamese dry elephants' flesh, as Germany hangs her beef and pork; Cuba feeds her slaves on dried meat imported in enormous quantities from Buenos Ayres and the United States, and, all through America, the trade in this article is brisk and lucrative, extending even to Europe, which imports and consumes a goodly quantity to her share.

"The extreme north presents, perhaps, the oddest specimens of luxuries in food. Blubber, the unruminated food of reindeer serving as an accompanying salad; whales' skin, cut into cubes, black as ebony, and tasting like cocoa-nut; whales' gum, with the bone adhering, not unlike cream cheese in flavor, and called Tuski sugar — these were some of the chief dishes at a Tuski banquet; while at a feast given by some respectable Greenlanders were half raw and putrid seals' flesh, putrid whales' tail, preserved crowberries mixed with reindeer's chyle, and preserved crowberries mixed with train oil. Walrus is good eating. It is like coarse beef; and walrus liver, raw, is a dish on which to grow poetical. Frozen seal is excellent as a stand-by in travelling; and putrid seal, which has been buried under the grass all the summer, is a winter's special charm. The reindeer's maw is made into a dish called nerukak, or the eatable, and sent about, as presents of game or fruit might be with us. The entrails of the

rypeu, mixed with fresh train oil and berries, make another favorite dish; and the Greenlander's winter preserves are crake berries, angelica, and eggs in every stage of incubatory progress, flung all together into a sack of seal skin, which is then filled up with train oil. An Esquimaux will eat his sledge — when it is made of dried salmon sewed between two skins; the cross-pieces being reindeer bones. This is not so marvellous as it seems to be: it is not quite like feeding off a one-horse chaise or clarence with C springs; but it must be a curious sight to see a party turn out and make a meal of their carriage. Reindeer is the great delight of the Esquimaux — when he can get it; and frozen reindeer, eaten raw, is better, to his taste, than all the royal venison ever cooked for royal feasts.

"Keeping for a while among the cetacea, we find that the manatus, or sea calf, gives a white, delicate flesh, like young pork; a lean or fibrous part like very red beef; and fat, which is like hog's lard, with an exceptional portion lying between the entrails and the skin, like almond oil in taste, and an excellent substitute for butter. The tail is the titbit, and is covered with a fat of firmer consistence and more delicate flavor than that on the body. But the manatus is too human to be pleasant. 'It appears horrible,' says Mr. Lund Simmons, in his Curiosities of Food, 'to chew and swallow the flesh of an animal which holds its young (it has never more than one at a litter) to its breast — which is formed exactly like that of a woman — with paws resembling human hands.' The tongue of the sea lion

(*phoca jubata*) is preferred by some to ox tongue; and the heart is said to be equal to roast calf's heart. The walrus has a tongue, a heart, and a liver, all serviceable and palatable, though we think the meat coarse and strong; the female sea bear is like lamb, and its cub the very counterpart of roast pig. Seal flesh we think strong and oily; but we have already taken the Greenlander's opinion on it. The black skin of the whale, too, we have tasted, and found its ebony cubes with the cocoa-nut flavor simply delicious, but its coarse, red flesh like inferior meat. Porpoise, or sea pig, is not to be despised by British sailors suffering from salt junk and scurvy; but it is not much sought after now, though in the days when peacocks in their pride, swans, and herons were at English tables, porpoises, or sea pigs, had their place of honor there as well. All sea things have the recommendable quality of being highly iodized. This is one of the virtues of cod liver oil; one of the reasons why sea-side air is so good for the scrofulous and consumptive, and almost the sole benefit to be found in the Iceland moss, once so famous as a specific against consumption. Isinglass has also a fishy origin. The court plaster of the chemists' shops is isinglass and balsam spread on silk. Caviare is the dried roe or salted spawn of fish; the black, which is the best, comes from the sturgeon; the red is from the gray mullet and the carp. Botargo is a kind of caviare made from the spawn of the red mullet, and of great esteem in Sicily; the roe of the pollock makes commendable bread, and the roe of the methy (*eotha*

maculosa) can be baked into biscuits, which are used in the fur countries as tea bread.

"In Beloochistan the cattle are fed on a compound of dates and dried fish; the inhabitants living almost entirely on fish; and we here, in England, fling hundreds of pounds of sprats and other fish upon our fields to fertilize the land, poison the air, and deprive some hungry thousands of a dinner. The Atlantic tunny is like veal, but drier and firmer; and the sturgeon, so prized by Greece and Rome, is also of the veal type; that is, like flesh without blood. The sharp-nosed sturgeon is like beef, very coarse, rank, and unsavory. The shark is dry and acid. Havana is the only place where shark is openly sold in the market, and the Chinese are the only people who ascribe any specially invigorating virtues to the fins and tail.

"The Gold Coast negroes are fond of sharks, as they are of hippopotami and alligators; and the Polynesians surfeit themselves to indigestion and disease by their love of sharks' flesh, quite raw.

"Scotland, and some other northern countries, eat the picked shark and the dog fish. The conger eel, dried and grated, thickens soup in Catholic countries, and is a Jersey dainty, tasting like veal. In Cornwall, they make conger eels, as they do every thing else, into pies. The Chinooks dry a little fish — something like a sardine — then burn it as a candle; and the scales of the delicious and delicate callipevi make exceedingly beautiful ornaments.

"Other people beside the Gold Coast negroes feed

on, and take pleasure in, reptiles. We ourselves eat one of the tribe when we devour calipash and calipee. But, though we revel in turtle, we keep an adverse countenance to tortoise; yet half the soup eaten by travellers in Italy and Sicily is made of land tortoise, boiled down to its essence. In Trinidad, and other of the West India islands, land tortoises are in much repute; the eggs of the close tortoise (*testudo clausa*) are held a supreme delicacy in North America; and Sir Walter Raleigh fed his fainting men on 'tortuggas eggs' while sailing up the Orinoco.

"In both North and South America the salt water terrapin is a fat and luscious luxury, if taken just at the close of summer; and its eggs, in their parchment-like skin, — they have no true shell, — are always valued. The hiccatee, New Holland's curious snake-necked version of a tortoise, has a liver which would send the *pâté de foie gras* of Strasbourg out of the field altogether; while of turtle the world of gormands is never tired, under any form of presentation that it may please the *chef* to serve him. The hideous, scaly, demoniacal-looking iguana is better in the trial than in the promise; cooked skilfully, it is like chicken in flesh, and like turtle in flavor; but, if one of its paws should happen to stick up in the dish, it is so frightfully suggestive of a pygmy alligator that many a stout European, afraid of nothing else under the sun, would be afraid of that. It is excellent eating, being omnigustatory; it is like chicken, like rabbit, when stewed or curried; like turtle, if dressed as turtle should be; like hare,

when turned into soup; and a good dish of imitation minced veal might be made of it, with lemon cream and streaky bacon superadded. It is of the range of white meats; and its small, soft-shelled, delicate eggs are equal to itself in purity and daintiness of flavor. Indeed, the eggs of most reptiles are wonderfully appetizing; but none more so than those which bring forth the harmless, hideous, and delicate iguana, unless it be the eggs of the contemned land tortoise.

"Caymans and crocodiles, lizards and frogs, are all eaten and enjoyed by certain people. The typical crocodile is like veal; but some species have a strong flavor of musk, which is nauseating enough; and some are like juicy young pork, while others resemble lobster. Others again have a powerful fishy taste, very disagreeable. On the whole, therefore, crocodile is uncertain eating, and not to be ventured on with undue rashness. Alligator is supposed to be invigorating and restorative, and at Manilla is sold at high prices; the Chinese clutching at the dried skin, which they use in their awful messes of gelatinous soup. Alligator is likened to sucking pig, but the alligator's eggs have a musky flavor.

"The Australians devour even the most venomous snakes; and those who have tried say the flavor is like collared eel, though the general likeness is to veal. In olden times viper broth was, to a benighted world, what turtle soup is to us; and viper jelly is still considered a restorative in Italy. The hunters of the Mississippi have, at this day, a dish called musical jack, of

which they are mightily fond, though it is only a stew of rattlesnakes.

"The French are notoriously fond of frogs, and frogs command a high price in the markets of New York, where they sell the large bull frog, weighing sometimes half a pound, as well as the tender little green frog, (*rana esculenta*,) whose hind legs taste so like delicate chicken, when served up with white sauce in the restaurants of Paris and the hotels of Vienna. Of course, frogs do not escape in China, which devours every thing with blood or fibre in it; and the horrid negroes of Surinam eat the still more horrid and most loathsome Surinam toad.

"Snakes and frogs seem to go somehow with monkeys and parrots; they are all of the same class together, though the naturalist would scoff at such a notion, and no physical geographer would countenance it. To us they suggest a *sequitur*. African epicures are never more charmed than when they can dine off a highly-seasoned, tender, young monkey, baked, gypsy fashion, in the earth. The Rio Janeiro monkeys are sold in the Leadenhall Markets of the place, together with parrots and the paca, a not very edible-looking rodent. The great red monkey, and the black spider monkey, the howling monkey, and the couxio or jacketed monkey, are all eaten by the various people among whom they are found. Monkey tastes like rabbit, and is reported nutritious and pleasant.

"Bats and fox monkeys — the flying lemur — are also eaten, but are neither of very respectable holding

in the gastronomic aristocracy ; they have a rank odor, and are unpleasant, but are eaten, nevertheless, by the natives of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, Malabar, &c. One species of bat is good eating ; it is called by the naturalists the eatable bat, and is said to be white, tender, and delicate ; it is much favored by the inhabitants of Timor ; for all that it is a hideous beast, like a weasel, with a ten inch body, covered with close and shining black hair, and four feet wings, when stretched to their full extent.

"If the rank fox monkey may be eaten, why not the fox ? So he is — in Italy reckoned a crowning delicacy ; and in the arctic regions, where fresh meat is scarce, when judiciously interred in a pie, he is considered equal to any rabbit, under the same conditions, ever bred on the Sussex downs. But, strange to say, the Esquimaux dogs, which will eat any thing else, will not touch fox. The skunk, the prairie wolf, and the sloth are eaten. Cats and dogs find purchasers and consumers in China, where they are hung up in the butchers' shops, together with badgers — tasting like wild boar — and other oddities of food.

"In the South Seas, too, dog is a favorite dish, and a puppy stew is a royal feast in Zanzibar ; but it is only justice to say that where dog is eaten, he is specially fattened for the table, and fed only on milk and such like cleanly diet. The Australian native dog, or dingo, is eaten by the blacks, but by no one else ; and a South African will give a large cow for a well-sized mastiff.

The tiger is thought by the Malays to impart his own strength and courage to his consumer.

"The American panther and the wildcat of Louisiana are said to be excellent eating; so is the puma, which is so like veal in flavor that you would not know the difference blindfold. The lion, too, is almost identical with veal in color, taste, and texture. Bears' paws were long a German delicacy; and bears' flesh is held equal or superior to pork by connoisseurs, having a mixed flavor, which partakes of the joint excellences of both beef and pork. The fat is as white as snow, and 'if a man were to drink a quart of it,' says one amiable enthusiast, 'it would never rise on his stomach!' The tongue and hams are cured, but the head is accounted worthless, and thrown away.

"The badger tastes like wild boar; the kangaroo is not inferior to venison, and kangaroo-tail soup is better than half the messes which pass in London under the name of ox-tail soup. Hashed wallaby is a dish no one need disdain, and a small species of kangaroo, called pademelon, is as good as any hare ever cooked. An Australian native banquet is an odd mixture. Kangaroos and wallabies, opossums and flying squirrels, kangaroo-rats, wombats, and bandicoots, all of them more or less of the venison type, represent the *pièces de resistance;* while rats, mice, snakes, snails, large white maggots, called cobberra, worms and grubs, are the little dishes and most favored *entrées*. A nice fat marmot is a treat — why not? They are pure feeders. An Esquimaux strings mice together as a

Londoner strings larks, and eats them with equal gusto.

"The muskrat of Martinique is eaten, musky as it is, and indescribably loathsome to a European; and the sleek rats of the sugar-cane fields make one of the most delicious fricassees imaginable — so tender, plump, cleanly, and luscious are they. Sugar plantations generally maintain a professional rat-catcher; but some people think that rat produces consumption, so discourage the sport. The Chinese are in a rat paradise in California, where the rats are incredibly large, highly flavored, and very abundant; they make a dish of rats' brains equal to the famous *plat* of nightingales' tongues spoken of in a certain Roman history; and rat soup is thought by all right-minded Celestials to beat ox-tail or gravy soup hollow.

"Mr. Albert Smith gave his impressions of Chinese fare as consisting, for the most part, of 'rats, bats, snails, bad eggs, and hideous fish, dried in the most frightful attitudes,' with the addition of a soup of 'large caterpillars boiled in a thin gravy with onions.' India is now about to supply China with salted rats, which it is hoped will open a new field of commercial enterprise and fortune quite unparalleled. The bandicoot, dear to Australian palates, is the pig rat; and the vaulting rat, or jerboa, is of the same order. The Indians eat the beaver, which is said to be like pork; and porcupine is a prime favorite with the Dutch, the Hottentots, the Australians, the Hudson Bay trappers, and the Italians. Porcupine is a cross between

fowl and sucking pig, and accounted exceedingly nutritious.

"Elephants' feet, pickled in strong toddy vinegar and cayenne pepper, are considered in Ceylon an Apician luxury. The trunk is said to resemble a buffalo's hump, and the fat is a godsend to the Bushmen, who go almost any distance for a portion. Hippopotamus fat, too, is a treat; when salted it is thought superior to our best breakfast bacon, and the flesh is both palatable and nutritious; the fat is used instead of butter for making puddings, and, indeed, for all the ordinary uses of butter. The young tapir is like beef, and the peccary and musk hog are both superior to the common porker, if care is taken to cut out the fetid orifice in the back. Pig — the pig for which Charles Lamb would almost dare a crime, and the immortal Chinaman burned down his house — the pig of our childhood, our maturity, and our old age — has detractors and calumniators; surely no man who has once tasted could ever forego again. America is the great pork-shop of the universe; not even excepting Ireland, where the pig element is also strongly developed. In America, they speak of pickled pork by the acre; and, in Ohio alone, they use about three-quarters of a million of swine yearly. In Spain, pig is game, lean and highly flavored, without fat or unctuousness, devoid of any capability for bacon, and without a rasher or a cheek available for breakfast. It is fondly thought that sausages come from this member of the pachydermatous family; but sausages are deceptive, and sometimes

contain as much horse flesh and donkey flesh as their more legitimate basis. Mr. Richardson, of Manchester, gave evidence in Mr. Scholfield's committee to the effect that horse flesh is mixed with potted meats, and enters largely into the composition of collared brawn, sausages, and polonies; and that, indeed, it is of material use in these preparations, as, being harder and more fibrous than pork, it binds together the whole, which else would be inclined to run to waste and water.

"Birds are of large importance in the supplies of human food; and not only birds but birds' nests as well — at least with the Chinese, whose dainties are always peculiar. These nests are brought from Java and Sumatra, the gathering taking place thrice in the year, and being inaugurated by solemn ceremonies. The nests are like fibrous, ill-concocted isinglass, inclining to red, about the size of a goose's egg, and as thick as a silver spoon. They hang upon the rocks like (according to Mr. Albert Smith) watch-pockets. When dry they are brittle and wrinkled, and are sold for twice their weight in silver. The best are the whitest and cleanest; but even with these there is enormous labor in preparing them for the Chinese market, the end and aim of the trade being a soup with these nests floating about like lumps of soft, mucilaginous jelly. This nest, which is of the sea swallow (*hirundo esculenta*), is the only edible one known. Many are the delicious morsels afforded by birds. The beccafico in the fig season; the bronze-winged pigeon of Australia

when the acacia seeds are ripe; the young, fat, hideous diablotin or goat-sucker, if taken when a tender nestling, and the same bird when older, if taken when the palms are in fruit; the rice bunting of South Carolina, when the rice is ripening in the field; and the ortolan, mere lump of idealized fat as it is, — these are among the most celebrated of the smaller titbits, not forgetting the snipes and woodcocks of our own land.

"Some people eat insects. The grub of the palm weevil, about the size of one's thumb, is much favored in the East and West Indies; and the grubs of most beetles find their admirers and an œsophagal tomb in some or other quarter of the globe. Locusts are a substitute for grain with the Arabs, and are ground up into a kind of bread; beside being salted, smoked, and plainly boiled or roasted. The Moors think a fine fat locust superior even to a pigeon, and the Hottentots make a coffee-colored soup of their eggs. Grasshoppers and cicadas are also eaten; and, indeed, the problem seems to be to find any living thing which does not pass through the furnace for the benefit of some one's bill of fare. The white ants — termites — are said to be good eating; so are ants generally, giving a pleasant acid to the preparation, whatever it may be. They are distilled with rye in Sweden for the purpose of flavoring inferior brandy. The grub, or larva, of the termites is like the most delicious bit of cream; but the lusciousness of a large white fat maggot, precious to the Australian native, is said to be without compare. Stupid native! he devours the grubs of the most

valuable and the rarest moths and butterflies, and certain species are almost extinct, in the plumed state, because the thirsty, parched, unentomological black seizes on that bit of living marrow, the grub, wherever he finds it. The thrifty Chinese first wind off the cocoon, then send the chrysalis of the silk-worm to table. It is a pleasant adjunct in a feast where half-hatched eggs, sea-slugs, rats, frogs, and dogs are the principal dainties. Spiders are delicacies of the dessert kind to the Bushman; and Lalande and Anna Maria Schurman used to eat them like nuts, which it is said they resemble. Snails have their partisans, and Murillo's Seville boy ate a snail pie while he was being painted. Even we rear a certain large white race, which we sell in Covent Garden, to be made into soup and jelly for the consumptive, who believe them to be almost a specific for that complaint. The Chinese gloat over sea-slug, or *bèche de mer*, and a dish of a certain sea-worm is one of the events of life to the dwellers in the islands of the Southern Pacific. The people of Chili eat barnacles as we eat whelks; the Hottentots devour handfuls of roasted caterpillars, which taste like sugared cream or almond paste, and stand to them in the place of sugarplums and comfits. What a blessing it would be if we could persuade our rising population to exchange daff and mineral-colored lozenges for nice young harmless caterpillars roasted in the ashes. Think how the farmers would gain by the exchange!"

XXX.

NEAL DOW'S LAW EXECUTED BY HIMSELF.

THE bloody work made in Portland, at the hands of Neal Dow, while mayor of that city during the year 1855, is not forgotten by even a single one of our readers. It was a terrible, a murderous piece of business, begun and carried out by the very man who assumes to be the author of the Maine Law, as well as its successful pilot among the rocks and shoals of more than one legislature.

No more significant fact could be stated than this — that the author of the proscriptive, illiberal, tyrannical, and, after all, inoperative Maine Law was compelled to resort to the military and the hasty use of firearms in executing it. One man — an innocent and unsuspecting stranger — was murdered in this process; others were wounded; life was put in imminent jeopardy, and public feeling was excited to a pitch that would not compensate, in its fearful effects, for a thousand fold more drunkenness than that particular locality in which it occurred ever witnessed.

We will rehearse the mournful and disgraceful story; premising that it is no more than an earnest of what is quite likely to follow every where else, if it shall be attempted to carry out this most impossible of all laws of the present day and generation.

On the 2d day of June, 1855, in the city of Portland, Maine, occurred what has generally been styled the "Maine Law Riot," but which a great many, both of the citizens of Portland and other places, have insisted was the "Maine Law Murder." The occurrence took place on Saturday night. *One man was killed outright, and seven more were wounded.* It appears that a large quantity of liquors, valued at sixteen hundred dollars, had been purchased in New York, and brought to Portland for sale. It having been suggested to the city marshal that it would be necessary, under the law, to seize such liquors as illegally exposed for sale, the response was elicited from Mayor Dow that he had purchased them himself, on his own individual responsibility, and had ordered them to be sent on and stored in the city. This being the case, Mr. Dow was evidently guilty of breaking his own law, the penalty for which would have been imprisonment for thirty days, and the entire forfeiture of the liquors so seized. A complaint was accordingly made to the Police Court, and the judge issued his warrant for the seizure of the liquors; but not for the arrest of their owner, Mayor Dow. This warrant was not, however, given to an officer who would have been ready to make immediate service, but placed in the hands of the deputy marshal, who was not, very soon after receiving it, to be found any where. This deputy was a friend of Mayor Dow's.

Upon this, the mayor suddenly summoned the board of aldermen to meet, for the purpose of effecting a transfer of this liquor to the city for its agency. The

agency, however, had only been established a day or two before, and by the casting vote of Mr. Dow himself, which was several weeks subsequently to the purchase of the liquors by Mr. Dow in New York. The aldermen had been in session but a little while, when the missing deputy marshal suddenly made his appearance, and seized the liquors upon the warrant in his possession. An idle crowd collected about the door where the liquors were stored; but there was not the least symptom of excitement, the only desire being to see what was done, and *how* it was done. This took place on the afternoon of the fatal Saturday. As early as seven o'clock in the evening, it being still light, — for it was early in June, — a crowd was found collected about the City Hall building, in which the liquors were deposited, and kept gradually increasing until after nine o'clock, when a cry of fire was raised, — it is said by Mayor Dow's own order, — and the bells were rung, with a view of diverting the crowd from the spot. It produced, however, a contrary effect, and greatly increased the crowd.

Presently a few stones and other missiles were thrown through the windows and against the door of the room where the liquors were stored, but this was proved to be the work chiefly of boys, intent on mischief and fun; there was no malice about it, and the temper of the crowd was any thing but malicious. On the contrary, good nature was apparent all the while, and no other motive seemed to have called the people together but that of curiosity. They wanted to see what was

going on. A Portland paper remarks at this point of the narrative, "It is our decided opinion — and we have not met an intelligent person who witnessed the proceedings of the evening that does not concur with us — that an efficient police officer, with a dozen good men, could have easily dispersed the crowd any time prior to half past nine o'clock. Soon after ten o'clock the crowd had materially diminished, and seemed rapidly dispersing, when Mr. Dow, accompanied by Captain Green and a part of the Light Guard, appeared upon the sidewalk on the north side of the City Hall. The crowd were warned to disperse. His appearance, sword in hand, with soldiers, at once changed the temper of the multitude. They rallied around them, and gave groans and hisses in reply to the proclamation to disperse."

Then Mayor Dow gave his fatal order, — on the haste and impulse of the moment, as if instigated to do so by nothing but the derisions of the multitude, — "*First section*, FIRE!" The order was not obeyed; and it was then that the mob began to hurl missiles, mostly at him. A part of the company started off with Dow in escort, and the remainder at once returned to their armory in an upper story of the City Hall building. Captain Green refused to order his men to fire, as was said, because he thought it was unauthorized by the trivial scenes and circumstances of the occasion. At the time Dow gave his rash order, the company were standing directly opposite the entrance to the hall of the Mechanics' Association in Clapp's block, and their fire

would have taken effect, if at all, upon the people on the sidewalk, a part of whom were mechanics just coming from their hall, and who were entirely unconscious that any such proceeding was called for or contemplated. After Captain Green's company had retired, the brickbats flew thicker and stronger, and the police who were aiding the deputy marshal, who had seized the liquors to guard them, commenced firing pistols charged only with powder. A sort of sham fight was thus kept up between the crowd, which had now become more determined in its character, and the police, until about eleven o'clock, when Mr. Dow, with a portion of the Rifle Guards, descended from the Light Guards' Armory, and with the muskets of the Light Guards, to the south side of the City Hall. The doors of the liquor store were then thrown open, and the firing commenced, by Mr. Dow's order, through the store upon the crowd in the street upon the other side of the building.

One man, named George Robbins, the mate of the bark Louisa Eaton, was shot through the body, fell into the arms of a person close by, and died almost instantly. He was only thirty-two years of age, and was to have been married to a young lady in Portland very soon.

Thomas McCarty, a hostler, aged twenty-two years, received a ball under his chin, which passed out through his cheek, breaking the jaw-bone in its passage.

Thomas McKenney, a young man about twenty years old, was slightly wounded by a bullet on the head. A

young man by the name of Frank Milliken received a blow from a brickbat in the face, making a severe wound. An apprentice of Mr. Felt, and a young man employed at the United States Hotel, were also slightly wounded by bullets. John A. Poor, Esq., on his way home from his office, passed, in company with two other gentlemen, in front of the Clapp and Deering block, and just before reaching Preble Street a bullet passed through his hat, but did no injury. There were several other similar hair-breadth escapes. After firing for a while, the soldiers charged bayonet through the streets, and made several wanton and rude arrests, though none were attempted in the early part of the evening, when they ought to have been made. Mr. Seth Hilborn, an elderly gentleman, received a severe bayonet wound on the hip, while trying to get out of the way as fast as he could.

Such is the account of a rash, hot-headed, and vindictive man's trying to enforce a law of his own, with which it was impossible that his pride should not have far more to do than his boasted love for the race and its moral reform. In teaching people how to be temperate, he was betrayed into the grossest and most criminal intemperance himself; showing, in the first place, that he never possessed a proper conception of what the influences are that really operate to man's elevation, and, secondly, that he was the most unsafe man of all others to be clothed with the power necessary to enforce a law, whose whole spirit and temper was that of violence itself. We have been at the pains, in

a previous part of this volume, to point out the various methods by which such a law is certain to work mischief in every free community, and it is not necessary that we should rehearse them here; but this revolting tragedy, wrought at the hands of Neal Dow, furnishes us with all the illustration we need, by the aid of which to make each one of them glaringly real. This case abundantly sets forth the truth of the doctrines that we have all along laid down in reference to this law. All its tyranny, its violent and ruthless temper, and its dangerous tendencies are well illustrated by the tragedy that occurred in Portland in the year 1855, and it is for this reason that we have rehearsed it in this place. Having said that all such laws, operated only by the aid of a system of spying and lying, of malice and meanness, of meddling and suspicion, must of necessity lead to open violence in the end, and to the fatal disruption of all those ties that hold communities and neighborhoods together in peace, — we bring forward this present case by way of furnishing an ample illustration of the position with which we set out. It is, indeed, a most melancholy illustration; yet it holds up the truth of the whole matter before the eyes of the reader better than volumes of arguments, could we have brought forward so many.

In reference to the various causes that directly brought about this result, we quote from the columns of a well-informed journal of the city where this bloody drama was enacted: —

"As to the principal causes which produced this

unhappy result, there can be but one opinion. The course which Mr. Dow has pursued in the execution of the new liquor law, ruthlessly searching private dwellings, and packages coming by steamboat or express, and disregarding what have ever heretofore been regarded as the sacred rights of citizens, has done much to irritate and excite hostile feeling against him and his officers. They have seized liquor wherever they could find it without warrant, and have treated it and its owners as if the article was entirely outlawed; as if the formalities of law were of little importance in disposing of it. Mr. Dow and his minions have adopted just the course of proceeding which Elder Peck made an occasion for boasting at the recent Temperance Convention in Boston. He told the assembly there, that they had got so in Maine that they seized liquors wherever they could find them, and that they got the warrants when convenient. This spirit, manifested on the part of the authorities, has produced a deep-seated bitterness in the community. To add to this, Mr. Dow asked of the city government, at its last meeting, an appropriation of two thousand dollars to pay informers under the law, and the aldermen voted it. The common council laid the order on the table for the time; but as there was a large majority of Mr. Dow's satellites in that body, it was presumed he would drive them into voting this appropriation for pimps and spies, and thus add another aggravation to his already odious manner of executing the law.

"Then came the development in regard to the

wholesale purchase of liquor by Mr. Dow, and the attempt of the aldermen on Saturday to cloak the transaction after the warrant had been obtained for its seizure, and before it was served. The impression was pretty strong that the law was thus to be cheated, and that both Mr. Dow and the liquors were by unfair means to escape the penalty meted out by him with a high hand in other cases.

"There was a pretty strong current of feeling, that no great moral or legal wrong would be done by letting Mr. Dow's liquor into the gutter, (the common receptacle for the article here, and no doubt the best one when properly got into it,) and it was this feeling on the part of a few, and curiosity on the part of others, which caused the assemblage on Saturday night. The worst that any one of those assembled had in view was the spilling of a little liquor, which is hardly regarded as property, and with those unable to make the nice distinctions between *beverage* and *medicine* is not a crime of a very serious nature. Whatever of violence there was exhibited on the part of the crowd, was directed wholly against this liquor. The desire for the destruction of liquor seemed to have become an epidemic. The position of parties, however, was singularly reversed; the people wished to destroy, and the police, with Mr. Dow at their head, were defending it. We do not believe, however, if Mr. Dow and the military had kept away, that any serious harm would have been done.

"A few panes of glass broken, and some other injuries

done to the door of the liquor store, would have been all, and the crowd would quietly have dispersed of themselves, or a reasonable spirit from any prominent citizen would no doubt have dispersed them any time during the evening. But the presence of Mr. Dow, brandishing his sword, and accompanied by soldiers, exasperated the crowd to make a more violent attack upon the store. These acts were unlawful and unjustifiable on the part of those who committed them; but these did not, in our judgment, call for or justify the shedding of blood. The loss of the liquor would have been of little consequence, compared with human life, which, we confess, it seems to us was most wantonly sacrificed in this case."

Is there need of saying more? We simply ask how much real, practical, permanent reform can possibly be effected by statutes claiming to be based only on the sentiment of benevolence, but whose execution is liable at any time to call out an armed soldiery to shoot into excited mobs. Temperance and Reform *this* is, with a vengeance!

XXXI.

RECEIPTS FOR DOMESTIC LIQUORS.

Inasmuch as it is generally conceded that wines must be used in families, for one purpose and another, certainly in a state of sickness if not in health, we have thought the reader would consider it not amiss to find within these pages such reliable directions for the manufacture of pure drinks as would be of service at any future time. There is a further satisfaction, likewise, that the drinks thus manufactured will be pure, and so incapable of producing, even if used in some instances improperly, those terrible effects which are chiefly to be deplored in the case of those usually sold and consumed.

We commence with the harmless beverage of cider; at which too many people simply pucker their mouths and make wry faces, instead of trying to do something to make cider what it ought to be.

"Cider," says a high medical work, "made of ripe apples, properly fermented, and racked or purified, is, of all fermented liquors, the most innocent and the best. It may be made, by care and proper management, as fine flavored and as clear as wine."

There are several modes of keeping cider; but we can recommend the following one as the best, if not

the very best method in use. We give it, anecdote and all.

"A few years ago chemistry and sugar making were found to be intimately connected. The chemist told the planter how to arrest the natural tendency of cane juice to acidify. It was simply to add a little sulphite of lime. Now he tells the cider makers the same thing. Mind, it is sulphite, and not sulphate. The latter is a natural form of lime, known as plaster of Paris. The former is a preparation by the chemists — the salts of sulphurous acid. To use this material, which is inexpensive and harmless to health, in preserving cider, Professor Horsford, of Harvard University, says, —

"'Put the new cider into clean casks or barrels, and allow it to ferment from one to three weeks, according as the weather is cool or warm. When it has attained to lively fermentation, add to each gallon three fourths of a pound of white sugar, and let the whole ferment again until it possesses nearly the brisk, pleasant taste which it is desirable should be permanent. Pour out a quart of the cider, and mix with it one quarter of an ounce of sulphite of lime for every gallon the cask contains. Stir until it is intimately mixed, and pour the emulsion into the liquid. Agitate the contents of the cask thoroughly for a few moments, then let it rest, that the cider may settle. Fermentation will be arrested at once, and will not be resumed. It may be bottled in the course of a few weeks, or it may be allowed to remain in the cask and used on draught. If bottled, it will become a sparkling cider — better than what is called champagne wine.'"

Be careful to have the cider work sufficiently before putting in the sulphite of lime, or you will get nothing more than sweet cider, which will prove comparatively worthless.

Pure *hard cider*, if kept in perfectly clean barrels in a cool cellar, is no bad drink, unmixed with any other ingredient, and with very many constitutions it is a specific for summer complaint, nausea, and all kindred diseases.

WINE.

The same physician referred to above, as speaking of cider and its benefits, says of wine as follows: "Wine, unmixed with alcohol, used in moderation, may be considered a wholesome drink. In those countries where it is produced in abundance, the people drink freely of it without injury, and are proverbially temperate. In France, where there are such immense quantities of wine, a drunkard is seldom or never to be found. It seems to destroy that hankering after stronger spirits which is so peculiar to other countries where wine is not much made. The wine imported into this country frequently contains such a large quantity of alcohol, that it becomes injurious. Hence the necessity and importance for Americans and others to plant vineyards. Some of our most sensible men give it as their opinion, that if wine was as freely used as in France, it would eradicate the universal vice of intemperance."

Says a noted writer upon this subject, "Wine, when used in moderation, proves generally grateful to the

stomach; it warms and stimulates it to greater exertion, promotes probably a more speedy discharge of its contents, and, from its immediate action, imparts a transient sensation of warmth and comfort; but when taken in an immoderate quantity, it produces intoxication for the time, and, its exhilarating effects having subsided, it leaves the frame disordered, relaxed, and weak. Wine may be considered as the best of cordials, where its good qualities are not destroyed by too free and frequent a use. Most of the great drinkers of vinous and spirituous liquors die of relaxation, of debility, loss of appetite, tubercles, and scirrhosity of the liver, or dropsy.

"The uses of wine are great, both as a beverage and a medicine. Several physicians recommend it as an excellent cordial, and particularly serviceable in fevers. The moderate use of wine is of service to the aged, the weak, and the relaxed, and to those who are exposed to a warm and moist or corrupted air; wine deserves to be ranked first in the list of anti-scorbutic liquors. Considered as a medicine, it is a valuable cordial in languors and debilities; grateful and reviving; particularly useful in the low stage of malignant or other fevers, for raising the pulse and resisting putrefaction."

There are various kinds of domestic wines that deserve to be manufactured with much more care than is now bestowed upon them; if they are esteemed of high value when made in the hasty way they now are, what might they not become if an equal amount of pains

was bestowed on them with that paid to the manufacture of the Catawba and foreign wines. Of the several kinds in constant and common use, we cite a few of the leading ones, and speak of the best mode of their manufacture and preservation.

GRAPE WINE.

In the first place, great attention is to be paid to the mashing of the grapes. Where but a few bushels are to undergo this process, a simple and efficacious process is to prepare a wooden stamper, say three and a half feet long, about six inches in diameter at the larger end, and with the bottom slightly scooped or concave. Let holes be bored thickly through the larger end, with a quarter-inch auger, into which fix hard oak or hickory pins, so that they may project from the masher for nearly half an inch in every direction. Now, put about two bushels of grapes into a clean, sweet cask, holding in the neighborhood of forty gallons, and proceed to pound the masher up and down among them. Continue this operation until the entire mass of the grapes is thoroughly mashed. Then empty the whole mass into a box placed upon the wine press.

In European countries, the practice has been to tread out the grapes with the feet, the grapes being placed in a small tub, the bottom of which is perforated with a great many holes. But this practice is not likely to be adopted by us. The skins and pulp of our grape are so hard that the work would be too laborious; and many

of our vintners think that the "tannin" of the stem improves the flavor and aids in the preservation of the wine. Concerning the European practice of allowing the mashed grapes to stand in casks for fermentation, before pressing, it is thought that it will hardly be adopted in this country by wine-makers, although many experiments are yet to be tried in order to satisfy the public on the matter. It is thought that the season here, at the time of the vintage, is too warm to permit it.

After mashing comes pressing. As soon, therefore, as possible, the mass of mashed grapes is to be taken to the wine press. This instrument each person will of course suit to his own crop of grapes and length of purse. Any modern hand-book on the manufacture of wine will furnish the reader with diagrams of such an instrument as he will need, together with complete directions for their manufacture. The whole mass is poured upon a floor like a frame, to which is tightly fitted a cover; and on the back of this is a stout cross-piece, to which the screw is applied that produces the wine. The sap that first flows from the press makes the best wine; all the other expressions are of course inferior. Yet few persons in this country would stop to consider so trifling a fact, important as it is in its results.

Let the whole work be performed with as much nicety and despatch as possible. Young wine juice absorbs acids very readily from the atmosphere, and likewise from the vessels, if not thoroughly clean, into

which it runs. The grapes, either before or after mashing, should not be allowed to stand about for any length of time in tubs, casks, and barrels, but be attended to at once. Make a business of it while the work is going on, and, where the small quantity of grapes will permit, mash and press all that are gathered in one day *on the same day*, and carry the juice instantly to the cellar, leaving it as little exposed to the atmosphere as need be. It is of course highly important that casks, clean and tight, should be all prepared for the reception of the juice of the grape, and made as large as you can secure. The larger the body of wine fermenting in one vessel, the better will be the wine finally produced.

The casks that receive the product of the wine press should not be allowed to stand on the cellar bottom, but upon platforms or scaffoldings, and should be filled not more than three fourths full. Within twenty-four hours the wine will commence the work of fermentation. By this process, many of the finer essences belonging to the wine, and that would greatly improve its flavor and general character, escape. The carbonic acid especially is lost, being secured only in the wines known as champagne. But the cost of securing this essential element is so great as to be out of the question with those who would be glad to get hints on domestic wine-making from the pages of this volume.

When fermentation subsides, instantly close the casks so that the oxygen of the atmosphere cannot penetrate to the fermenting mass. Of course the bungs are left

out while this process is going on, else the casks would burst. Fermentation being over, drive in the bungs tightly. The wine becomes clear generally in a few weeks, when it may be drawn off. The wine should be carefully kept in dry, walled cellars, impervious both to the heats of summer and the cold of winter. Vegetables, that produce a peculiar and sometimes an offensive smell, should not be kept in the same cellar with the wine, or, certainly, not very near the casks. Every thing should be as clean, sweet, and dry as it can be made.

In the spring, the fermented wine should be drawn off, if it has not already been done, when it will be found to have become much improved by its winter's sleep. Then it is placed in bottles for family use, some of which may be drank to advantage after suffering them to lie embedded in sand for about six weeks. Good wines are *clear* wines, and have of course gone through the necessary process of fermentation. All the boasted *unfermented* wines are crimes against nature, and contain elements that go to the making up of no wholesome beverage.

We now proceed to cite some of the simpler domestic wines, and to give the best and easiest methods of manufacturing them.

GOOSEBERRY CHAMPAGNE.

Secure none but the largest sized gooseberries that are not yet turned red, and take off clean their tops and tails. Measure a gallon of pure, soft water, and

weigh out three pounds of the berries; place the berries in a clean tub, and pour on a little water; mash them well with a wooden masher; then pour on the rest of the water, and stir the whole mass thoroughly. Place now a cloth over the tub, allowing the whole to stand four days; but stir it frequently during that time. Then strain the liquor into another vessel, and add to every gallon of liquor four pounds of fine loaf sugar, and to every five gallons of the whole a quart of the purest French brandy. Have the mass well mixed, and pour it afterwards into a clean and sweet cask that will be exactly filled, leaving no space at all. Put the cask on its side in a cool, dry place in the cellar, and place the bung loosely over the bung hole. Be very careful not to allow the cask to be disturbed in any way, since any shaking or jarring is calculated to injure the wine. Let it work now for about two weeks, when the noise caused by the fermentation will cease to be heard. Next bottle it, driving in the corks tightly. Place the bottles on their sides, and by suffering them to lie for six months they will be found to furnish as lively champagne wine as any family would wish to drink.

RED CURRANT WINE.

An excellent and much admired wine is made of the red currant, which sells very readily in the market at the rate of two dollars a gallon. This currant is acid, but juicy, and of a very fine vinous flavor. The fruit is very acceptable at the time when it makes its appearance, and is used in sundry ways by those whose palates crave just the refreshment it is ready to furnish.

In order to make a good and palatable drink, in the form of wine, from this common berry, observe the following process: After expressing the juice from the currant, add two pails of water and three pounds of sugar to each gallon. Or, what is better, make a strong sirup by adding a pound of sugar to a quart of currant juice, strain and bottle it, or put it in casks, cork as tightly as will be safe, and set away in a cool place in the cellar, that the fermentation may not be too rapid. Afterwards add a little water to the pomace, so that each quart of currants and pound of sugar shall receive a quart of water. This mixture will keep well for one or two years, and is at all times sweet and refreshing, besides containing none of the alcohol to be found in all imported wines.

GREEN CURRANT WINE.

Let the currants be full grown, though not so far advanced as to have begun to redden. Pick them clean from the stems, weigh them, and allow to every three pounds a gallon of soft, pure water. Proceed to mash them in the same way as in the case of the gooseberry champagne; but in the matter of sugar, a good light-brown sugar may be used, if preferred on account of the expense, instead of the loaf sugar. As soon as the fermenting process is over, it may be tightly secured in the cask, without the trouble of bottling, the bung being driven in. After standing in a proper place for six months, it will be fit for drinking.

PEACH WINE.

Weigh out eight pounds of the best freestone peaches, fully ripe, and very juicy. Slice them into a couple of gallons of soft water, and add five pounds of well-broken loaf sugar. Next extract the kernels from the peach stones, break them up, and sprinkle them in the bottom of a clean tub, or other vessel. Then put the peaches, with the now dissolved sugar, into a kettle, and boil and skim it till the scum no longer rises. Strain it now through a large sieve into the tub containing the broken peach-stone kernels. Stir all together thoroughly, and cover it over tightly till all is cool. Then throw in a large slice of toasted bread, smothered with yeast, and leave it to ferment; when fermentation ceases, strain it into a keg, and add a bottle of sweet Malaga wine, or Muscadel. Now let it stand undisturbed for six months. After that, draw off a small quantity in a glass, to see if it is clear; if it should not be by that time, draw off a pint of the wine, into which put an ounce of gum arabic; dissolve the mixture in a slow heat, and add an ounce of powdered chalk. When all are well dissolved, pour back the pint of wine into the cask, stirring it gently the while with a stick; but be careful not to let the stick touch the bottom, lest it may disturb the lees, or sediment, in the cask. After standing three days longer, it will be fit for bottling. Six months keeping will make it a very fine beverage.

BLACKBERRY WINE.

This is quite a common domestic wine, but none too many families are in the habit of manufacturing it. Let the berries be fully ripe, and pick them all over carefully. Allow a quart of soft water to every quart of the berries, and boil the water separate. Put the blackberries in a clean tub, and mash them with a wooden instrument, so as to do the work thoroughly. Pour the boiling water upon the mashed berries, and let them stand in a cool place till the next morning, stirring them from time to time. Then press out all the juice, measure it, and allow for every quart of the liquor half a pound of sugar. Put the sugar into a cask, and strain the liquor upon it through linen. Stir frequently till the sugar is completely dissolved, and leave the cask open till the liquor has ceased to work. Add now half an ounce of isinglass, or an ounce of gum arabic, dissolved in a little hot water; or the beaten whites of four eggs will answer as well; keep the cask open till the next day, after which the bung may be driven in. In two months it will be fit for bottling.

DOMESTIC BEER.

Pleasant and healthy beer can be made very cheaply. Almost any cook book contains at least half a dozen different receipts for its manufacture. Any old lady or skilful country housewife can tell how to make beer that will make a sick man well, and a well man happy and strong. The time once was, when a girl who could

not bake and brew about as well as her mother, stood but a slim chance in the field of matrimony. A very common mode of manufacturing beer is, to sweeten as much water as is wanted to suit the taste of the drinker, — although the more sweetening used, the more vitality will the beer contain, — to add to each gallon of water half a gill of common yeast, and the strength, in liquid form, obtained by steeping a common handful of hops. This is all that is necessary to make good beer, yet it is usual to add sarsaparilla, yellow dock, spruce, or any thing else that the health or taste of the consumer may require.

DISTILLED LIQUORS.

The process of distillation is very simple, and if our Saviour was warranted in performing his first miracle, — that of turning water into wine, — may not the distilling practices of the present time be defended, which only convert *water*, with molasses added, into New and West India rum? The rum itself is good, may be used innocently, and its efficiency as a medicinal agent is undeniable. Its abuse is quite another matter, and is as infinitely different from its proper use as hell is said to be from heaven.

XXXII.

THE CURSE OF OPIUM.

Upon the tendency of the human race generally to manufacture stimulating drinks, or compounds, we have already commented in a previous chapter, and at quite sufficient length. It is an acknowledged fact, therefore, that men have a natural desire or craving for stimulus, and that desire they will gratify in one way or another, at almost any cost; if the gratification of this instinct is denied or forbidden them, instead of its being educated, disciplined, and refined, there is little doubt, as the history of mankind fully shows, that the instinct will pursue even improper and ruinous courses in order to secure the enjoyment of its own purposes.

Hence in some countries, where we think civilization has long since demonstrated the impossibility of such a thing, we find men of the highest social position, holding office under government, and possessed of the most brilliant talents, devoted to the daily use of the deadly drug called *opium*, than which no other power among stimulants is at once more subtle and tyrannical. Rum is comparatively powerless by the side of opium. It holds its devotees like bound slaves. De Quincey furnishes an illustration of a man with splendid talents,

who, by the habitual use of this potent enchantress, practically threw away the high and valuable services of an active manhood, and lives now only to do daily and even hourly penance for the guilt of which he stands self-charged by his habit of indulgence. It is a belief with him now, years after his reformation was effected, that a large and greedy worm has been generated in his vitals, and that the horrible creature's constant cravings for stimulus are the cause of the everlasting gnawing with which his life is afflicted.

In Eastern countries, as in China, opium is largely eaten and smoked by the people for its exhilarating effects; likewise in Turkey, where the inhabitants, some of them, derive the very inspiration and essence of their lives from partaking of it. The lotus plant is likewise used in Egypt, and in India the liquor that is distilled from hemp. As we before said, there is no end to the methods by which this universal instinct in man, that craves for stimulus of some sort, will ingeniously resort to secure its gratification. But opium eating, of all others, is, without doubt, the habit that is most deplorable. It most surely and thoroughly depraves the intellects of its victim; it soonest runs its delicate and insinuating influences under and through his whole nature, and determines to rule *and* ruin it together; it will have all its worshippers the most submissive possible of all slaves, begging for the poorest favors, which in a right state of health and self-control, they would have but to reach out and take for themselves.

He who once eats of this drug usually eats of it forever. There is a spell in its influence which no man has full power to withstand. He becomes a slave in his very soul. The power over himself is almost gone. He is sunk completely in his indulgence. He is no individual — he is a thing. Friendship goes for nothing with him; nor love of kindred, nor the pious duties that belong to a husband and father, nor the claims of citizenship and manhood. His nature undergoes a rapid reversal. Every thing seems to be turned inside out. He has no ideas of responsibility, no self-respect, no shape or form for his character whatever; he is devoted to but one thing, and that the drug of which he eats, and through whose instrumentality he destroys himself. A pitiful spectacle such men present, but quite as common as it is wretched.

De Quincey, the famous English author, in his "Confessions of an Opium Eater," remarks of the commonness of this practice of eating opium, and the large class addicted to it, "But who are they? Reader, I am sorry to say a very numerous class indeed. Of this I became convinced some years ago, by computing, at that time, the number of those in one small class of English society, (the class of men distinguished for talent, or of eminent station,) who were known to me, directly or indirectly, as opium eaters. Now, if one class, comparatively so limited, could furnish so many scores of cases, (and that within the knowledge of one single inquirer,) it was a natural consequence that the entire population of England would furnish a propor-

tionate number. The soundness of this inference, however, I doubted, until some facts became known to me, which satisfied me that it was not incorrect. I will mention two: 1. Three respectable London druggists, in widely remote quarters of London, from whom I happened lately to be purchasing small quantities of opium, assured me that the number of *amateur* opium eaters (as I may term them) was, at this time, immense, and that the difficulty of distinguishing these persons, to whom habit had rendered opium necessary, from such as were purchasing it with a view to suicide, occasioned them daily trouble and disputes. This evidence respected London only.

"But, 2, (which will probably surprise the reader more.) Some years ago, on passing through Manchester, I was informed by several cotton manufacturers that their work people were rapidly getting into the practice of opium eating; so much so, that on a Saturday afternoon the counters of the druggists were strewed with pills of one, two, or three grains, in preparation for the known demand of the evening. The immediate occasion of this practice was the lowness of wages, which, at that time, would not allow them to indulge in ale or spirits; and, wages rising, it may be thought that this practice would cease; but as I do not readily believe that any man, having once tasted the divine luxuries of opium, will afterwards descend to the gross and mortal enjoyments of alcohol, I take it for granted

> 'That those eat now who never ate before,
> And those who always ate now eat the more.'"

The amount of opium annually consumed in the United States has latterly begun to attract public attention. It is reported that some three hundred thousand pounds were imported into the country last year, of which the comparatively small portion used for medicinal purposes, as can easily and accurately be ascertained, shows how much — and it was an enormous quantity — was used by the regular eaters of the drug. Few persons have any idea of the matter. The evil has gained a footing that it will be no such easy work to eradicate. It takes hold on rich and poor alike; it knows no distinctions of position, of culture, or of any thing else; it insinuates its way into the habits of our population, every person sacredly keeping his own secret, and soon comes to assert its own prerogative, if not the entire mastery.

Even those persons who have set up the loudest outcries against others using spirits and wines for social and stimulating purposes, addict themselves to this vice with the utmost constancy. They either do not see their inconsistency, or they are hypocrites on principle. In families where we little dream of such a practice, and which, of all others, we would suppose to be exempt from their invasion, the deadly but infatuating drug is secretly used, each member keeping the practice closely to himself, and going on in his indulgence until his thraldom is thorough and complete. Professional men buy and eat opium for the sake of the splendid relief it furnishes them from the toilsome cares of their daily avocations. Lawyers address juries

on matters where human life trembles in the balance, under the weird spell of this potent drug. Authors sit at their solitary tables, silent and rapt in thought, and pour forth a wealth of intellect which, in their normal condition, they are astonished to find in any sense the fruit of their own faculties. Ladies in high life scruple not to buy and eat opium, for the splendid dreams it drifts over the sky of their lives, and deem themselves happy only when lapped in the indescribable elysium produced by the Eastern narcotic. And failing to get opium itself, they consume laudanum in large quantities, making it do the work instead.

So that much the larger part of the opium and laudanum imported into this country is consumed by those who purchase it for the sake of its intoxicating properties. What that exact quantity is, cannot of course be ascertained, because of the secrecy with which it is employed. What is used for medicinal purposes can be readily known; and the great balance must be set down to the charge of these men and women — and a vast army they make among our population — who habitually eat the drug, and drink the deadly wine that is compressed in its manufacture. It would startle us all if we could count the numbers of these people, and behold them drawn out in array before us. But the fact is none the less well established, lamentable as it is, than if we really had the whole of this wretched body of beings directly before our eyes.

THE HASHEESH EATER.

The eating of hasheesh is as common in Eastern countries as the use of opium; and it is but another proof of the universal tendency of mankind to the discovery and consumption of some agent that shall exalt and enlarge the spirit, and seem to make life larger than it is.

A book was published by the Harpers of New York, a short time ago, entitled "The Hasheesh Eater;" and the author describes hasheesh, and its weird influence on him who eats of it, in the following way: "In northern latitudes the hemp plant (*cannabis sativa*) grows almost entirely to fibre, becoming, in virtue of this quality, the great resource for mats and cordage. Under a southern sun this same plant loses its fibrous texture, but secretes, in quantities equal to one third of its bulk, an opaque and greenish resin. Between the northern and the southern hemp there is no difference, except the effect of diversity of climate upon the same vegetable essence; yet naturalists, misled by the much greater extent of gummy secretion in the latter, have distinguished it from its brother of the colder soil by the name *cannabis Indica*.

"The resin of the *cannabis Indica* is hasheesh. From time immemorial it has been known among all the nations of the East as possessing powerful stimulant and narcotic properties; throughout Turkey, Persia, Nepaul, and India, it is used at this day among all classes of society as an habitual indulgence. The forms in

which it is employed are various. Sometimes it appears in the state in which it exudes from the mature stalk, as a crude resin; sometimes it is manufactured into a conserve with clarified butter, honey, and spices; sometimes a decoction is made of the flowering tops in water or arrack. Under either of these forms the method of administration is by swallowing. Again, the dried plant is smoked in pipes or chewed, as tobacco among ourselves.

"Used in whatever preparation, hasheesh is characterized by the most remarkable phenomena, both physical and spiritual. A series of experiments made with it by men of eminent attainments in the medical profession, principally at Calcutta, and during the last ten years, prove it to be capable of inducing all the ordinary symptoms of catalepsy, or even of trance.

"However, from the fact of its so extensive daily use as a pleasurable stimulus in the countries where experiments with it have been made, it has doubtless lost interest in the field of scientific research, and has come to be regarded as only one more means, among the multitude which mankind in all latitudes are seeking, for the production of a sensual intoxication. Now and then a traveller, passing by the bazaar where it was exposed for sale, moved by curiosity, has bought some form of the hemp, and made the trial of its effects upon himself; but the results of the experiment were dignified with no further notice than a page, or a chapter, in the note book of his journeyings, and the hasheesh phenomena, with an exclamation of wonder, were

thenceforward dismissed from his own and the public mind."

The writer then proceeds to give the results of his own personal acquaintance with the drug, which he does in a most vivid style, conjuring up in the imagination of his reader the wildest and seemingly most unreal forms it is possible to conceive of. He treats the subject of hasheesh as "a key to some of the most singular manifestations of the Oriental mind, as a narrative interesting to the attentive student of the human soul and body, and the mysterious network of interacting influences which connect them." And he thus finely sums up the object he has in giving his experiences as a hasheesh eater to the world: "The aim of this relation is not merely æsthetic nor scientific; though throughout it there be no stopping to moralize, it is my earnest desire that it may teem with suggestions of a lesson without which humanity can learn nothing in the schools. It is this: The soul withers and sinks from its growth towards the true end of its being, beneath dominance of any sensual indulgence. The chain of its bondage may for a long time continue to be golden, — many a day may pass before the fetters' gall, — yet all the while there is going on a slow and insidious consumption of its native strength; and when at last captivity becomes a pain, it may awake to discover, in inconceivable terror, that the very forces of disinthralment have perished out of its reach."

The experiences of the eater of hasheesh are too various and terrible to be described; in fact, no verbal

description is equal to the gigantic reality. A moment of time becomes years to the person under its influence; a common voice sounds like the shouting of a mighty host; all persons, space, time, and number are viewed as through a spiritual telescope; the world has become a larger world, a grander sphere, a vaster reality. The demon of madness seems to have seized hold upon the one yielding to the fatal indulgence. He goes he knows not whither; he lives newly; old places and old friends take on fresh and varied characteristics; the world is a dance, and the hasheesh eater reels on through the whole, the vastest dream of all.

This drug exercises a spell as potent as that of opium; and the devotees of each count by legion in the Eastern countries. As we before remarked, we are only reminded by the prevalent use of this resinous substance, called hasheesh, of the activity of human ingenuity in devising means to produce intoxication of the senses, and a temporary stimulus of the mental and spiritual faculties.

XXXIII.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

This terrible disease is the penalty paid by those who indulge in the excessive use of strong liquors; especially the criminally compounded liquors that are unblushingly sold in these times for pure drinks. It is, in fact, a much more common disease than is generally known. Its symptoms are those appertaining to the disease of insanity. It is called by some the brain-fever of drunkards. It commences with nausea, vomiting, and the like, and sometimes only because of a sudden disuse of stimulus. It is not necessary, either, that the victims to it should have been notorious drunkards; a man who has always kept his skin full, yet screened his reputation from shame by superior steadiness of nerve, is as likely to succumb to its frightful assaults as one who has habitually lain in the gutter.

The disease is of gradual approach, and several days usually elapse before it reaches its highest stage of riotous power. The patient is extremely wakeful, inclined to walk hurriedly to and fro, and his brain is haunted with throngs of the most hideous and frightful images. Generally the unhappy victims to it see nothing but devils all around them, these forming the acme of the "Gorgons and chimeras dire" with which they

are beset. Symptoms of decided fever accompany the disease. The countenance takes on an expression of alarm, anxiety, and suspicion. Suddenly the patient grows wildly talkative, — extremely irritable, — and calls out for help from others. Then he raves, and is tormented with idle fears that he is pursued, that he is about to be robbed, or murdered. And in this course he continues for a term of four or five days, when the disease terminates in a fit of epilepsy and the decease of the unhappy victim.

It is a fact well worthy of general consideration, that delirium tremens was comparatively, if not altogether, unknown among even immoderate drinkers of strong liquors in other days; and temperance writers and temperance orators themselves admit it. If the reader will take the pains to turn back to the chapter reviewing the book called the "Satanic License," he will find that the reverend author of that book makes this most important admission. We call it important, because upon it hinges the whole case whose defence, or rather whose elucidation, we have been engaged in setting forth in this volume. For if it shall be shown, and admitted by candid men, that it is owing only to the poisoning and base adulteration of spirits that these melancholy cases of delirium tremens occur, then we have all the stronger right to insist that they shall be brought to an end by the interposition of statute law.

If it can be shown that, by reason of this wicked adulteration of liquors, this most criminal compounding of poisonous ingredients, such a fearful disease as the

delirium tremens is entailed on the human race, then it plainly follows that it devolves on the social state to remove *this cause* of the vast evil, by decreeing that such abominable corruptions and compositions shall be rooted out of the land. The law-makers have plenary power in their hands to do this thing, and they know very well they would be sustained by the people at large in the enactment of laws stringent enough to suit the case. They can see the evil, and they know what is the most efficient remedy to apply to it. And following close upon the heels of a statute to prevent the adulteration of liquors of all kinds, would fitly come another statute, embodying effective and stringent provisions in favor of a proper system of license.

The greatest portion of the evil that has been rightfully charged against *rum* — as all sorts of wines and liquors are commonly styled by fanatically inclined persons — is well known to proceed from that rum's being such vile and murderous stuff. It was manufactured expressly to destroy both body and soul. A greater degree of criminality of heart can hardly be said to exist in the cold and calculating manslayer than is to be found in the man who deliberately and perseveringly mixes potent draughts of poison, for the sole purpose of selling them to be drank by those who buy them because they can get nothing better. These draughts may inspire intoxication at first, but it is maddening rather than exhilarating; it gnaws at the stomach rather than diffuses a healthy stimulus all over the body; it perverts the taste as soon as it passes the

delicate pavement of the palate, and craves more from the moment it has secured its first gratification. Like all other poisons, it does its work without mistake. Travelling lecturers on teetotalism show to astonished audiences the awful condition of the human stomach that has imbibed these destroying fluids, by means of hideous but truth-telling diagrams and pictures. It is indeed a dreadful matter for any civilized people to contemplate; and we are glad they are led, or even forced to do it, while these murderers or poisoners of the public are allowed to go on with their nefarious work with impunity. It is best that the truth should be pressed upon the minds of all continually, so that if they are made to feel their responsibility for the toleration of these things, there will be no sort of excuse if they do not go to work and bring them to a speedy end.

We have not at our hand any statistics of this disease called delirium tremens, and we question if any have yet been collected in such form as to be of service in showing the fearful extent of its ravages. Yet enough is known in various quarters, such as our public hospitals and other similar places, to certify to the lamentable fact that thousands are afflicted with it every year; and it is perfectly safe further to presume, from such significant and numerous facts as have already come to public observation, that there are multitudes more among our population who linger and die under its destructive power, but whose true cases, from reasons of pride and delicacy on the part of friends, are never known. It is a scourge, wrought by man upon

man; and there is no reason why it should not be brought to an end by those who always have it in their power to secure that result. It is a destroyer whose liberty ought not to be tolerated in a community styling itself civilized for a day; but nothing is easier than for those who are resolved to throttle the monster, to do it without fear or ceremony.

But fanatical minds are always impracticable minds; that is, in their heat and prejudice they see every thing but the right thing, and every way but the right way, and therefore suppose that the way to check the ravages of this fell destroyer is to try to stop mankind's drinking any stimulating drinks at all, even if they were to be had pure and unadulterated! This is merely fanaticism flying over to its other natural extreme — folly. For it cannot be deemed practicable now, after all this long and futile experimenting, to stop the consumption of stimulating drinks by the community; and if legislators are disposed to attempt it again, and so keep on with their dead experimenting, they will suddenly discover that a more intelligent public sentiment and a more practicable public determination have availed to rotate them all out of their position and their power together.

The fact is simply here: wines and spirits will always be manufactured, and will always be sold; and the only question for legislators to answer is, whether they will permit dealers to mix the poisonous elements they now do, and sell them in every direction, or insist, on the other hand, that none but pure and thoroughly

tested liquors shall be sold, on penalty of forfeiting liberty itself for the criminal transgression. This deadly stream is not to be rendered innocuous by building fences all along on either side of it, and telling people that they shall not climb over, or creep under, and drink, on their peril; but rather by following it up to its fountain head, and there stopping the flow of waters that carry such certain destruction from the beginning to the end of their course.

Hence, we say, there is no stronger argument for a severe license law, one of whose provisions shall expressly take protecting care of the liquors to be sold, than the prevalence of such a disease as delirium tremens, which is known to be the direct fruit of poisoned liquors. This terrible fact stares us in the face, and calls louder than all others for a reform where, indeed, a reform can alone be effective. It is idle to talk about preventing the use of liquors, for that has been tried, even at the expense of human life itself; the most valuable reformer is he who will address himself to their *purification*, rather than their banishment. And every month proves that public sentiment is rapidly setting, in relation to this matter, in the right direction.

XXXIV.

THE THREE.—AN HONEST RAMROD.

THE frontispiece to the present volume gives the reader a pretty vivid notion of three distinct classes of individuals, each of which will find more or less remark suited to itself in these pages. We candidly consider that the talented artist has done his work as he should do it, and that his pencil will work a more thorough reformation in public opinion than a volume of dry temperance discourses could on the same subject.

The individual standing on the extreme right of the picture represents "An Honest Ramrod;" that is, a man whose bad digestion inclines him to hate wine, and all other creature comforts, on principle alone, and who dies a thousand deaths in seeing others enjoying what nothing but the morbid state of his liver — which he mistakes for his heart — forbids his enjoying too. He looks over his spectacles; any one can see that it imparts increased sanctity to his countenance; the little boys along the street dare but to throw glances at him, and secretly wonder if an angel is at all like that man for right down hard goodness. You cannot see that the glasses are colored, yet whatever he looks at seems to his vision to be of a *yellow* hue. That

proceeds from his liver again. He is affected with the jaundice, in consequence of his indigestion, and all objects of course take on a saffron tint. The thoughtful style, however, in which he throws his telescopic glance over his spectacles, as far forward into the misty future as he can make it go, is peculiar to the Ramrod style of man, and, we ought conscientiously to add, as becoming as it is peculiar. One of Burns's songs, now, sung on a roistering key in that excellent gentleman's ears, — we do not discover that they are extremely long ears, either, — would give him a shock that he would carry with him into his grave.

Poor, honest, unhappy man! How we pity him! He carries his Bible on his arm, as if it were a cross upon his back. See what a weight it is upon him. He would bow under it, if that would make him look any more meek. Between the covers of that Bible he believes he has found the sum of all truth; and that amount is comprised in spurning the good gifts of Heaven, and making himself acceptable by going without altogether. It is a sorry mistake, but few men get so much comfort out of their misery as he does; and all that is to be said in his favor. That book — as he believes — teaches him to turn his face the other way, when he is obliged to pass a cider mill; to salute the fresh apple blossoms of spring with the grimmest smile that ever played about a human mouth; to bless God that he never tasted any thing delicious in grapes; and to inwardly declare that the beautiful miracle at Cana of Galilee was one of the most mistaken examples

a truly divine teacher could have allowed himself to set for his followers.

His faith and stomach combined have had the effect to start ugly puckers, in the form of wrinkles, all over his face. Such a faith ought to be too much for any constitution; it ought to wear a man out, and, in due time, it will him. The Almighty will not consent to keep one of his children shut up here on this earth, while he betrays such dissatisfaction with every thing around him; he will suffer his ill digestion to take him off as soon as it may.

The slenderness of this gentleman's outline, elegant as it is in the eye of art, is likewise to be attributed to the operation of his faith. That is enough to take the flesh off of any man. To get fat on his sort of faith would be as difficult as to make a breakfast off a raw east wind; that has been tried, but never would succeed. This class of individuals are never gross creatures; their very honesty forbids that. They look like walking clothes-pins, with coats on; where they find their tailors, is a mystery.

Yet these poor Ramrods are not to be looked on with contempt, by any means. Miserable as they look, and miserable indeed as they are, they are nevertheless *honest* in their wretchedness. They have disordered livers, spleen, indigestion, and all manner of bad humors, simply because they believe these to be conditions of happiness; else they never would go in for them at the killing rate they do. Do you think they believe in youth? — not they! They are entirely opposed to all

sorts of *spirits*, even to the frolicsome spirits of children. Other people's happiness is their misery. If they *must* take cider — which God forbid! — let them have it *hard*, and made of the genuine crab, or even of the persimmon!

Were it not for their honesty, we should despise them; but your really *honest* Ramrod is an honest man indeed. Otherwise, what could induce him to forego all the comforts and pleasures that make so many others happy? Or what could prompt him to hate even goodness itself, if it must be had only with the aids of cheerfulness and contentment? He loves only that half of his Bible which agrees with his views, while the other half he believes to be either a mistake, or incorrectly translated; himself he loathes from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet; he cannot think why God placed him here, unless it was to show up human unworthiness in its very worst aspect; he believes that as there is nothing good in man, so there is nothing good in nature; and he is down upon wine and cider, and even small beer, with all the truculent fierceness of his "totally depraved" nature. The honest, but wretched creature! how we pity him! He does not understand what he was born for, and so carries about his Bible with him, and exclaims continually, "We are all poor worms! we are all miserable sinners!"

A DRINKING HYPOCRITE.

Our friend on the extreme left of the picture stands in exact and entire contrast to the honest Ramrod;

for while the latter is in all respects conscientious in his conduct and belief, the former is a walking falsehood, a speaking volume of hypocrisy and deceit. He guzzles all the while, and talks temperance, and even teetotalism, with as much gusto as if he had never tasted a drop in his life. It is this very trait that makes him contemptible. Nay, more; he is one of the most malignant deceivers any community holds; for it is from such as he that it learns hypocrisy, and from lips like his are poured out that lava-tide of backbiting and lies which may well be esteemed the worst infliction any community can endure.

His very face tells the story for him. See how blotched and pimply it is; behold the unornamental knob on the end of his nose; as if a man with such a nasal organ as that could by earthly possibility be any thing else than a drunkard; watch the leering look that slips out of his eyes, hinting to you that he hardly expects you to believe him, and more than half wondering if you do; see the unsteady attitude, and the total want of true manly character expressed in his whole carriage; see with what pains he attempts to make it appear that he is a sober and moral citizen by buttoning about him a decent exterior, while he knows and feels that all within is corruption itself. This class of men are by no means rare. They may be found on every corner. They grow on almost every bush. If you hear a person talking over-loud and over-earnestly in favor of temperance reform, and especially of their desire to see the liquor law enforced to the last letter,

look twice, and behold a hypocrite and a drunkard on principle, for you cannot very well have gone wide of your calculation. He always wants to see the law enforced upon somebody else; himself he considers perfectly safe from its reach.

The motive for his hypocrisy is apparent enough; it is quite plain why he talks so loudly and earnestly in favor of the stringent execution of the most stringent law; it is because he would be thought what he is not, — because, knowing his own guilty habits and practices, he seeks to call off public attention from them by crying out against something else. That is the whole secret of it. Such tricks are no new thing; they have been tried before; it has always been considered a shrewd game by corrupt men to seem to be what they are not, by charging upon others the vices they practise themselves, — and our contemptible friend on the left of the frontispiece represents exactly one of that class of would-be shrewd men. But his very countenance, unfortunately for his pretensions, lets the cat out of the bag for him; that hypocritical expression, that knobby nose, that pimpled face, that leering and lying eye, each betrays him.

He never drinks a glass of liquor for the pleasure of the thing, — not he! He never uses liquor at all, unless it is for a medicine; and, for that matter, he manages to be ailing about all the while. He wears a diseased, anxious, medicated look continually. He is never well, and of course he never presumes to look as if he were well. He is forever sick on principle. He

goes to the agency — State or town — for all his rum, and has a new complaint, or an old complaint in a new place, every time he makes his application. The town agent cannot help wondering — if he is a conscientious rumseller — how it is such a man can live along in this way, and still be so sick all the while; and well may he wonder, and satisfy his curiosity in wondering. The expressions of illness and hypocrisy are so adroitly blended in his countenance, that a close observer would at once declare this was the sickest hypocrite he ever saw.

Such are the men who are red-hot with the desire to see the Maine Law carried out in all its severity. Such are the men who desire nothing so much as to exercise supervision and authority over the appetites of others. Such are the men who talk the loudest against the vices, and even against the foibles, of their neighbors, as if they had nothing of the kind of their own. This fellow in the picture probably has as little charity for others as any man that lives; and he asks the charity of nobody else in return. Instead of appealing to that, he prefers to try his art of deceiving others into the belief that he is upright and pure himself, needing no such favor as charity at any body's hands. He would be thought a reformer; and yet he is the meanest type of a drunkard. He would be esteemed a temperate man, if not a teetotaler; and yet he keeps his skin as full of poor agency rum all the while as it can hold. He would have all persons believe him; and he is the veriest liar that wears boots.

No cause, however good, can be helped on by hypocritical practices. No man will be fool enough to believe what such a fellow says about the virtues of teetotalism, or even of temperance, while he sneaks off afterwards and takes a stolen drink of agency rum behind the door. These fellows are the co-workers, or would be thought so, with the rest; but it would be a thousand fold better to kick them off without hesitation. Compared with *him*, we fairly honor and love the honest old Ramrod over against him, because we believe that he, at least, is honest; that expression on his countenance is not the expression of a hypocrite, but of a man whose liver is out of order, and who takes wrong views of things. But this drunkard on the left is a hypocrite; he insults you while he stands in your presence; he abuses you whenever he opens his mouth; he corrupts the moral atmosphere with which he happens to be surrounded; and we only wish for him that old Ramrod may have the final settlement of his personal accounts!

AN OLD-FASHIONED BIBLE CHRISTIAN.

He will bear looking at; he stands in the middle of the picture. All the children would love *him*, because they couldn't help it. He carries the certificate of his righteousness in the very lines of his countenance. On comparing him with the honest old Ramrod who stands facing him, one would hardly suppose they were dwellers upon the same planet, while to imagine them descendants from a common ancestor would be preposterous.

His skin is full of the juices of good humor and loving kindness. His bosom overflows with the milk of human kindness. His malignant enemies come in the night and girdle his apple trees, or cut down his choice and well-tended grape vines, and he strolls out to behold the mischief on the next day, — not cursing them either with his lips or in his heart, but blessing Heaven that even the consolation of innocent beer is still left him.

He excites no hostility between neighbors, and wages no wars of passion to prove that he holds his Christian principles in real earnest. The influence he exerts on those around him is one entirely of charity and peace. He doesn't look in the least like a Neal Dow man, though he would probably be as glad to see the evil of intemperance swept out of existence as Neal Dow himself. You discover none of the riot disposition in the expression of his face, in his posture, or in his general make-up. He is evidently of opinion that life is too precious to be thrown away in quarrels, when it can be made so much more productive by the operation of a steady and beautiful example, by the promulgation of the purest morals, and by the exercise of a sweet forbearance and comprehensive charity. "Girdled my trees, have they?" he seems to say to himself; "but what do they expect to accomplish by that? They can't excite me to do the same thing to them — they can't stop my using cider, or wine — and they can't force me even to *hate* them, for I only *pity* them! But, thank God, there *is* a power in kindness, in moral

suasion, and I am bound to repose upon that. If these midnight marauders come to see me, I shall treat them well, and show them how I can punish them by pitying and forgiving them; as for going to law about it, and having the whole community by the ears, I shall do no such foolish thing!"

This man, now, believes in the real doctrines of the Bible; such as those of forgiveness and charity. And he would perform ten thousand times as wide and permanent a work with that benignant countenance and warm heart of his, as any professed reformer, with a rigid law and the soldiery at his back, could perform in a dozen lifetimes. He would make all things beautiful and harmonious around him. The feelings of no man, friend or foe, should be injured by act or word of his. While his convictions necessarily lead him to the conclusion that licensing is the only method by which the indiscriminate sale of poisoned liquors can be stopped, he confesses that no law can supply the place of moral suasion in converting and reforming the individual whose appetite has hitherto had dominion over him. He is ready to help along such temperance lecturers as generously as means and sympathy will permit; and what he gives, he gives ungrudgingly, and not for effect and show. What he does, likewise, he does from the impulse of a noble and generous heart; there is no gainsaying it, than an act of his on this side or that carries much more than the ordinary weight with it, because he puts his heart into his deed, and thus hallows it.

We love to contrast such a man with Ramrod, because it shows us the fallacy of looking at the world through a poor medium; but to think of comparing this genuine, old-fashioned, Bible Christian with a fellow like that drunken hypocrite, upon whom he has properly turned his back, is more than we can well do. Our Christian friend, we remarked, does not bear a spirit of hatred towards any body; but he does hate this knavish drunkard's hypocrisy with all the heartiness and spontaneity of his honest nature. The slime of a serpent like that he will freely caution all men to step out of the way of; he will denounce that Phariseeism with his last breath, nor refuse to shake his cane, likewise, by way of giving emphasis to his gesture. He feels that it is right for him to hate hypocrisy, and he knows very well that he could not do otherwise; because he is no hypocrite himself, and cannot endure to see the acts of a hypocrite played off upon others.

Here are the three men, therefore, representatives of a large class, each of them. Reader, tell us which one strikes your fancy. Which would you choose for your friend — your confidant — your counsellor? Can you accept the bilious misery of old Ramrod, and call such a life as he leads *living?* Will you take up with the practices of the knavish guzzler on the left, and call them any thing else than corruption, and the meanest sort of hypocrisy? Or, on reviewing the field, does not the old-fashioned Bible Christian meet your

views of the case, and is he not the most thorough representation of the true reformatory idea?

We must all of us be classed under one of these three heads. Reader, where are you? For ourselves, we shake hands with our friend in the centre of the picture, and will agree to send him a plentiful supply of sweet cider next autumn.

XXXV.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

THIS weed holds a high place in the list of narcotics, and is probably used as extensively as any other. Very few people in this country, compared with the entire body of the adult population, but are addicted to tobacco in one form or another; they take it in the form of snuff, or they smoke or chew it. Such a statement may well be thought astonishing, when it is known that it is naturally productive of nausea, and that it works emphatic injury to the nervous system; but these drawbacks fail to have the effect we should suppose they would upon those who habitually use the weed. Still, there are not a few who are entirely ignorant of its pernicious effects, and hence go on in the way they do with no knowledge of the certain results.

Inasmuch as tobacco is so commonly used, it is proper that its power and the effects of its consumption should be set down along with the fact of its general use. It is called, then, by chemists, a virulent and active poison. Three drops of the distilled oil of tobacco, dropped on the tongue of a cat, will cause her death in a few minutes; and a tobacco poultice, applied to the pit of the stomach, causes terrible vomitings in a very short time. It likewise produces similar

effects when applied to the head. A French physician, who had experimented with the weed, gives the following piece of experience: "I made a small incision in a pigeon's leg, and applied to it the oil of tobacco; in two minutes it lost the use of its foot. I repeated this experiment on another pigeon, and the event was exactly the same. I made a small wound in the pectoral muscles of a pigeon, and applied the oil to it; in three minutes the animal could no longer support itself on its left foot. This experiment, repeated on another pigeon, ended the same way. I introduced into the pectoral muscles of a pigeon a small bit of wood covered with this oil; the pigeon in a few seconds fell insensible. Two other pigeons, to whom I applied this oil, vomited several times all that they had eaten. Two others, with empty stomachs, treated as above, made all possible efforts to vomit. Vomiting was the most constant effect of this oil."

Applied in almost any form, tobacco will produce a similar effect. Chemists at once classify it with the vegetable poisons. It is said that scurvy abounds much more since the general use of tobacco, than ever before. The use of snuff is said, also, to have produced apoplexy in a great many instances. In smoking, it is well known that a great deal of saliva is wasted that would otherwise assist in the digestion of food; and hence it cannot be esteemed conducive to health to get rid of an agent so essential in the animal economy. Chewing uses up much more of this important liquid than smoking. Darwin says, in his Zoönomia, "The

unwise custom of chewing and smoking tobacco for many hours in the day, not only injures the salivary glands, producing dryness in the mouth when this drug is not used, but I suspect that it also produces scirrhus of the pancreas. The use of tobacco in this immoderate degree injures the power of digestion, by occasioning the patient to spit out that saliva which he ought to swallow, and hence produces that flatulency which the vulgar unfortunately take it to prevent."

There is another consideration. Not only does tobacco use up the saliva which ought to be used in the digestion of the food, but it so thoroughly saturates the tongue and mouth with tobacco juice, that it vitiates the saliva that remains, which, in this poisoned condition, finds its way to the stomach. "It seems," says one writer on the subject, "to act directly upon the nervous system, enfeebling, exhausting, or destroying the powers of life." It affects the sensibility of the membrane that forms the lining of the nose, mouth, and stomach, and thus directly causes dyspepsia. An eminent surgeon declares that of the cases of cancer of the under lip that have come under his observation, all but three were those of individuals who had, at some period of their lives, used tobacco in some one of its forms. De Bomare says of the habit of taking snuff, "The least evil which you can expect it to produce is, to dry up the brain, emaciate the body, enfeeble the memory, and destroy, if not entirely, yet in a great measure, the delicate sense of smelling."

It is thought by many that chewing tobacco is a

preservative of the teeth; but competent medical authority assures us that both chewing and smoking wear down, or absorb, the grinding surface of the teeth much faster than would otherwise be the case. So active a poison as the smoke or juice of tobacco, continually in contact with the surface of the teeth, must tend to destroy their vitality, and consequently to hasten, instead of retard, their decay. A German paper speaks further of the excessive use of the weed having produced vertigo, blindness, and paralysis. It causes, also, a dryness of the throat, which in turn calls for something of a stimulating nature to allay the new thirst. "To this dark catalogue of evils," says a distinguished medical writer, "arising from the use of tobacco, may be added the turbid nostril, the besmeared lip, the spitting of saliva, imbued with this baneful narcotic upon the floor, furniture, and even upon the clothes of those around them; and last, though not least, the foul and offensive breath, which, to those whose olfactories have not been perverted by the use of narcotics, is almost insupportable."

Blasts against the use of tobacco in any form, and counterblasts likewise, have been issued from time "beyond which the mind of man runneth not to the contrary." But thus far to no purpose at all. If people would only be more particular in the business of spitting, and spirting, and squirting, we think we should be less anxious on the score of their health from the use of the weed; but, in our opinion, considered as a social question, the gravest and most offensive charge that can be brought against the use of tobacco is, that

it is instrumental in daubing us all over with saliva that does not belong to us. In the famous Counterblast of King James against tobacco, he concludes the subject in the following strain: "A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and, in the black, stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." This is strong, but we are not inclined to question a line of its accuracy.

We do not advise any one to leave off the use of tobacco, if, after being put in possession of facts like these, he is confident it does not injure him; but if he already confesses himself a slave to the habit, then it is manifestly high time he took some steps towards self-emancipation. We do not use tobacco in any form ourselves, and are ignorant of the temptation that would be strong enough to induce us to do so; still, we denounce nobody else for doing what we choose not to do; that is not to our temper at all. We would have every one go at the prosecution of his indulgence in the weed with his eyes open on the subject, merely imploring him not to bedaub his friends with the saliva which, we think, he might as well "keep at home." And we would particularly remind those devotees of tobacco who style themselves "Sons of Temperance," and who are continually crying out against the habits of other people, to carefully examine the following passage of Scripture, (Matt. vii. 5,) "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

XXXVI.

TEA AND COFFEE.

THERE are those who believe that the use of these stimulants is decidedly injurious, and therefore think it necessary that they should froth at the mouth at all others who do not incline to follow their advice in the matter. For ourselves, we entertain no sort of enmity to the above drinks. Our grandmothers — God's peace be with them — used to drink both, and drink them freely. Our mothers — may their days be many — still use them as a beverage, and, while we live, we mean to enjoy them also.

Dr. Beach, an eminent physician of the old school, says in respect to these beverages, in his volume entitled "The Family Physician," "Tea and coffee are injurious, especially to invalids, dyspeptic and nervous people; they produce debility, hysterics, and other evil consequences. Tea and coffee, being both narcotic, or poisonous, have many ill effects, by impairing the powers of the stomach, producing various nervous symptoms, palpitations of the heart, restlessness, headache, a pale and sallow hue of the skin, and all the usual train of morbid feelings which accompany dyspepsia."

We are aware that a great many people indorse the views of Dr. Beach, and would just as soon swallow

arsenic as either tea or coffee. With some particular constitutions, or in certain states of health, it is admitted that tea and coffee do not agree, and the possessors of such constitutions we would advise to drink something else; but for the great majority of people *we know* that tea and coffee are both agreeable and healthy, and to such we would frankly say, "Don't be scared! they *are* narcotics, in a degree, to be sure; but the Arab lives almost wholly on a coffee diet, and drinks it strong; he is hardy and healthy, and is capable of a vast amount of endurance. The Chinese drink strong decoctions of tea, from the cradle to the grave; and they generally manage to make a long journey of it, too; there seems to be no immediate danger of the Celestial race of mortals becoming extinct.

We insist, in this place again, that each one is to be left to be his own judge in the matter of food and drink, and ought to be able to decide, if thus left to his individual discretion, what best suits his health, and secures to him happiness. But "as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise;" and if *you* wish to stimulate your systems with tea and coffee, or tobacco in its various forms, pray be so much of a Christian as to allow *us* to take what is better and healthier for our constitutions than any of your favorite beverages, viz., a little pure and unadulterated wine, or whiskey.

The ancient Mexicans and Peruvians produced an intoxicating drink by fermenting a preparation of maize, or Indian corn; and the Hebrew people must have had something similar, for the Bible says, "Corn shall make

the young men cheerful, and new wine the maids." (Zechariah ix. 17.) We have shown beyond reasonable dispute, in the course of these pages, that some sort of narcotic, or stimulant, has been prepared and used by every nation known to history; and the inference is a fair and strong one, that all nations will continue the practice; it is merely a practice based on the common instincts of human nature. Many people, in giving reflection to this matter, become infected, without seeming to know it, with a species of fanaticism, or insanity; they think they see *one point* clearly, and straightway surrender their estimate of all other points to their estimate of this. So good and famous a man as Dr. Thomas Dick, of Scotland, went even so far as to say it was not compatible *with a state of innocence* to take the life of any sensitive being and feed on its flesh! and that, consequently, no such grant was given to Adam in the garden of Eden, or to the antediluvians! He considered it a grant only fitted to the state of man *after the flood.* Another writer of eminence, also, Dr. Cheyne, says he is almost convinced that animal food was never intended, but only *permitted* as a curse or punishment, and a cure for a malady, being adapted to a corrupt state of man: 1st. To let him feel and experience the natural and necessary effects of his own lusts by painful diseases; 2d. To shorten the duration of his natural life, that sin and misery might not increase infinitely! This looks as if the writer thought the Almighty had made a mistake in the creation of man, and was eager to rectify it as soon as possible.

Tea and coffee have been used long enough, and commonly enough, to establish the fact that, as an article of diet, they are not merely harmless, but even necessary to most human constitutions. For our own part, we use them regularly, and to no disadvantage whatever; and we insist on every body else having the same privilege. And we have not the slightest objections to others using the genuine *corn tea*, too, provided it is only pure and unadulterated. In proper quantities, and at proper times, it is as beneficial as the tea grown in China; and only popular prejudice clamors against it. Others may do as they see fit; while they continue rational beings, we wish by all means to have them do so. For ourselves, we claim no other privilege in these matters than we are perfectly ready to accord to others.

XXXVII.

MORAL SUASION.

After carefully surveying the whole ground, it is evident that we must at last fall back upon moral suasion. We have seen that force itself has been tried, but it has shown us that it is the last thing on which we can rely. A law to prevent the consumption of stimulating drinks has long since proved itself an impossibility. Men will use stimulus, and no law on earth can prevent it. We have shown in this volume, from abundant historical records, that such has always been the case, and it is safe to presume that such ever will be. It may be argued, we very well know, that, as mankind advance in true civilization, they will be more and more disposed to dispense with such an indulgence, even if it be done by the aid of legal provisions; but such is in no sense good logic, since the higher the civilization, the more, we insist on leaving to individual choice and government; we do not call ourselves free, we do not speak of ourselves as in the enjoyment of any sort of liberty, if at the same time we are forcibly restrained of what, in even a ruder state of society, was left to the self-restraining power of the individual.

The tragedy at Portland, at the time it was attempted

to carry out the law of Neal Dow, fairly illustrates the extent and nature of the evils that do certainly grow out of any attempt to execute such stringent and ill-founded statutes. They rest too much on pure authority, and too little on the intelligent and cultivated sentiments of the individual. In the name of liberty, they embody the spirit of tyranny. Professing to perform nothing but the greatest good, they notoriously lead to the greatest possible harm. They mistake the real spirit and tendency of the age, which is towards the largest individual freedom compatible with general peace and safety, and undertake to set up in its stead a certain crude theory of their own as to what that spirit and tendency *ought* to be. They take away choice, and substitute in its place naked compulsion. And this is openly hostile to the real theory of our political liberty, of our religion, and of our social state.

This experiment has been tried, and tried pretty thoroughly. The people have shown themselves willing to bear patiently with the experimenters, to see if by good chance some unlooked-for blessing might not result. They have even submitted, in many instances, to personal insults and indignities, for the sake of giving this new piece of legislative experimenting a fair trial. At any time, they well knew, they had it in their power to take back the direction and control of matters into their own hands, yet they declined to avail themselves of their privilege simply because they would not seem to judge even of the value of ill-digested statutes hastily. Therefore they have waited, and waited till now; and

even now there is no disposition whatever on the part of the people to take any rash and hasty steps, to turn any sharp and short corners, but to allow this change in sentiment to work itself out gradually, by natural processes, and altogether after the safe methods and laws of observation and reflection. It is safe to assert, that at this very day there is going on in the public mind, upon this important question, a change that will presently astonish those who have been thinking that, once establish a law, and reforms follow it as a natural consequence. The lesson will be learned, we believe, that no enlightened public will ever consent to give up its freedom of instincts, but that, if discipline is needed in order to give greater protection to the social state, that discipline, both in the matter of amount, method, and time, must be left altogether to the discretion and disposal of the individual.

The form and character of such a law as we sincerely believe would be most conducive to the protection of the community in respect of the manufacture, sale, and use of wines, liquors, and inebriating drinks, we think the foregoing pages have indicated in a sufficiently clear and ample manner, and it is not necessary for us to enlarge upon the subject, much less to indulge in any repetitions concerning it in this place ; it is enough that it is coming to be admitted more and more openly every day, that the best that can be done is to *regulate* a traffic which cannot be *prevented*, or outrooted, and to leave the rest to the healthy operations — as permanent, too, as they are healthy — of moral suasion. We

have not yet discovered the true merit of this plan, because we have not yet sufficiently given it our confidence and trust. Where it has been tried, with all surrounding circumstances to coöperate with its powerful influence, it has shown itself capable of working wonders indeed. If the reader will revert to the account we have given of the almost miraculous conversions wrought in Newport by Hawkins, the great temperance apostle, he will at once see that this power of persuasion is by no means one of the "lost arts," but may be brought to bear with all its native strength and energy to-day. That single narrative indicates the most gigantic results; it will do well to set over against the temporary reign of terror instituted by Neal Dow — another apostle of temperance — in Portland, that reflecting people may see for themselves the vast difference in the results of the two plans. Newport and Portland exhibit the sharpest and boldest contrasts in this matter, and the reader will do well to oppose them frequently in his mind, when he pauses to give serious attention to this subject.

If men would be as ready to trust their good and noble qualities as they are to rely on their mean and baser ones, or, rather, if they would go forth thinking to reform the world as Christ did, by simply sowing good seed on every side, and leaving it to spring up or not as nature willed it, and not by exciting prejudice, passion, class feeling, and all the bad blood that flows in the veins of human nature, there is little question that something very different would result from it from

what we behold around us to-day. But we have too little confidence in truth; we continually doubt and suspect one another; we ever think it a mark of wisdom to agree to call a man a rogue till he has proved himself — if he has the opportunity — honest; we put no faith in the power of Love, but esteem Hate stronger, simply because it does its work quicker; we are, more than all this, impatient because we do not see the effects of our work sooner, and, like pettish children, run off to try something else that will produce earlier fruits.

We often bring to mind the fable of the Sun and the North Wind, when the traveller, with his cloak wrapped around him, went forth to encounter the wind, but was finally forced to throw off his cloak altogether in consequence of the superior power of the sun. This fable aptly illustrates the contest that has for some time been going on between the power of law and the power of moral suasion. One makes a man defiant, fills him with opposing energy, and excites the highest spirit of resistance; while the other conquers him by the silent force of love, and, having once conquered him, forever after keeps him as a coöperator and friend. There is all of this advantage in moral suasion, that it does not conquer by overcoming, but by practically convincing; so that the man who yields to it does so, not as being vanquished, but as being converted. Thenceforward he helps along the cause to which he has been brought over, instead of merely submitting with a sullen grace to superior authority.

It is a fact which will soon have to be openly admitted

in this matter, as it is theoretically admitted in almost every other, that appeals to prejudice and passion can do nothing at all for the cause of temperance. The idea has been exploded so far as religion is concerned; it will have to be in the matter of temperance. When the community is excited from one part to another over this question, when hard names are called, and reputations, earned after long years of labor, are trampled under foot, and societies split asunder, and even families, once all harmony, become rent with feuds and torn with madness, and human life itself becomes a rash sacrifice, flung as an offering to the demon of hate and passion, there is little likelihood of the law becoming elevated in the general respect, and much less of the public conscience becoming tender upon points and practices to which, under more favorable circumstances, it would be tremblingly alive. Once open the doors and let in passion, and from that moment reason is driven out. And since all reform, all growth, all real advancement is the result of reason and reflection, aided most effectually, of course, by the power of persuasion, it is incontestable that when reforms are attempted, they can take no permanent root except in the reason and the native sentiments out of which every thing like character must surely grow.

We shall hold to this doctrine till all else has been given up. As the genial sun has so much more power than the blustering north wind, so has moral suasion more than the machinery of arbitrary laws, or the tyranny of partisan prejudice and passion. Men will

be convinced, but they will not be driven. It is easy enough, — and we fear it is much too common, besides, — for would-be lawgivers to draught their theoretical statutes, and say, "Now, *we know* this statute, or that statute, to be the best thing that could be set up as a rule of public action, and *therefore* all the rest of the community shall obey it, whether it suits their reason or their instincts, or no." But it is not such an easy matter, on the other hand, for them to declare that what *they* know to be good and proper is really thought to be good and proper by *others;* and until this is in a larger measure the case than it now is, there is little use in making an attempt to enforce any law, since it is entirely beyond the reach of ordinary reason and respect. The great vice of reformers is, that they are not willing to leave any thing to nature; they must needs be interfering with their own little plots and plans all the while, as if Nature did not work fast enough, or sure enough, for them, and they would jog her on from time to time, and help her out with their own petty devices. Men who seek the reformation of the race, and very many of them, too, the best intentioned men and the sincerest that live, are too impatient because matters do not progress faster than they do, or because, forsooth, their own personal projects do not eventuate as they had hoped. They put too much confidence in law, and too little in reason. They rely on authority, and treat persuasion as a very little thing. They defy the instincts of human nature, thinking to set up something better in their place. Force is their

god, and they hold the gentle but certain operations of persuasion in very slight esteem.

All this will have to be changed. We can see for ourselves, if we will stop to look at it, that a change is already coming over the public mind on this subject. Men have opened, and are still opening, their eyes to the significant facts all around them — facts that tell them far different stories from those they have been told by these fanciful theories of legal reform, and that form the basis for a very different kind of reform from that which relies upon force as its finality. We can all see how little a law is doing for society, which every one makes it a point to treat with ridicule and contempt. We can see how next to impossible it is to carry out its provisions; with what countless difficulties and dangers it is beset; how it provokes hostility, instead of inspiring respect and a spirit of obedience, and how universal this hostility has become; how it alienates friends and neighbors, sunders communities, arrays class against class in the most deadly feuds, and divides families with the ruthlessness of barbarism itself; how the very thought of reformation is entirely sunk and swallowed up in the other thought of carrying the point, of forcing the community into obedience, of making authority good; and, finally, how important are all the various methods resorted to for the attainment of any good whatever, while nothing but mischief and misery are the consequences of the measures thus set on foot by mistaken zealots and ambitious reformers.

And this spectacle is enough. The reflecting man is

at no loss to draw the legitimate inferences from it. It is too plain that there is a mistake thus far, and that the only safety lies in retracing our steps and accepting the valuable hints offered us by nature and reason. There is no need, and there should be no fear, of relapsing from a show of stringent authority, under the name of law, into the opposite extreme of license, and no law; such a fear proceeds only from those minds that, as we said before, trust altogether to authority, and in no wise to reason; but it is baseless and mischievous. What we want is, a thorough law, that shall protect the community, and which, from its very tone and temper, may hope to be executed and sustained; the rest is to be left — *must be left* — to be done by the silent, secret, and beautiful processes of reason and persuasion. And such a work cannot fail to be both permanent and secure.

XXXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

We cannot bring this volume to a close without calling the reader to witness that, in the progress of its several chapters, we have in no way encouraged the *immoderate* use of intoxicating drinks. Such has certainly been the farthest from our intention. That we have spoken, and with just cause, of the drunkard as a self-made beast, is true, and it was our deliberate intention so to speak of him. He has little enough excuse, at the best, for the disgrace into which he brings himself. We have referred to, and quoted in various places, the laws of the ancient Hebrews in relation to intemperance, — laws that condemned the drunkard to death, — and likewise spoken of the severe penalties imposed by the statutes of other nations well known in ancient history. Some of these laws only declared that the finger of scorn should be pointed at the inebriate, which would not be any too insignificant a punishment even in this country of ours. But we offer no suggestions to our legislators on this point. They will not forget, on the one hand, what is due to society, nor, on the other, what are the most humane methods by which so unfortunate a being as the inebriate may be lifted out of his degradation. Hosts of drunkards *have* been

reformed — have reformed themselves; for there is no reform except it be self-wrought. And what they have succeeded in happily accomplishing for themselves once, they may assuredly do again.

And while alluding to this work of reformation from the vice of drunkenness, it gives us the sincerest pleasure to state to our readers that there has been, for many years, an institution in the city of Boston, called the "Home for the Fallen," of which Mr. Albert Day is the humane and efficient superintendent. This institution is established at No. 36 Charles Street. Here, in this almost private quarter, a man has been devoted to the pursuit of a work, which entitles him to a thousand times as much praise as the bloody work of Neal Dow of Portland, because it is a work of the most beautiful and persistent philanthropy. Mr. Day is very glad at all times to see visitors and sympathizing inquirers, to whom he is ever ready to impart such information as his varied experience has put him in possession of. He is doing a noble work, although his name is blown out of no trumpets, and swings on no flags in the air. Through his personal instrumentality hundreds of unhappy beings, once men, have been lifted out of their accustomed degradation, and raised to posts of usefulness and even public honor.

If an habitual drunkard desires to reform, he may put ipecac, or antimony, in his rum, and that will be found to assist him temporarily; still, whatever results such agencies may be able to work out, Mr. Day professes to use nothing more and nothing less simple than the

law of love; and many of his disciples and beneficiaries may be found to-day in Boston, men thoroughly reformed and honestly respecting themselves, who have risen from their fall by no other aid than that of the all-pervading law of morality and reason. They can walk by a grog shop as safely as they can avoid a mud puddle. But it is only because they have been taught to respect *themselves*, rather than the forms of pledges, or the authority of law, or the power of public prejudice. Treat an inebriate like *a man*, and he will be likely to reform; but unless you do as much as this, you destroy his confidence in himself and make certain and permanent his degradation.

Our solemn advice is to every person who has been in the habit of using spirituous liquors moderately, to impose upon himself the severe restriction of total and unconditional abstinence — not to touch a glass, not to taste a drop — if it appears that the habit becomes too strong at all times to keep under control. And we would further recommend to *any* one who makes only an occasional and moderate use of liquors, to abstain for a few weeks at a time, that he may be sure at all times that he has control of his appetites. This would be on the same principle with the facts, which are practised so efficaciously by certain of our religious sects. Far better suffer — if suffering it is — from the use of too little, than from excess. A drunkard is the most loathed of all men, because he consents thus to debase himself; because he gratifies his appetites at the expense and degradation of his intellect and his spiritual

nature. He wallows in a sty of sensual indulgence, and can never hope to advance or become exalted while he continues in such courses. It is to him ruin indeed; for it is brought upon himself, and it is complete.

We call upon the real and consistent friends of TEMPERANCE, rather than the friends of the mere temperance party, to coöperate in the enactment of a stringent law against the manufacture and sale of spurious and counterfeit liquors. We have laws, in present operation, to punish the counterfeiting of money, and why not have them to punish the counterfeiting of liquor? If such are passed, and rigidly enforced, we need entertain no more fears of the ravages of delirium tremens. Only let pure spirits have the benefit of as good laws as good money has, and the consequences will be plain to every one. We shall be secure of temperance every where, and all the inebriates now worth saving would be certain to reform.

WINE INSTITUTE
85 SECOND ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Date Due

Library Bureau Cat. no. 1137

54 178
Ramrod broken R14
Author
Title

DATE	BORROWER'S NAME

54 178
R14

LIBRARY OF
WINE INSTITUTE